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THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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The Guide Post

EVERY month the Readers and Authors League issues a bulletin which lists ten magazine articles. These articles have appealed to the League's distinguished editorial board as the ten important articles of the month. Perhaps those of our friends who do not already know it will be pleased to learn that for the last two months THE LIVING AGE has been represented in these bulletins: in March with *The Kaiser's Letters*, and in April with *The 'Wild Young People' of Modern France*.

Both of these articles were reprinted in translation from European periodicals. They were selected by THE LIVING AGE for their importance, were carefully translated for the benefit of our readers, and have had their significance acknowledged by an impartial editorial board. We are particularly pleased at this, because it has long been our conviction that the traditional reprint and translation policy of THE LIVING AGE is a highly desirable policy. Last autumn, yielding to the importunities of some of our friends, we began publishing a certain number of articles written especially for us by American authors, and the plan has proved successful. But we know that our readers want a large portion of reprints and translations, and if these continue to constitute a substantial proportion of our contents, or even an increasing proportion, as compared with the past few months, we trust that our friends will approve.

The fact that the long narrative by Mme. Claude Eylan, which appeared in our February and March numbers, dealing with this courageous Frenchwoman's trip across Siberia, was so well received confirmed our conclusion that there is a genuine demand for truly informative accounts of contemporary Russia. We therefore translate in this number a Danish diary of a visit to Moscow. The author, Anker Kirkeby, writes sympathetically and informatively, yet the product is not a mere compendium of facts, but is brilliantly illuminated by the vivid imagination of the writer.

In the October, 1928, number of THE LIVING AGE appeared an article on the life of Joseph Conrad, illustrated with etchings by Muirhead Bone. The article and the etchings excited so much admiration that we were delighted when we ran across a long critique by John Freeman of Mrs. Hardy's book on her famous husband's youth, and at the same time had placed at our disposal a proof of Mr. Strang's fine engraving of Thomas Hardy.

(*Continued on page 236*)

World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ EXHIBITIONS. The world's record for the month in unique and interesting exhibitions is awarded the one called 'The Curse of Fame' now being held in Stuttgart, Germany. The purpose of the display is to illustrate the misfortunes of celebrities whose fame leads to the adoption of their names by enterprising manufacturers for brands of note paper, and for special varieties of collar buttons, walking sticks, cigars, and vacuum cleaners. The underlying purpose is no doubt satirical, to discourage the growing practice. Other countries might follow suit.

¶ AUTOMOBILING. Major Segrave's time for the mile driven in a motor car upon the sands of Daytona Beach was not only a world record for speed, but, as recorded by a London newspaper, was a world record for chronometry. According to this authority, the mile was covered at the rate of 231.-36246 miles per hour, which any schoolboy who has reached decimals may figure down to about an eighth of an inch. Some day some speed maniac will write up 3/16 of an inch, as compared with Major Segrave's ⅛, and then THE LIVING AGE will have to wrest the laurels from the Major and award them to him or her who has achieved the extra sixteenth of an inch. By such a hair does fame hang.

¶ GAMING. The world's record for the strangest episode in all the annals of gaming is being challenged by the developments in a case pending in a Nice court. M. Labon took his seat at a roulette table in a local casino. He placed a counter valued at 1,000 francs on number 17. The number won, and the croupier shoved over to the number the winnings, counters valued at 35,000 francs. M. Labon allowed them to remain there, and number 17 came up several times, until the accumulated counters were worth half a million francs. Then it was discovered that M. Labon, sitting erect and silent, was dead. The casino officials declined to recognize the regularity of the play after the first lucky number. The widow of the dead player has sued for the value of all the counters stacked before the sightless eyes of her husband when his death was discovered. The matter has not been decided. The problem is said to perplex the court. If any reader would like to decide this case for THE LIVING AGE, write to the Editors, with 'leave to print.'

¶ SOCIAL INNOVATION. The month's award for the most original social innovation is claimed by the friends of Colonel Mihaly Aronffy-Unterreiner, of Budapest, Hungary. The plan is to scrap the conventional and commonplace salutations of 'good morning' and 'good evening,' so frequently uttered without deep feeling or genuine sincerity, and substitute a newer and more expressive phrase, adapted, without variation, to all hours of the day or night. If the

(*Continued on page 240*)

World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. *June* 2–16, Johann Strauss Festivals; 28, St. Peter's Eve, pilgrimage to Maria-Zell; *July* 17–*August* 13, Summer School, University of Vienna.

BELGIUM

BRUGES. *July* 8–22, Communal Festival.
BRUSSELS. *July* 15–16, Community Festivals; 21–23, National Feasts.
GHENT. *June* 17, Horse Fair; *July* 29, International Regatta at Langebruge.
LIÈGE. *July* 29, Choral Societies' Competition.
MALINES. *June* 3, 10, 17, 24, Carillon Concerts by Jef. Denyn; *July* 3, Festival of St. Rombold.
MONS. *June* 4, 11, 18, 25, Carillon Concerts.
MONT-ST.-AMAND. *June* 11, Horse Fair.
OSTENDE. *June* 3, International Boating Competition; 24, Culinary Arts Congress; *July* 1–*August* 31, Horse Races daily; *July* 3, Annual Procession and Blessing of the Sea; 7, Blessing of the Sea ceremony with parade of fishing boats; 15–29, Sail and Motor Yacht Races.
TOURNAI. *July* 14–21, Chimes Concerts.
VERVIERS. *July* 29–*September* 9, Arts and Industry Exhibit.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *July* 5, Holiday of SS. Cyril and Methodius; 6, John Huss Day.
LITAMYSL. *July* 1, Folklore Exhibition opens.
TÁBOR. *June* 23–*August* 15, South Bohemian Exhibition of Czech Mediæval Times.

DANZIG

ZOPPOT. *June* 4, Horse Races; 30, Horse Races; *July* 7–14, Grand Sports Meeting and Horse Races.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *June* 5, Grundlovsdagen (Independence Day) Festivals; 15, Flag Day.
COPENHAGEN. *June* 15, Flag Day Processions, Mediæval Cavalcade; 26–*July* 4, Lutheran World Convention; *July* 10, Second Scandinavian Technical School Conference; 15, Regatta and International Sailing Races.
ELSINORE. *July* 18–*August* 1, International Summer Course at International People's College.
MIDDELFURT, FÜNEN. *July* 9, Danish-Argentine Reunion.
RINGSTED. *July* 8–14, Dairy Cattle Fair.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 3, King's Birthday.

(*Continued on page 222*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

VOLUME 336 MAY · 1929 NUMBER 4341

The World Over

THIRTY MILLION EXPATRIATES

IT IS a tradition of American institutions that safety lies in offering no opposition to cultural and linguistic activity which springs from racial tradition. Thus is eliminated the anti-governmental activity which is an inevitable result of the feeling of curtailed liberty. In the United States, a liberal governmental attitude paves the way for assimilation, while in Europe coercive attempts to nationalize minorities only encourage plotting for racial independence.

As long as the problems connected with racial minorities remain unsolved, they will represent a formidable obstacle in the path of international understanding on the continent of Europe. The Versailles Treaty placed within the boundaries of certain European nations large groups racially and linguistically akin to the people of other nations. Since these groups are alien and inferior in numbers to the governing races of their new fatherlands, they constitute belligerent minorities clamoring for autonomy or for a return to the nationality under which they were reared. The more important of these isolated racial groups — which total thirty million people — are the Germans in Poland and Czechoslovakia, the Austrians in the now Italian South Tyrol, and the Hungarians in Rumania and Czechoslovakia. Through special treaties with each of the governments that acquired new territory under the Versailles Treaty, the League of Nations became guardian of the rights of all minorities inhabiting these territories.

The League Council, therefore, has had to contend with a constant barrage of protests at the treatment accorded these expatriates. Minorities insist on their right to preserve their own language and culture despite their new citizenship, and allege that their new rulers will not tolerate this. On the other hand, those governments which acquired minorities by virtue of new boundaries claim that these racial groups continually plot to return to their former allegiance.

The whole question was more or less in the air until Dr. Stresemann, at the League Council meeting last December, thunderously proclaimed Germany to be the savior of the minorities. With Germans in great numbers in Upper Silesia (now Polish) and in northern Czechoslovakia, as well as with large groups of German Austrians under Italian rule, it is easy to understand Dr. Stresemann's pretentions. As a result, a turbulent session was expected when the Council next met, at Geneva in March.

However, despite the firm intentions expressed by Dr. Stresemann at the previous meeting, the March session took no more than a first step toward solving the problem. The general good feeling prevalent among the Council members, aided by the jocular attitude of M. Briand, made for a thoroughly peaceful sitting. The decision reached was that the matter be temporarily referred to an investigating committee of three members.

Punch, London

A BRITISH VIEW OF 'NAVAL COMPETITION'

'MRS. BRITANNIA: But you've made it shorter than ever, Mr. Bridgeman. And yet I hear that in Washington they're wearing them longer and longer.
'MR. BRIDGEMAN: We do not *follow* fashions, Madam. We *set* them.'

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Le Rire, Paris

BRIAND MAKES LOVE TO STRESEMANN

AT THE RECENT MEETING of the Council of the League of Nations in Geneva.

This committee will solicit comments and suggestions from member nations and from all interested governments. On the basis of these opinions, the committee will prepare a thorough report. The Council, at its next meeting, scheduled to be held at Madrid early in June, will sit as a special committee of its own creation, review the report, and take action.

By this deft plan of approach, the Council has eliminated the principal obstacle to considering the minorities problem in open session — namely, the refusal of the governments concerned publicly to submit their cases to the judgment of the Council. According to the plan now adopted, the nations which are racial spokesmen for minorities will file their grievances with the Investigating Committee. The Investigating Committee will then ask the governments against which the complaints are directed to file replies. Thus the report, by the time it reaches the Council, will have achieved completeness without having involved the 'arraignment before the world' to which those governments ruling minorities have always objected.

But the peaceful disposal of these preliminaries does not mean that there will be no stormy session when it is finally necessary to take action on the report. The Council will again encounter two great difficulties. First, the minority groups will resist assimilation and will continue to assert their racial independence. Secondly, the governments ruling over these groups see their sovereignty menaced by opposition from the minorities and will use coercive means to retain their authority.

In addition to these direct obstacles, there is the explosive question of the relative justice of the boundaries established at Versailles. On this point, which the Council cannot touch, the whole question of minorities hinges. Unless the 'revisionists' have their way, no more can be done toward an understanding on the minorities problem than to agree on an equitable method of treatment for these isolated racial groups.

In the latter instance, it might be well to draw the attention of the contending parties to the situation in the United States, where there are more racial-minority groups than anywhere else in the world. While these immigrated of their own free will, and were not made citizens by the arbitrary provisions of a treaty, the example is nevertheless instructive to Europe.

'STATE RIGHTS' IN CHINA

THE danger of the Chinese crisis lies, not in the Nationalists' struggle against those die-hards in North China who challenge the authority of Nanking, but in the struggle which is taking place within the ranks of the Nationalist Party itself. Already the Party schism has led to bloodshed along the Yangtze, where Nationalist supremacy supposedly could not be challenged.

General unrest, troop movements, and actual battle have furnished the background for the Third Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) Congress at Nanking. Although all out of the 356 delegates who were supposed to attend actually joined in its deliberations in the Nationalist capital, — under police observation and iron-clad censorship, — the foes of Nanking charge that the meeting was packed by the clique now controlling the Government. The Mukden leaders sent no Manchurian delegates 'because of the present uncertainty.' Nanking, however, obligingly appointed the necessary eleven men from the northern principality. In view of the widespread communist uprisings against Nationalist authority, the strong anti-foreign feeling expressed at the Congress is significant of possible international complications.

The struggle being waged by Chiang Kai-shek and his moderate associates presents certain analogies to the struggles which preceded the establishment of the American Constitution. China's problem, though complicated by the vastness of the country and its huge population, represents in the final analysis a struggle for supremacy between the national-minded advocates of a

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strong central government and the local-minded advocates of provincial 'states' rights.' Nanking, the exponent of federalism, was in danger of being caught between the pincers of the northern military reactionaries, who were briefly in revolt in Shantung, and the southern radicals with distinctly Red political leanings.

Nanking has proceeded grimly to take up the challenge thrown down by the advocates of provincial autonomy. Chiang Kai-shek and his government assert their power in a land where central authority has never been more than a philosophic theory, and provincial seclusiveness a governmental fact. The machine gun becomes the arbiter. Chinese stabilization on national lines is the objective.

Certain further aspects of the Chinese situation, domestic and foreign, commend themselves to our attention. *Item* — Marshal Fêng Yu-hsiang, once known to American missionary and other circles as 'The Christian General,' has remained associated with the Nationalists. *Item* — Rivals, in North China and elsewhere, had hopes that he might be eliminated as a too successful thorn in their various sides. *Item* — Marshal Wu Pei-fu, another friend of Americans prior to his political downfall, has been sharpening his sword in the western fastness of Szechwan at the head of the Yangtze Valley and may yet return to the political battlefields of China. *Item* — Japan has suddenly become more conciliatory toward China, reaching an agreement over the Shantung Question which is believed to be quite favorable to the Nationalists. *Item* — Trade between the United States and China in a single year of Nationalist supremacy has broken all records, except those of 1920, which were mainly due to an abnormal gold inflation.

Reparations and the Big End of the Stick

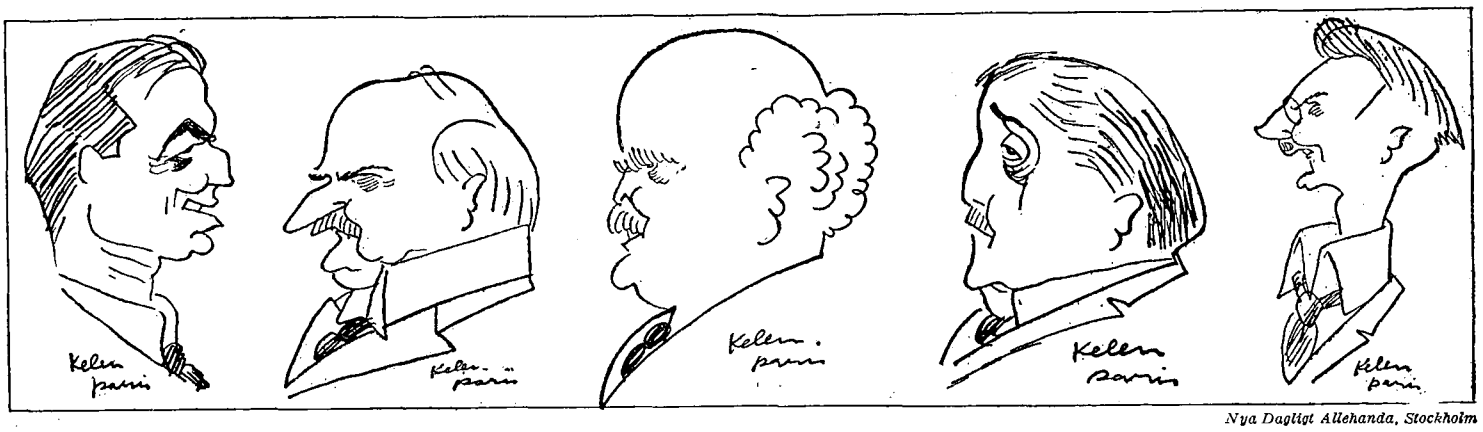
THE Reparation problem, even after long consideration by the Paris Conference of Experts, is still unsolved. For the Paris parley, having safely passed its opening phase of investigation and analysis, finds itself face to face with three important questions concerning payments which are the triple root of the difficulty: How much? In what way? How long?

When the German spokesman, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank, returned to Berlin, these had become the crucial issues. Dr. Schacht marshaled political, industrial, and financial leaders in the German capital to share the burden of decision with him, which testifies to the importance he himself attached to the trip. He came from negotiations with an outstanding group of experts — authorities on the intricacies of gold standards, prosperity indices, exchanges, and all the panoply of the dismal science of economics. They had all heard the same words, weighed the same data. Yet they found it quite as difficult to agree as would a pair of farmers haggling over a quarter section of land, or two horse traders bargaining over a good draft animal. Germany's productive capacity, her power to fulfill any agreement that she makes, and the consequences of such fulfillment — these are all part of the problem. Human nature, too, has demanded attention, and this includes the German political situation, which comprises such a diversity of creatures as the Socialists and the perfervid Nationalists, with their blasts about 'tribute money.'

The problem is usually stated in dignified and complex terms. But it all comes down to a simple question: who is going to get the big end of the stick?

Two factors, it would seem, have become inseparably connected. These are the annuities, both in point of amount and duration; and the establishment of a 'Bank of the Nations.' It has long been recognized that the Allies consider reparation payments from Germany as divided into two parts. One part is the amount necessary to pay off Allied war debts to the United States. The other part consists of whatever remains, and constitutes 'war damages' proper. It is significant that in the course of the present effort to determine a total from which the annual payments to be made by Germany can be calculated, both the Allied representatives and the Germans have limited the discussion to that part of the total which is over and above the amount which must be transferred by the Allies to America. The explanation is that the Allies recognize that their debts to the United States, now for the most part funded over a period of sixty years, are outside European bargaining power; while the Germans, anxious to limit the period over which they must pay to forty years, have thus far been reluctant to bring into the discussion debts whose payment will necessarily extend over a longer period.

The idea of a 'Central Bank of the Nations' has gripped the interest of the whole world. The advantages claimed for such a bank extend far beyond the routine, though titanic, task of war liquidation. It is believed that it would obviate the need for reparation machinery, which causes so much German resentment. The commercialization of the reparations — and possibly in the course of several years, of the war debts also — through the agency of such a bank would be a great boon to mankind. Moreover, the establishment of financial in place of political machinery in distributing disbursements would facilitate the actual transfer of



Nya Dagligt Allehanda, Stockholm

Owen D. Young, U. S. A. | J. P. Morgan, U. S. A. | Sir Josiah Stamp, England | M. Moreau, France | Dr. Schacht, Germany

A Swedish caricaturist depicts the leading reparation experts assembled in Paris.

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payments. Deliveries in kind, much desired in certain quarters, would probably be extended. And, if we are to have any large-scale underwriting of a 'reparation peace,' the international bank would contribute to the successful marketing of the bonds. It would tend to become the dominant institution in a new kind of world finance, possibly controlling exchanges in the interest of gold stability and exercising hegemony over credit. It is to this latter possibility that we find the most serious objection. There will be those who share Berlin's apprehensions that such an international bank might make it possible for certain nations to set up an inter-governmental monopoly of credit, in some such way as the Federal Reserve Bank controls credit within the United States.

Primo Totters . . . And Goes On

WHAT smoke has been allowed to drift out of Spain during the past two months indicates that the fires of revolt against the dictatorship are burning a good deal more brightly than has commonly been suspected. The uprisings in Valencia and Ciudad Real in early February apparently involved far more than the thousand persons that Primo de Rivera estimated, and the ramifications of the plot extended into no less than twenty-seven of Spain's forty-two provinces. What marked this particular plot as different from the military uprisings of the past is the fact that for the first time civilian politicians were involved. That it went no further than it did is largely due to the fact that, a few days after the outbreaks, the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, died, which plunged all Spain into mourning and effectually damped revolutionary enthusiasm.

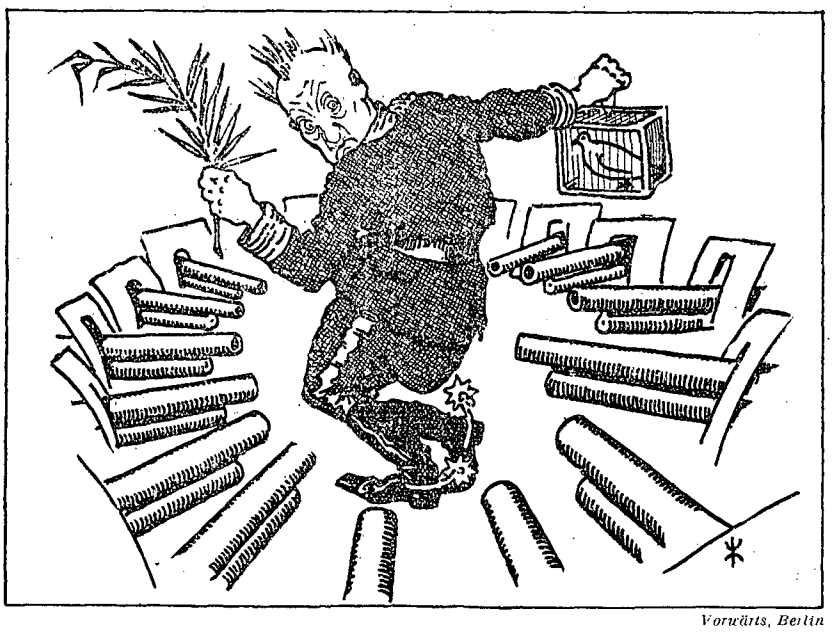
The Queen Mother's death, however, while it may have momentarily checked outward opposition to the dictatorship, strongly influenced what was going on behind the scenes. Maria Christina, from the very day that King Alphonso had called Primo de Rivera to the prime ministry, hated the Dictator, and warned her son against him. While his mother lived, Alphonso disregarded her warnings and gave Primo full cooperation, for the sake of tranquillity. After she died, however, he apparently began to value her opinions more highly. When he met the Cabinet on February 16th, he asked that amnesty be accorded those arrested in the Ciudad Real and Valencia revolts. Primo objected strongly, but Alphonso stood his ground. The result was that the Dictator and his cabinet actually resigned — though the King later, again in the interests of tranquillity, yielded and asked them to return.

Thus for the first time Primo de Rivera found the King's support threatening to fail him. That he felt his position growing less and less secure is indicated by the fact that he changed almost overnight from a benevolent dictator to a clumsy approximation of an iron-handed Mussolini. He clamped the Press under stricter censorship than ever before. He purged the artillery — hotbed of revolt — of revolutionaries, by the simple process of disbanding it completely and then allowing those artillerymen whom he approved to reënlist. He set up a special court of military judges having wide summary powers throughout the country. He proclaimed the right of the Government to dismiss without hearing all employees suspected of anti-Governmental views. And, most drastic of all, he promulgated a decree making it a crime to criticize the dictatorship in public or in private.

These repressive measures, which represent a complete change from the gentle dictatorship of the past, can only indicate that Primo is worried both by the extent of the February plot and by the danger of the King's defection. Since then, new forces have joined in the chorus expressing disapproval of the dictatorship.

During four days in the middle of March, the universities of Spain were seething with a student agitation of such proportions that Primo closed the University of Madrid to its 20,000 students until October, 1930! Turning loose the protesting youth and intellect of the nation for eighteen months is at best a doubtful method of silencing them, and more may be expected from these student groups before long.

That Primo de Rivera will be forced to resign within the reasonably near future seems extremely likely. Of course it may be that his opponents will hold their fire at least until May, when the great Barcelona and Seville Expositions are opened to the public. Tremendous sums of money have been invested in these expositions by the Spanish Government and by individual citizens, both in preparing the exposition grounds themselves and in elaborate publicity campaigns abroad. If the estimates of the vast number of tourists who will come and the tremendous amounts of money they will spend prove wildly optimistic, as many are beginning to believe, the crash will be serious, and may even affect the credit of the Spanish State. When there is so much at stake, therefore, even the opponents of Primo's régime may possibly hold off until the expositions are either safely on the way to success, or are definite failures — which latter contingency the revolutionists will know very well how to capitalize.



Vorwärts, Berlin

Primo's Outlook

Primo de Rivera, Dictator of Spain, finds himself surrounded and manifests his fear of falling from power.

'Revolution' in Monte Carlo

PALM SUNDAY dawned quiet in Monte Carlo. The evening before had been busy: the Casino crowded, roulette wheels clicking, keen-eyed, laconic croupiers guiding the play. Even at eight-thirty the next morning everyone was still asleep — everyone except the little group of enthusiastic revolutionaries which was gathered in a hall on the Quai de Plaisance. There were six hundred of them in all, about six-sevenths of the voting population of the Principality of Monaco, of which Monte Carlo is the principal town. They

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were protesting that their Prince was permitting the revenue from the gambling concession — Monaco's only source of income, which produces nearly $500,000 a year — to be spent, not on municipal improvements that would benefit the citizens of Monaco, but on bathing beaches and tennis courts designed for the visiting foreigner. A week earlier they had threatened to demand Prince Louis's abdication, and to put in his place his adopted daughter and her consort, Prince Pierre. Nothing had happened.

Up the long, winding road to the Prince's palace on the hill they toiled, all six hundred of them, men and women, talking angrily and some of them armed. At the palace gates they were halted by the red-and-white plumed guard, but not for long. Nine shots rang out, one of the ornate officers was wounded in the leg and carried away bleeding, and the angry procession continued. At the doors of the palace, however, they found more armed guards and two or three machine guns. Most of the revolutionists had breakfasted upon only a roll and a cup of coffee, and discretion seemed the better part of valor. They stopped. A parley began. The Prince sent word that he would receive a delegation of five citizens.

Headed by M. Marquet, a former president of the suspended National Council of twenty-one members, the delegation entered. They were gone nearly an hour, while the hungry crowd waited impatiently. When they finally came out again, their faces were long. They explained that certain concessions had been made; the Prince had promised to restore the National Council by the first of June; but nothing could be done immediately. The revolutionaries were disappointed, but their belligerency had waned. They broke up and drifted away to their shops and their occupations in the Casino.

A week later, however, Prince Louis, returning from a trip to Paris to attend the funeral of Marshal Foch, withdrew even the few concessions he had made, and announced that it would be impossible to reconstitute the National Council. This was the signal for a new burst of anger from the outraged six hundred, who now plan to demand a protectorate from France.

Perhaps the six hundred and their sympathizers fail to realize fully the advantages of their position as citizens of Monaco. Most of the world is tax-ridden. Monaco is tax-free. Its revenues, derived entirely from the profits of the Casino, are supplied, not by Monacans, but by the holiday-making citizens of every other nation under the sun.

Germany's Political Babel

DISSONANCES of party politics that are heard from Germany sound unpleasantly like the rumblings of a volcano about to erupt. The crescendos are the roars of the Nationalists and their militant 'Steel Helmet' organization, which preach a programme of constitutional reform so violent that it can but presage a dictatorship. But these are the extremists, who always oppose moderate policies. The great volume of the ominous noise comes from the liberal parties, which for the last ten months have been staging petty factional quarrels among themselves.

Instead of transforming his 'Cabinet of Personalities' into a Grand Coalition as he had planned, Chancellor Müller has had to face the defection of the powerful Catholic Centre party. Since none of the parties whose representatives sit in the present ministry are bound by parliamentary rules to support the Government, there is continual danger of similar withdrawal by some other party that is dissatisfied with a part of the programme. Even as it now stands, the Müller Cabinet's majority is extremely slender; any important action it might take, such as agreement as to the findings of the Paris Experts' Conference, might result in a vote of lack of confidence by the Reichstag. This possibility, added to the open revolt in the strong People's party against its leader, Dr. Stresemann, makes the political situation in Germany most uncomfortable, for it leaves only a weak resistance against the Nationalist opposition.

Should a shift come, and the Nationalists as a result assume control of the government, German foreign and internal policy would change abruptly. If the violent diatribes of the 'Steel Helmet' leaders are to be taken seriously, the Nationalists would immediately establish the dictatorship which is provided for, in 'emergencies and times of stress,' by the German Constitution. It is a well-known fact that Dr. Hugenberg, head of the Nationalist party, and called 'the German Northcliffe' because of his extensive newspaper holdings, has long cherished dictatorial ambitions. If his party gained control of the government, chances would be poor for the preservation of democratic ideals in Germany.

Recently the activities of the 'Steel Helmets' — of whom Dr. Hugenberg might be termed the patron saint — became so openly anti-republican that President von Hindenburg, who is an honorary member of the organization, summoned its leaders to the German 'White House' to explain their acts. They assured the venerable head of the German Republic that the proposed reforms sponsored by their society were not revolutionary, but purely constitutional. Herr von Hindenburg accepted this explanation, and retained his honorary membership. Next day the 'Steel Helmet' leaders and their lieutenants went about the country denouncing the Republic more vehemently than ever. This indicates that the Nationalists are not an impotent opinionated group, but a powerful and well organized party that can influence the highest officials of the land.

Opposed to these parties of the extreme Right are over twenty liberal and moderate Left parties, five of which are of real political significance. They far outnumber their opponents; yet jealousy prevents them from presenting a united front against the chauvinism that threatens the country. Such a picture of party disagreement is ugly, if not incomprehensible, especially in view of the momentous negotiations now under way in Paris. Still, it is the Experts' Conference that throws the only available light on the situation. Whatever sum is agreed upon in Paris will be found by the Germans to be too high; but they will nevertheless have to pay it. Some party or someone in Germany will then have to take the responsibility of accepting the settlement. If a coalition government accepts, it means that whatever parties it represents will be forever damned in the eyes of the public. But if a 'Cabinet of Personalities,' such as the present one, which has been continued far beyond its logical tenure, accepts, only its individual members, and not their parties, will bear the responsibility of having signed away the enormous sums that will have to be paid. Thus the 'Cabinet of Personalities' seems to be the sacrificial goat whose life will end when it has accomplished its purpose. If this is true, the reparation problem appears to be the key to German internal politics, and the settlement of the former should bring peace and stability to the latter.

News Out of Mexico

THANKS to an efficient censorship, the news which has been telegraphed from Mexico by newspaper correspondents concerning the revolt against the Gil Government has consisted almost entirely of the official *communiqués* of that Government itself — naturally an interested party. For a short time, when

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the rebels controlled the main telegraphic arteries northward, rebel generals had their say. But as the key cities gradually slipped back into Federal hands, the rest of the world was forced to depend for a statement of the rebels' side of the case on second-hand reports from American border towns.

Under these circumstances, it will be some time before the detailed history of the revolution can be written. It is worth pointing out, however, that a revolution in Mexico, disturbing as it may be, is not comparable to a revolution in a European nation, or to any classic revolution of the past. The civil population has remained for the most part apathetic toward it. There has been nothing even faintly resembling street fighting. Only the army has been involved. That part of it which has remained loyal constitutes the Federal force; that part of it which is disloyal, the rebels. Even taking the most enthusiastic estimates of both groups at their face value, at most fifty thousand men are involved. And Mexico has a population of over fifteen millions!

This much can be said concerning the actual course of hostilities. The rebels at their strongest held eight important centres, all of them north of the capital: Durango, Monterey, Torreon, Naco, Vera Cruz, Nogalis, Chihuahua City, Juarez. At the present writing, Federal troops have retaken all but the last three; and the main Federal campaign is being directed, with indifferent success, at the remaining rebel troops in the state of Chihuahua in the north.

This campaign, under the leadership of Ex-President Calles, may linger on for weeks. But there is no doubt that the Federal Government will ultimately stamp out the revolt, either as the result of a single big battle, such as has not yet taken place, or, more likely, as the outcome of under-cover negotiations with the rebel generals after the present wearing-down process has continued for a time. News reports, biased as they are, point to this conclusion. Even if they did not, the decision of the United States to assist the Gil Government would be sufficient indication of the course that events must take. Mr. Hoover, maintaining the existing embargo on shipments of arms to Mexico without United States Government license, has granted such license to the Federals only. This means that while the Federal armies can import all the arms and ammunition they desire from the United States, the rebels can import none at all — a crushing blow to rebel hopes. Already 10,000 Enfield rifles and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition have been supplied Federal troops from United States Army Stores. No sensible United States Government can afford thus to commit itself to one side in a Mexican revolution unless it is certain that that side will not lose.

However sure its outcome may be, and however little it may touch the mass of the Mexican people, the revolution will have served at least one useful purpose: to indicate once and for all who is the strong man of Mexico. A country, like an individual, shows its true face when it is in trouble. No sooner had the rebels first risen in Vera Cruz and Sonora than Plutarco Elias Calles was recalled from a retirement far more apparent than real. Ever since, it has been Plutarco Elias Calles as Secretary of War; Plutarco Elias Calles as leader of an army of 20,000 men pursuing the rebels toward Torreon; Plutarco Elias Calles as spokesman of the Mexican nation, full of injured innocence, writing long, signed articles for the *New York Times*. When the fighting is over, he is likely to appear to the rank and file of Mexicans as the savior of his country; and the candidate he supports is almost certain of election to the presidency next November.

A Letter from Dr. Hugenberg

THE offices of every important American magazine and newspaper are daily flooded with adroitly conceived appeals for publicity; the great bulk of editorial mail consists of carefully written 'news releases' and 'stories,' which are intended to be published sometimes as news, often as editorial comment, and which are carefully designed to further some ulterior cause. In most instances this method of seeking the attention of the public is perfectly justified and can do no harm. But when a great political party in a foreign country tries to influence the public opinion of another country by this kind of propaganda, the public in both countries has a right to know what is being done.

On March 23rd THE LIVING AGE received a carefully written publicity letter from Dr. Hugenberg, the leader of the German National People's Party. This party in Germany has engaged in a continuous policy of non-coöperation with the German Government and of violent criticism of the United States. In Dr. Hugenberg's letter, the National People's Party poses as the savior of the United States from the woes and terrors of Bolshevism.

Dr. Hugenberg argues that if Germany is forced, as a result of the present reparation meetings in Paris, to pay more 'tribute' than she is able, Germany will turn to Bolshevism and chaos will ensue throughout the world. This line of argument is obviously intended to prejudice American opinion against anything which may be accomplished by the Paris meeting of reparation experts.

By implication, also, the National People's Party most inopportunely condemns the Kellogg Treaty.

The whole communication is so written that any newspaper editor whose prejudices are flattered by certain of its allusions might well excerpt other passages and use them, without change and unacknowledged, in his editorial columns, thus influencing American opinion in a direction which might be embarrassing to the American Government and to those who have the peace of the world at heart.

While it is no doubt legitimate for Dr. Hugenberg and his party to attempt to win public approval in America for their policies by such means, THE LIVING AGE feels that the public, both of Germany and of America, should know what is being done. For this reason this periodical made public Dr. Hugenberg's letter.

The World Court and the League

THE wooing of the United States by the friends of the World Court is beset with two difficulties. Abroad, certain nations now in the Permanent Court of International Justice are inclined to resent the deference shown the United States. At home, there are still the 'Bitter-Enders' of the Senate, a body which stubbornly refuses to forget that it is composed of responsible representatives of the several 'sovereign states' which lend their presence to the federal union.

The hope that the United States will ultimately join the Court is due largely to the efforts of a veteran American statesman, Elihu Root, whose plan for making the United States a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice was officially introduced into League circles at the quarterly meeting of the Council.

The fact that there was laid formally before the Council the Kellogg correspondence concerning the World Court, which had been sent to all states participating in the abortive effort to enable the United States to become a member in 1926 permitted the Council to refer the proposition to the Committee of Jurists. This eminent group of international legal authorities, which includes Mr. Root, has been charged with a general overhauling of the Statute, or fundamental rules, of the World Court, with a view to possible changes before 1930. There is a widespread feeling that the time is now ripe for this step because the experience of nine years can now be appraised, and alterations can be effected, prior to the general election of judges, which will take place within the next twelve months.

The merits of the Root plan are manifold. It offers a legal definition of what constitutes a question in which the United States claims an 'interest' — one of the stumbling blocks of Senate Reservation 5 — together with a means by which the United States may exercise an effective veto on advisory opinions requested by the League Council or Assembly, in cases which involve the United States. Through diplomatic correspondence between the League and the United States, or between the individ-

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ual governments and the United States, the American claim to an interest in an advisory opinion would be considered on its merits. The League might 'invite' Washington to declare its attitude toward a proposed recourse to the World Court, or the Registrar at the Hague would notify the United States whenever nations themselves asked for such opinions. Court proceedings actually would be stayed until the parties concerned had exchanged views with the United States, whenever the United States asserted that its interests were involved. Mr. Root clearly preserves a way for the withdrawal of the United States (1) if agreement cannot be had on the claim advanced by the American Government; or (2) if the advisory opinion still is insisted upon by a foreign nation 'after attributing to the objection of the United States the same force or effect as attaches to a vote against asking for the opinion given a member of the League,' either in Council or Assembly; or (3) if the controversy is not found by the United States 'so important for the general good as to call upon' America to forego her objection without being bound by any court action.

Criticism has come from two League quarters — the small powers, who attach much importance to the advisory opinions; and the Latin American nations, who frankly express the apprehension that the privileged position of the United States might interfere with any World Court jurisdiction in the Americas. To these and others, the plan seems cumbersome. The price of United States membership, they feel, might well prove too high.

But, after suggestions from the British legal expert, Sir Cecil Hurst, the American *modus vivendi* has been found on the whole acceptable. Beyond the Committee of Jurists, however, there is another gantlet which the new plan must run. The Senate of the United States must once again battle over commas; the League Council must refer to the September Assembly any changes that the Senate may make; and each of the forty signatories to the Protocol of the World Court must individually accept whatever compromise is ultimately reached.

In addition to the question of American adhesion, the Committee of Jurists found time to consider changes in the Statute of the Court. The recommendations made are fivefold. First, the work of the World Court has grown to such dimensions that it has been deemed necessary to abolish the four 'deputy judges,' and have a full bench of fifteen justices. Second, a permanent session, instead of a limited annual meeting, appears to be the inevitable consequence of the growth in the number of cases submitted to the World Court. Mr. Root suggested that a quorum be established which would not require the constant presence of all the judges. Third, distance even in this aërial age has become a problem for judges whose homes are oversea, and extra leave therefore has been advanced as a solution in order to persuade the best legal talent to remain for several years consecutively at the Hague. Fourth, practical jurists, rather than professors of international law, are being demanded. Fifth, the right of a nation to have a 'national judge' on the bench whenever it is involved in court proceedings has been construed to mean a judicial representative from each of the British Dominions as separate League members, rather than a representative of the British Empire as a whole.

The details of the Root plan tended to overshadow the other matters which the Council considered. But, though none of these were of equally far-reaching consequence, several were almost as intricate and puzzling. When Mr. Root arrived in Geneva, on the eve of the Council meeting, the March winds of politics had already been blowing turbulently — gusts of German anger over the fate of Europe's minorities; fitful puffs of Eastern European irritation, from Transylvania to Vilna; storm clouds on the horizon so far as mandates were concerned. Yet, after Europe's best minds and others from the Far East and the Western World had worked through the thirty or so questions on the order of business, one could see the difference between public heroics for home consumption and the statesmanship which Geneva seems ever to engender in tense moments.

Chamberlain diplomacy and Briand humor met the minorities question, the ticklish problem of procedure being postponed until a committee of three Council members can work out recommendations to be submitted to the June meeting. The narcotic problem and mandates furnished sharp debate but no serious hard feeling. These have become 'permanent' questions whose solution depends upon League watchfulness and the increasing pressure of public opinion. Persia and Turkey, the League's advisory committee reported, present two large question marks. No one knows what becomes of the large quantities of narcotics that they produce. The Near Eastern mandates of France in Syria and Britain in Irak will figure in the next Council meeting. This has been set for Madrid in June, the Spanish Government being more than anxious to have the League body present as a kind of testimonial to its international position in these trying days of domestic strife. Freedom for the world's Press, it is understood, has been insisted upon by the Council; and international newspaper correspondents are to be completely free of all censorship in dealing with the session. In an effort to increase the effectiveness of the League in times of political crisis, the Council has backed the plan for a $40,000,000 underwriting of international peace, by means of which the world's money centres and Geneva will finance the defense of states clearly the victims of aggression. Progress is also to be recorded in assuring League communications in moments of world tension. Negotiations with Switzerland, always cautious in protecting her cherished neutrality, are clearing the way for the eventual operation of the League's own international wireless station.

The 'Supernational' State

IT IS now two months since the signature of the Lateran Treaties between the Kingdom of Italy and the Holy See; and it is beginning to be possible for the world to appraise this most important event. Comment on the treaties has fallen into two categories: that made by observers who refuse to see any great political significance in the settlement of the Roman Question, insisting that the whole matter is purely spiritual; and that made by those who see chiefly a political significance.

The first variety of comment emanates chiefly from Catholics and from members of the Italian Government, although so astute a non-Catholic observer as William Martin of the *Journal de Genève* sees nothing more in the treaty than a freeing of the Pope from the difficulties and ambiguities attendant upon his remaining a 'prisoner in the Vatican.' Certainly every act of the Holy See has tended to emphasize the non-political nature of the treaties. In order to give the new 'Vatican City' as little as possible the appearance of a normal 'temporal' state, over two-thirds of its former inhabitants are being forced to move into residences which are under Italian sovereignty. Official Vatican circles have stated definitely that the Papacy would not seek membership in the League of Nations, but 'would be at the disposal of the

Izvestia, Leningrad

THE PRODIGAL SON

MUSSOLINI is received in the Pope's arms after the signature of the Lateran Treaties.

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League for matters which come within its [the Papacy's] proper sphere; that is to say, in the elucidation of questions of principle in regard to morality and public international law, and also in giving its help to relief work where its intervention would be of value to suffering peoples.' By this it is understood that the Holy See would continue, perhaps to an even greater degree than hitherto, to coöperate with the League on such problems as the revision of the calendar, the restriction of traffic in narcotics, and the abolition of slavery. There has been considerable discussion of the possibility of the Pope's acting as a mediator in international disputes. The Lateran Treaties specifically leave open to the Papacy the exercise of this function, but only when both parties to a dispute request arbitration.

By those who see in the Lateran Treaties a tremendous political significance, the settlement has been hailed as a 'Fascisization of the Holy See.' It is inevitable that the political enemies of Italy should criticize all acts of the present Italian Government, and this act will doubtless continue to be censored, especially by certain French and Balkan politicians.

France, for almost a generation, has been in the peculiar position of being considered the 'eldest daughter of the Church' and of having peculiar papal favor for its missions, a distinct diplomatic advantage in certain Oriental countries. At the same time, the French government has been uniformly anti-clerical. This anomaly is due to the fact that in the last few centuries France has often acted as the official protector of the Vatican, and that the present anti-clerical attitude of the government is a recent development. The agreement with Italy is interpreted in France as a change of attitude on the part of the Pope and a recognition of Italy as the 'eldest daughter of the Church.' Thus when the Pope, in addressing the parish priests of Rome, had occasion to mention gratefully the powers which had assisted the Holy See throughout history, and failed to mention the help rendered by France in the nineteenth century, the French Press assumed an attitude of injured national pride. Unfortunately France anti-clericalism cannot logically expect both to eat the papal cake and have it.

Italy has undoubted Balkan ambitions. There seems to be little question that Mussolini would like the Adriatic to be an Italian lake, which would mean the acquisition of a slice of Yugoslavia. As a large part of the polyglot population of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is Roman Catholic, the Lateran Treaties have been widely interpreted as an Italian bid, at small price, for friendly feeling among some of the populations Italy intends to conquer. Naturally the Greek Orthodox portions of the Yugoslav people have not approved of the settlement; in fact, Greek Orthodox opinion everywhere has seized upon this interpretation of the settlement to confirm its dislike of Rome. There is little possibility, however, of the Holy See's exercising any pressure on Croats or Slovenes, in order to facilitate Italian encirclement of the Adriatic. The Croats and Slovenes certainly dislike the Serbs, but they dislike the Italians more, and for the Holy See to take any such step would be not only contrary to its stated principles but also extremely foolish politically.

These two political interpretations of the settlement can be proved only by time; meanwhile there is one slight indication of which way the wind is blowing. Twice annually the Pope calls together the College of Cardinals and discusses the events of the year. The College is limited to seventy members. There are at present about sixty. Thus the next meeting of the College early in May is likely to be informed of several new elevations to the cardinalate. At the present moment the majority of the College are, for the first time in many years, non-Italian. If the Pope wishes to 'Fascisize' the Church, he would be likely to appoint enough Italian Cardinals to make an Italian majority. Although there has been no official announcement on this matter, it is likely that two of the new Cardinals will be Italian and two non-Italian, keeping the control of the College in non-Italian hands.

There has been, of course, a good deal of anxiety concerning the settlement expressed by the liberal Press the world over, anxiety which is fundamentally based on fear of an extension of Catholic power and influence which the liberal Press considers bad, because it would be 'reactionary.' On some matters, the liberal Press is, from its point of view, justified. But it is interesting to note that the information that has been given out concerning next year's Ecumenical Council should be a comfort to all good liberals. None of this information is official. But the general consensus is that the Council will deal in a very broad way with the ethics of industry. And it is generally supposed that the Council will support the rationalization of industry, the sharing of profits by capital and labor, and the shortening of working hours, as technical progress permits, in the interests of the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the worker. Such a programme has been tried under Catholic auspices by one industrial firm in the United States, and it is quite likely that some such programme will be made binding in conscience on all Catholics.

One definite result of the Lateran Treaties can be stated: that they will, by emphasizing the political importance of the Papacy, make far more significant to the world at large such matters as those dealt with above. What were formerly matters of internal discipline in a church organization will henceforth be decisions of policy by a sovereign state having tremendous moral influence in every nation of the world.

Mandates from the Air

WHEN Great Britain accepted from the League of Nations the mandate for Irak and Transjordania, the Royal Air Force was far less efficient than now. But airplanes have been found ideally adapted for the sort of service required, and the practical experience acquired by the portion of the British Air Force so employed in this section of Arabia is by no means negligible in its contribution to the present efficiency of Britain in the air. Strong detachments of planes and armored cars are maintained at strategic points near the border of this troublous territory. If the land patrols fail to give warning in time to prevent raids, pursuit planes can follow up the raiders and inflict punishment or terrify them quite thoroughly before they have time to scatter in the desert; though with the lure of plunder added to the urge of religious fanaticism, bands of Wahhabites appear willing to risk bombs and machine guns. Cynics protest that oil makes Irak valuable to Britain and that Wahhabite raids afford a good excuse for staying there; but the recent raid in which savage tribesmen from Central Arabia killed fifty of their neighbors in Irak, escaping with cattle and booty, offers a sufficiently substantial answer.

Though the peoples of Irak and Transjordania are Mohammedans, they are hated by the fiercely orthodox Wahhabites who have been united under ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz and Sultan of Nejd. This sect of Mohammedan puritans carry fidelity to what they believe to be the letter of Mohammed's teachings so far that they refrain entirely from alcohol, tobacco, and the wearing of silk. They refuse homage to the shrines of Moslem saints, regarding this practice as an insult to Allah, the one true god. Their less orthodox brethren in the neighboring states of Irak and Transjordania are in their eyes little better than the hated infidel. To raid them is not only an opportunity for plunder and pleasure — it is also a pious duty.

The Wahhabite ruler, ibn Saud, is nominally bound by a treaty of friendship and alliance with the British. But since he, like all members of his family for several generations, owes his power to Wahhabite support, he cannot exercise too strict a control. It is not impossible; indeed, that he prefers having his more restless subjects engage in border forays rather than in plots at home. The continued Wahhabite raids have an international significance in that they appear to justify the British in denying to Irak the degree of independence to which the country aspires.

Benito Mussolini Is Pleased

ON EASTER SUNDAY Benito Mussolini might well have knelt and thanked his Creator for the successful conclusion of four months of work which have done more to strengthen Fascism's hold on the people of Italy than any similar period in the history of the régime.

Just before Christmas, the Dictator forced from Parliament the vote which legalized the position of the Grand Council of the Fascist Party as the supreme Governmental organ of the Italian State.

On February 14th, he rode in his Isotta Fraschini to the Lateran Palace and signed with the representatives of the Pope the treaties which settled the Roman Question. Thereby he removed the objections of a vast multitude of faithful Catholics to coöperating with a government which had kept the Pope a 'prisoner' in Rome.

On February 25th, he presided over the first meeting of the reconstituted Grand Council whose power he had assured two months earlier; announced to its members the accord he had signed with the Vatican; and with them selected from a list of one thousand names presented by Fascist organizations all over the country the four hundred men who were to be the official — and only — candidates for the Chamber of Deputies at the coming elections.

On March 10th, he sat in a gold and damask chair, banked with laurel leaves, on the stage of the Royal Opera House in Rome, and looked out upon the five thousand delegates to the First Quinquennial Council of Fascism. There were present the members of the Ministry, the Grand Council, the Fascist senators, the four hundred official candidates for the Chamber, the high command of the Army and Navy, the prefects of the Italian provinces, the secretaries of the local Fascist organizations — so complete a gathering together of the strength of the régime that if you had blown up the gilded Opera House with a bomb, there would have been no Fascism left in Italy. Mussolini harangued them for thirty minutes without pause; painted in words of fire the achievements of the Fascist Party during the six years it has ruled Italy; and sent his listeners away, each a centre of white-hot enthusiasm.

Finally, on Palm Sunday, the elections for the Chamber took place. Italy was called upon to approve or disapprove, by a simple vote of 'Yes' or 'No,' the list of four hundred Fascists who would make up the new Chamber. Nearly nine million voters came enthusiastically to the polls, and all but one hundred and thirty-six thousand voted 'Yes.'

The most important single factor in this over-

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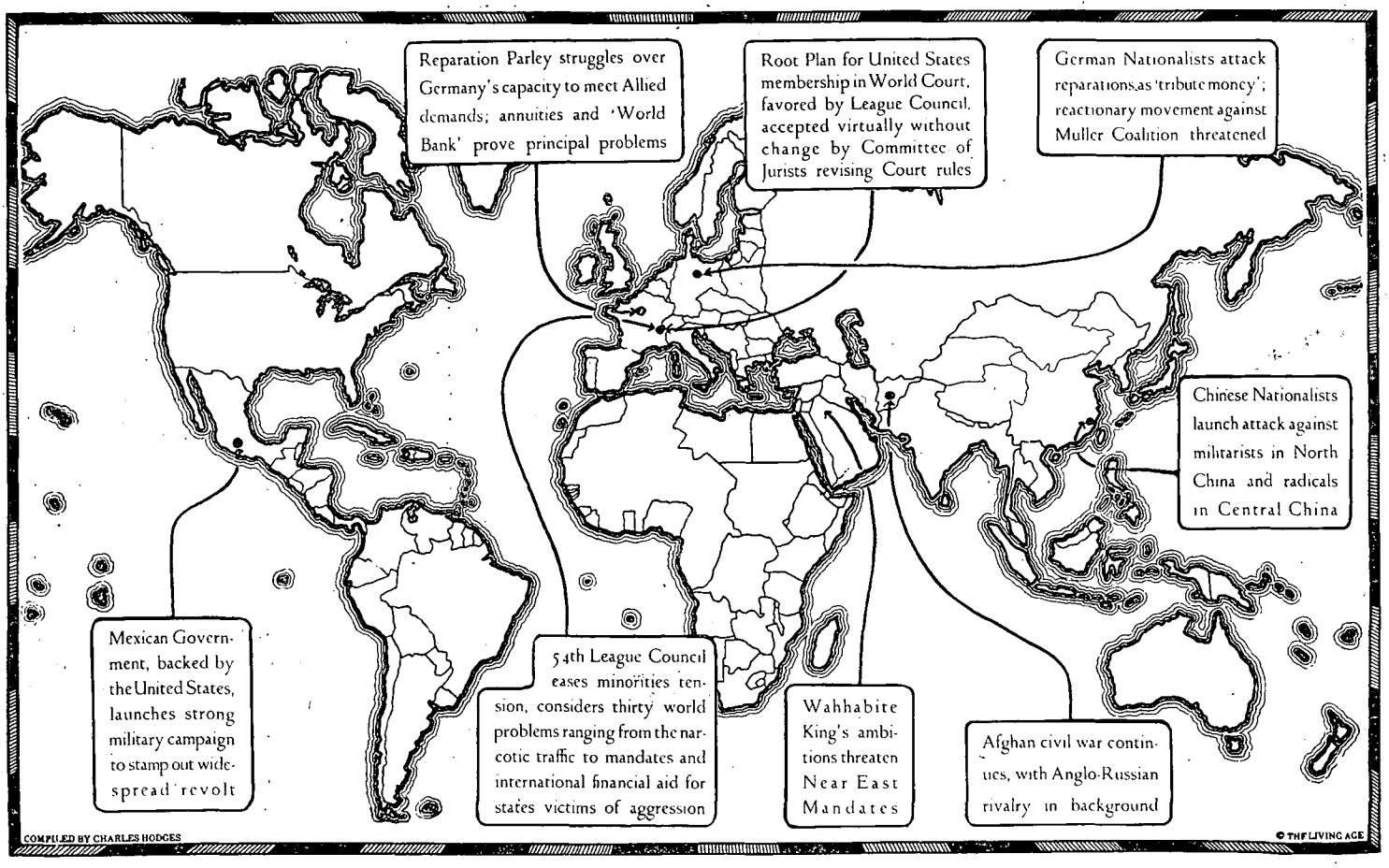
Reparation Parley struggles over Germany's capacity to meet Allied demands; annuities and 'World Bank' prove principal problems
Root Plan for United States membership in World Court, favored by League Council, accepted virtually without change by Committee of Jurists revising Court rules
German Nationalists attack reparations as 'tribute money'; reactionary movement against Muller Coalition threatened
Chinese Nationalists launch attack against militarists in North China and radicals in Central China
Mexican Government, backed by the United States, launches strong military campaign to stamp out widespread revolt
54th League Council eases minorities tension, considers thirty world problems ranging from the narcotic traffic to mandates and international financial aid for states victims of aggression
Wahhabite King's ambitions threaten Near East Mandates
Afghan civil war continues, with Anglo-Russian rivalry in background
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

whelming Fascist victory was the settlement with the Vatican, planned and timed with Mussolini's usual care. It preceded the election by some six weeks — an ample interval for it to take its full effect on the minds of the people. The Church did not officially instruct the faithful either to appear at the polls or to vote for the Fascist list. But in the February number of the monthly organ of the Catholic Union (Federazione Italiana degli Uomini Cattolici) there appeared an article whose obvious intent was to make it clear that it was the duty of all good Catholics to vote; and the general good feeling engendered by the settlement was sufficient to insure their voting 'Yes' when the time came. The clergy, who in the past have been inclined to ignore Fascism, set an example by turning out to vote in tremendous numbers. Cardinal La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice; Cardinal Gamba, Archbishop of Turin; and Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, had no sooner finished celebrating Palm Sunday Mass than they led their clergy to the polls. Into the voting station at Borgo in Rome, close to the Vatican, poured a steady stream of black-robed priests. And through the streets of the Imperial City dashed automobiles driven by black-shirted Fascisti, rushing priests to local headquarters to get their credentials approved, and then rushing them back to the voting station again.

This Catholic support was the principal reason why the Fascists, who expected that not more than 3,000,000 out of 9,650,000 registered voters would come to the polls, found to their surprise that 8,650,000, or nearly ninety per cent, actually did so. But there were other reasons. The election had been carefully timed so that it took place on the day following the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of Fascism in Milan in 1919. While there had been little or no campaigning in the American sense, since the candidates had no one to oppose them, the enthusiasm and speechmaking and torchlight parades that accompanied the anniversary celebration were turned to good account. Every shout for Fascism on Saturday night meant a vote for Fascism on Sunday morning.

The method of voting was amazingly simple. Each voter was given two sheets of paper. On one of them was printed the Fascist emblem in bright colors, and the word, '*Si*'; on the other was printed the word, '*Non*.' When folded, the two were identical in appearance. All the voter had to do was to select the one he wanted, fold it and drop it in the box, and destroy the other.

One may question whether success at an 'election' in which the electorate is not given a choice of candidates, but is merely asked to approve or disapprove the party in power, is very convincing proof of popular support. But this question does not disturb Mussolini. He considers the election as a plebiscite in which the people have had the opportunity to place the stamp of popular approval upon his dictatorship; and he knows that no other modern dictator has dared to make this test. He has seen nearly nine million Italians do lip service to Fascism. He has been presented with a Chamber of Deputies which is one hundred per cent Fascist, and which he is certain represents all classes of Fascist society, since he selected its members himself. He has settled the Roman Question, and has seen the Catholics rally to his support. And he is able to repeat, with a closer approximation to the truth than ever before: 'Italy is *Fascismo*, and *Fascismo* is Italy.'

THE 'I'M ALONE'

THE cartoon, reproduced from *Punch* (London), which appears on the first page of 'The World Over' is an admirable pictorial expression of the spirit which seems to be gaining ascendancy in Anglo-American relations. The United States and Great Britain are necessarily rivals in many fields, especially in the field of commerce. This rivalry is likely to increase as time goes on. But if all the 'incidents' which arise between the two great English-speaking powers are treated with the spirit of amiability and conciliation depicted in the *Punch* cartoon and further indicated by the British reactions to the sinking of the *I'm Alone*, the world will have little to fear from Anglo-American ill-will. In the facts of this episode, all too well known to justify repetition, all the elements necessary for the creation of international friction in extreme degree are present. Instead, the British and Canadian Press has been most temperate and the British public most conciliatory in its consideration of the whole incident.

Apparently all the important British political parties are agreed in trusting to the innate sense of Americans to deal with the issue justly. British restraint under irritation will always make the surest appeal to American sportsmanship and fair play.

Indeed it is true that in the case of the *I'm Alone*, many critics, writing in the United States, have censored the sinking as severely as any fair-minded and unprejudiced Britisher could desire.

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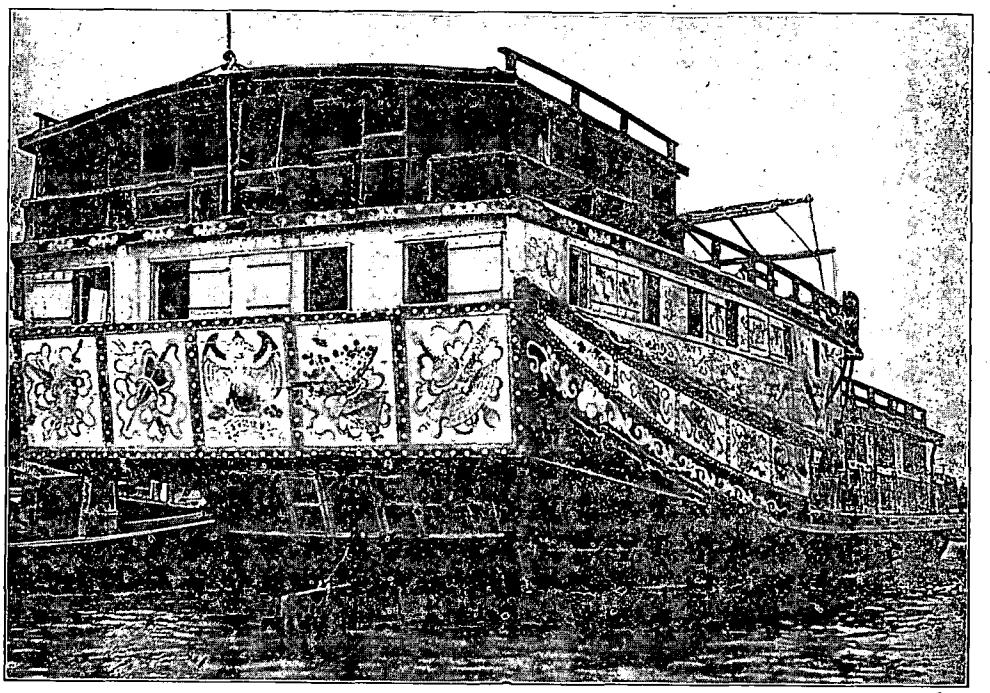
A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days



Oroc

CHINA: A CANTON HOUSEBOAT

PAINTED IN GAUDY COLORS, these ornate boats are used by well-to-do Chinese, not only for pleasure trips on the river, but to entertain their friends while the boats remain moored to shore.

AFRICA

TRAVELERS eager to explore the Dark Continent will welcome the news that flying has been developed to such an extent in West Africa that the journey from Tamale to Accra, which normally takes three days by train and car, has been reduced to four hours and forty minutes by plane. Instead of taking ten hours by train to go from Accra to Kumassi, you can now fly the same distance in less than two hours. The Gold Coast now has three good aërodromes, — at Accra, Kumassi and Tamale,— and civil aviation is being given every encouragement by the authorities. It is a thrilling, and incidentally a comfortable, way of seeing the country.

AUSTRALIA

IT IS well known that popular superstitions and misgivings often have no foundation in fact. Old charts, showing the shoal soundings along the Queensland coast as being ten miles farther out to sea than they were in 1903, recently caused a wave of decided alarm among Australia's amateur scientists. The theory that Australia is slowly crumbling away was discussed, with much shaking of heads and prediction of future catastrophe. A scientific expedition was sent to the barrier reef to make a survey of the coast line, with the reassuring result that the line was discovered to be in exactly the same place that it was twenty-six years ago!

AUSTRIA

TO PREVENT the reoccurrence of fatalities in Austria's numerous caves, a register containing the names, plans, and characteristics of these subterranean places of interest will be maintained in Vienna. Only recently a certain professor, wandering alone in a grotto with which he was unfamiliar, lost his way and met his death. Such a register, in combination with special guides who are now being trained to take people through the various ice and stalactite caves in Austria, will do away with the fear of the unknown which heretofore has prevented tourists from viewing the wonders of these underground chambers. During this coming summer a number of caves will be opened to visitors for the first time in history.

CHINA

OF THE one hundred and fifty entries in the prize contest for a national song, the Chinese National Anthem submitted by Mr. Chen Mei-chun, a student in music who was trained abroad, won. The song is written in the formal Chinese literary language, in the manner of the Confucian odes, and has twelve lines of four words each. Part of the song, of which the composer wrote both words and music, advocates principles which are as ancient as the historic Great Wall of the Middle Kingdom: —

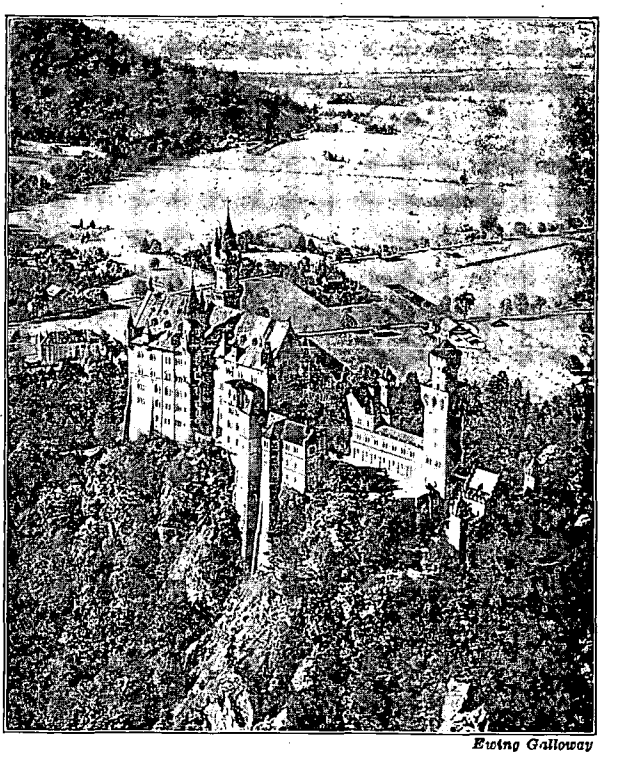
To strengthen your country,
And bring in greater concord,
Let your many scholars plan.
Let them be the vanguard of the people.
Early and late, without remissness,
You must obey the Principles,
Swearing diligence, swearing courage.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PRESIDENT MASARYK, who has just celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, finds it as difficult as does Douglas Fairbanks to go about in the capacity of a private citizen. When he appears in the streets of Prague, he causes a near riot, so popular is he with his people. He has held the presidency for over ten years, and he is popular, not only with both the Czech and Slovak parties, but also with Czechoslovakia's three million German-speaking citizens. In 1918, when he was elected, the nation welcomed him with wild demonstrations of joy as a leader of their own blood. So constant has this affection remained that it is virtually impossible for President Masaryk to go about the fascinating old streets of Prague, because of the tremendous crowds which gather and interfere with the traffic.

DENMARK

MODERN Isaak Waltons are hieing themselves to the neighborhood of the Silkeborg Lakes, where the beauty of the Danish landscape and the prodigality of perch and pike make a fishing trip the happiest of holidays. There a twenty-pound trout is no mere fisherman's tale, pike weigh from eleven to twenty-six pounds, and there is a fourteen-mile salmon stretch along the Stor River where equally unusual records may be achieved. In the Viborg region, where the season is best in June and July, trout-fishing is superb. The amateur fisherman simply buys a license for the day and fares forth to his chosen paradise of stream or lake.



Ewing Galloway

GERMANY: A FAIRY-TALE CASTLE

HIGH ON A PROMONTORY in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps near Füssen, with a breath-taking view of the neat Bavarian countryside below.

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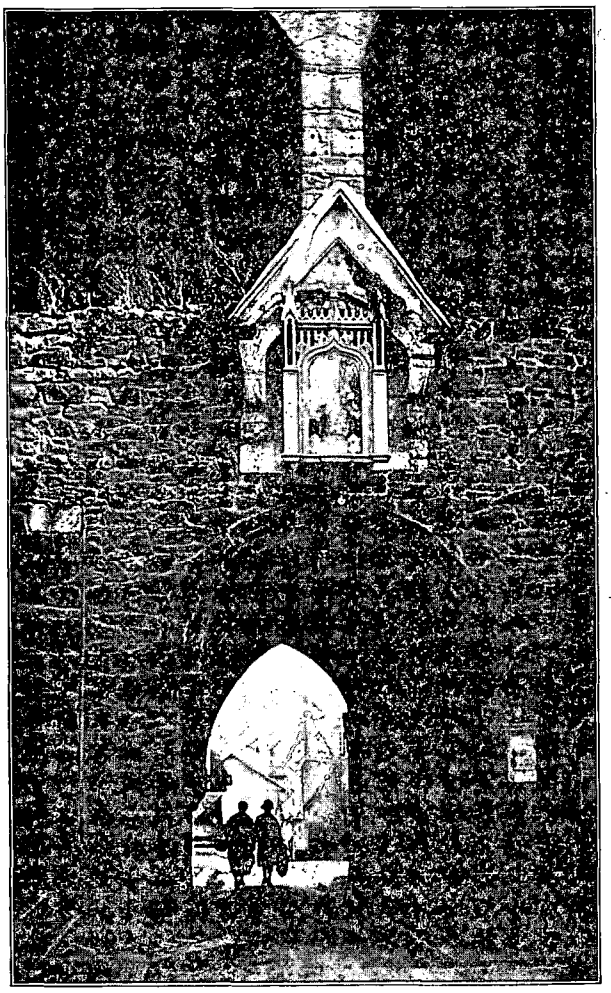


FRANCE: A BRETON GATEWAY

THE TOWN OF DINAN, near St.-Malo, was the ancient seat of the Dukes of Brittany. The gateway above is attached to the famous Château of the Duchess Anne.

EGYPT

ARCHÆOLOGISTS in Lower Egypt have found, in a tomb near Luxor, the grave of a Sixth-Dynasty ruler who wore a wig. This bewigged Pharaoh, named Scheschemnefer, is the first to be found adorned with false hair. Whether the old gentleman became prematurely bald, or whether he held some temporary office, later abolished, in which a wig added the same quota of dignity it is supposed to confer upon our judges, is a matter for speculation. The expedition, which was sent out from Vienna, reported that the figure of Scheschemnefer was one of four which flanked the huge sarcophagus. He was the only one with a wig.

ENGLAND

SO GREAT has been the traffic to Bognor, where the King is gradually regaining his strength, that the Southern Railway has added Pullman cars to the regular service. These leave Victoria Station at 11.05 A.M. and arrive at Bognor at 12.50 P.M. On the return trip they leave at 4.50 P.M. and get to Victoria at 6.35 P.M. Hence it is a simple matter to make the trip to the picturesque coast village where Craigwell House is situated. His Majesty is reported as getting up shortly after breakfast, and sitting at the open window inhaling the good sea air which seems to have worked wonders with his appetite. The Queen has made several excursions to antique dealers, whose wares make Bognor doubly interesting to the visitor.

FRANCE

WHEN the eighty fishing boats which are expected back from the Iceland banks at the end of August left Saint-Malo, the Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, in rich purple vestments, blessed the fleet in the yearly 'Grand Pardon' ceremony which precedes the public prayers for the safety of the fishermen of Brittany. Although the ceremony is as picturesque and moving as ever, the number of boats has diminished by nearly two-thirds, for business in dried cod is not what it used to be. It takes eight months for the old boats, with their carved figureheads, to sail the Iceland Seas and return; and the terrible risks are as great as ever they were, though the profits are much less.

GERMANY

IN KEEPING with the trend of the new German experimental theatre, Berlin recently produced *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with a Falstaff in modern dress, sporting a monocle, a dinner jacket, and a slightly red nose. An elderly, pompous aristocrat, his need of money, his vanity, and his superiority to his surroundings would make him seem more a product of Schnitzler's pen than of Shakespeare's. The actors improvise lines and introduce topical allusions; and Werner Kraus, who creates this new Falstaff, abides by none of the traditional rules for delineating the old rascal's character. The result is that the *Deutsches Theater* finds itself at present with a rousing popular success, instead of a poorly patronized classic revival.

HUNGARY

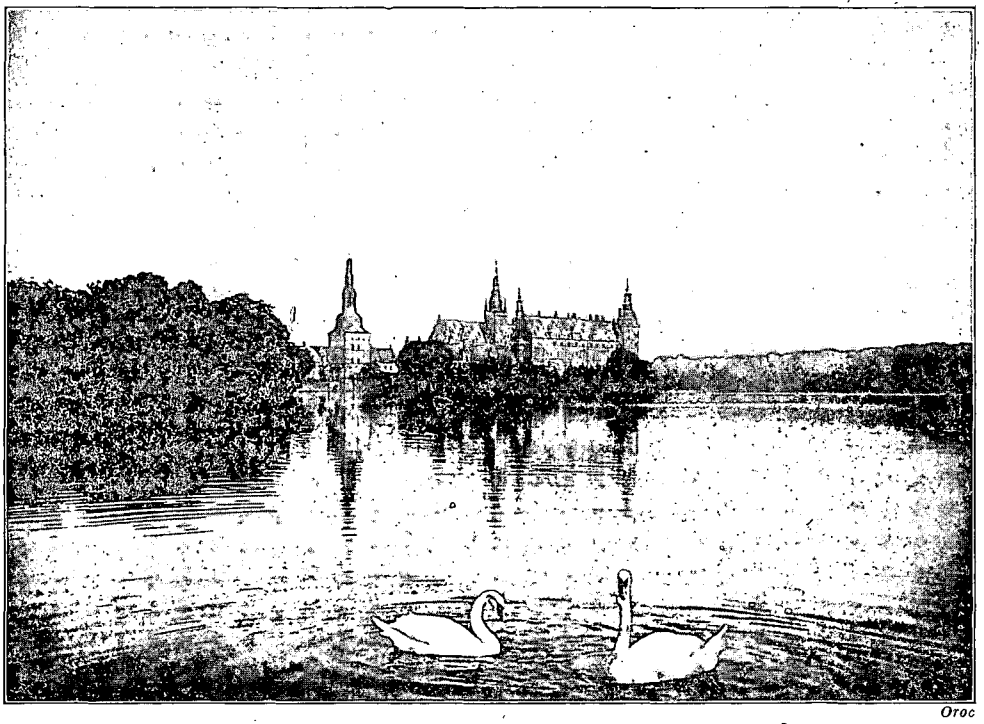
EXCESSIVE bridge-playing is the latest ground for divorce, if one may judge by a case which has just come before the Budapest Tribunal. A certain Hungarian couple had the reputation of being expert bridge players, and were always placed together at the bridge table by their hosts. Things went along merrily until the pair made the acquaintance of a bachelor who was even a better player than the husband. The wife showed such a marked preference for this new expert that finally her husband forbade her to play with him. Finding her in a public salon with her new bridge partner, he filed a petition for divorce.

IRISH FREE STATE

THE postal authorities of the Irish Free State have announced that all shamrock sent to the United States must be examined and that all plants capable of propagation will be confiscated. If your aunt in Dublin sends you a bit of green from the old country, she must remove the roots or take off every bit of soil. Shamrocks are so deeply entwined about Saint Patrick's green island that it is almost impossible to think of them flourishing elsewhere. It is as if one could set up a rival to the Blarney Stone that would confer the same gifts to those who kissed it.

SPAIN

WHEN the inhabitants of Madeira wanted a museum, the authorities decided that stamp collectors should pay for it. Hence a set of twenty-one stamps was issued and placed on sale for one day only. For that day their use was made obligatory, assuring the cancellation marks which give stamps, for some obscure reason, a greater value. Although the proceeds from the sale have not proved sufficient to pay for the new museum, it is believed that the deficit can be made up by selling the surplus stamps of the issue at enhanced prices. Brevity of life of an issue of stamps always pushes values up in philatelic circles.



Oroc

DENMARK: WHERE DANISH KINGS ARE CROWNED

IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL of the Castle of Frederiksborg, by the still waters of a lake only a few miles from busy Copenhagen, Danish kings have for centuries taken the crown.

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King Boris of Bulgaria

An Interview with a Popular and Energetic Ruler

By Stoyan Christowe

Former Balkan Correspondent of the *Chicago News*

Written Especially for The Living Age

It was Epiphany, a holy day which in the Balkans is always celebrated with picturesque religious pageants. I stood on the balcony of the Union Palace Hotel in Sofia. The gates of the royal palace, across the brick-paved square, were wide open. In the centre of the square was a small, crown-shaped pavilion, entwined and garlanded with bay twigs. The square itself was lined with soldiers and cadets from the military school. Around it clustered an ever-growing crowd of officials, municipal and national. The six avenues leading into the plaza were pouring out streams of people, whom the blue-uniformed gendarmes, their sabres jangling, were trying to force back. From the windows of buildings facing the green pavilion, heads stuck out everywhere, and every balcony was alive with people. A wooden cart clattered on the payement. From it two men with shovels scattered black cinders to make a path across the ice-glazed bricks.

Suddenly General Lazarov, chief of the Sofia garrison, shouted a command, and the columns of soldiers and cadets became as rigid as the iron pickets that surrounded the palace. The bands struck up the royal march, which in Bulgaria is played only as the king approaches. The people surged, craned necks, struggled, fought to keep eyes glued to the palace gate, as Tsar Boris III, accompanied by his brother, Prince Cyril of Prjeslav, and his sister, the Princess Eudoxia, appeared and was met by the Minister of War. The King was dressed in the uniform of a general; his brother and sister wore formal black. With the War Minister and an entourage of staff officers, the young King reviewed the columns of soldiers and cadets, a formality all too long and strenuous for the monarch, since he had just recovered from a cold and this was his first appearance in the open air for some weeks. He looked pale. And I overheard a woman in the crowd expressing her concern lest the Tsar injure his health. It was the first of many examples I was later to find of the very real love and solicitude that the Bulgars feel for their Tsar.

An Autographed Portrait of King Boris

Presented to the author of the accompanying interview. It is inscribed: 'With pleasant memories, Boris III, Sofia, March, 1928.' The photograph is a strikingly good likeness of Bulgaria's handsome young sovereign.

The review over, Tsar Boris rejoined his brother and sister near the pavilion. There he chatted with Premier Liaptchev and shook hands with friends and acquaintances until the bells on the cupola surmounting the glittering domes of the Cathedral Alexander Nevski, the largest Greek Orthodox church outside of Russia, sent their voices over the Bulgar capital. Then from Boulevard Tsar Osvoboditel appeared the Metropolitan of Sofia, Father Stephan, leading a procession of bishops and priests, accompanied by school children, filling the air with chants and dazzling the eye with the splendor of their gold-embroidered vestments. I began at last to believe that the novels I had read and the moving pictures I had seen depicting fantastic Balkan kingdoms were not entirely void of reality.

Tsar Boris bowed, and kissed the hand of the bearded Metropolitan, who, with a bouquet of hyssop drenched in a copper vessel, sprinkled the Tsar's forehead with holy water. Then the procession advanced to the pavilion. Following the customary rituals, the silver cross was sunk in the kettle and the rumble of distant artillery drowned the chanting of the priests.

The Tsar retraced his way to the palace, the soldiers and the cadets marched out of the square with as much discipline as they had displayed when they marched in, and the gendarmes released the surging populace, which fell upon the crown-shaped pavilion like sheep on fodder. In ten minutes the green crown that had stood in the square was a bare white frame. Every twig had been torn off and carried away to some Bulgarian home where it would — so runs the belief in Bulgaria — assure health for the coming year.

That was the first time I saw Boris III, Tsar of the Bulgars.

TWO months later, I passed the equestrian statue of Tsar Alexander the Liberator in front of the Bulgarian Parliament and walked westward toward the Palace. The day before, a telephone

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message had informed me that His Majesty would receive me at the palace at eleven o'clock the following day. As I walked hats were lifted to me, as is the custom of the country, by friends who later upbraided me for not acknowledging their greetings. But I saw nothing. I had been carried back twenty years to a Macedonian village forgotten in the mountains. That was before I had transplanted myself to another soil, and another continent. One day a fellow pupil came to school with a postal card which his father had brought from Bulgaria. His father had also brought from that country a lustrous black *kalpak* of which he was very proud but which was trampled in the mud by the Turkish gendarmes the first time he dared to wear it. He was forced to replace it with a red, black-tasseled fez. But the Turks knew nothing of the smuggled picture. We Macedonian schoolboys gathered in a corner of the class room to see it. Nor did our interest in it cease until a stern schoolmaster approached and we dispersed like mice at the approach of a cat. I offered that boy all I possessed, including free access to our orchard, but not even such a bribe could induce him to give up the postal card. For to a Macedonian patriot it was a treasure beyond price — a portrait of Prince Boris Turnovski, the heir to the Bulgarian throne, who would one day rule over our free Bulgarian kinsmen, and his brother Prince Cyril Prjeslavski. Only one well acquainted with the political conditions in Macedonia and the spirit of the time can fully appreciate the fascination we children, living under Turkish yoke, felt when looking at the pictures of the *Bulgarski kniazè*, with the red, green, and white banderoles of Bulgaria across the breasts of their uniforms.

Amid salutes from the guards, I walked into the garden of the palace and was met at the door, beneath the balcony, by attachés of the court. Leaving my hat, overcoat, and cane downstairs, I was conducted to a room on the second floor adorned with shells, swords, muskets, and other instruments of war — a miniature military museum. But I had hardly had time to glance at its interior when an officer of the royal guards introduced himself as Captain Stamatov. He proved a very entertaining person, as he sat talking with me until the King was ready to receive me. Later I learned that this was the officer who had been with the King when the Communists made their attempt to assassinate him and who had shown extraordinary valor in helping his sovereign fight off the assailants.

A bell sounded. The adjutant excused himself and disappeared, reappearing a minute later to announce: 'His Majesty will now receive you.'

In a room simply furnished in gray and overlooking the palace garden, Tsar Boris and I sat at a small table and talked for one hour. My rusty Bulgarian proving inadequate, I asked His Majesty if I might speak to him in English.

'By all means do,' he urged, 'and I shall continue in Bulgarian as I can understand English better than I can speak it.'

King Boris speaks several languages, including Albanian. He is a good conversationalist, and a still better listener. To talk to him is a joy, for you can see reflected on his sensitive features the effect each statement produces.

Dressed in a gray suit with thin stripes, in harmony with the subdued grayness of the furnishings and the general tone of simplicity, the King made me feel completely at ease. His eyes and his mouth are the most expressive features of his face. His lips often quiver with emotion. When he is amused, he seems almost to draw his cheeks around his eyes, as he reveals his teeth in a friendly smile. Well modulated, his voice is rather nasal and a little drawling, suggesting that of his father, the former King Ferdinand.

The King evinced striking interest in America. The Ku Klux Klan, Communism in the United States, the two major political parties, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, the negro problem, Americanization — all these he could discuss as if he knew them at first hand. But he surprised me most of all by his knowledge of the United States, and of other aspects of American life that I had always supposed one who had never lived there could not possibly understand. He especially admires the gigantic scale on which industrial enterprises are carried on in the New World.

At this stage of the conversation I hinted, 'If I were in your place, Your Majesty, I certainly should take a trip to . . .' And then, remembering that I was talking to a king, I changed to a more formal sentence: 'I mean, His Majesty really ought to visit America.' Boris's cheeks and brows almost covered his eyes as he smilingly explained that he had long wished to visit America, but conditions had always prevented him from gratifying this desire.

TSAR BORIS was hardly twenty-five when he ascended the throne in 1918. His country, a comparative newcomer among European states, had been defeated in two wars. It was burdened with debts and heavy reparations and surrounded by hostile neighbors. But in spite of his difficulties — perhaps in part because of them — he won the hearts of his people from the first moment of his reign. With his cordiality, with his natural and discreet simplicity, devoid of any sign of ostentation or display, he could not fail in that.

To-day, ten years after the War, he is not only the first citizen of the Bulgar state; he has also become the most popular. He is recognized by everyone everywhere — not merely because pictures of him hang in every cottage and tavern, but because he is constantly mingling with his subjects. Now one sees him, escorted by close friends, climbing mountain peaks. Now he battles with the waves of the Black Sea in a motor boat; and again, in the depth of winter, he can be seen dragging his auto from a snowdrift with the aid of some peasants. Theatres, concerts, national festivals, all the important events of the kingdom claim his presence. In hours of national tragedy, he has likewise been the first to rush to the aid of his people. When, in the winter of 1923, the beautiful State Theatre in Sofia caught fire, the King was on the scene as quickly as the firemen and helped save the building from burning to the ground. During the disastrous earthquake last summer, he hurried to the stricken zone immediately after the first tremor, and, despite the danger, as the quakes continued, and

Christowe

BORIS III IN HUNTING COSTUME

THE KING OF BULGARIA maintains a suite in the cloister of the Monastery of Rila and often hunts in the adjoining forests.

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buildings fell on every hand, the Tsar stayed with the destitute population of the district, giving what help he could. Humaneness is Tsar Boris's chief characteristic. He is first a man, then a king. The only criticism I ever heard of him, as I traveled through his kingdom, was that he was too much a man and not enough a king. But from more than one visiting foreigner I heard it said that unfortunate Bulgaria was very fortunate in having Boris for its king.

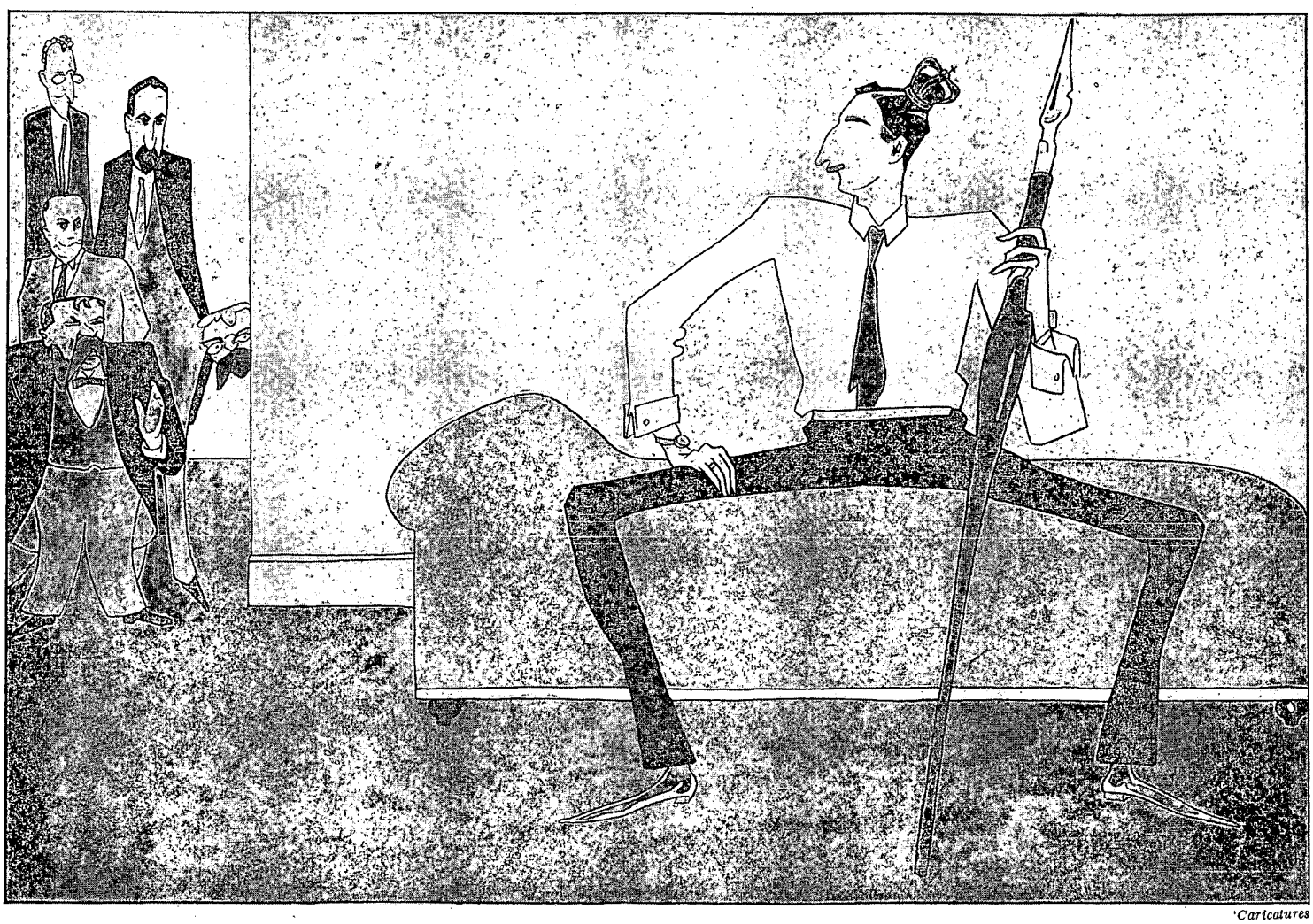
Some forty tsars, khans, and princes have preceded Boris in ruling over the Bulgarians. The greatest of them all were Krum, Omortag, and Simeon. Krum was the first prohibitionist in history. More than one thousand years ago, he ordered all the vineyards in his kingdom uprooted and forbade the distillation of spirituous liquors.

Boris's father, Ferdinand of Coburg, who followed the Prince of Battenberg, was only a lieutenant in the Austrian hussars when a Bulgarian delegation, touring Europe in search of a monarch, offered him the throne. Ferdinand, now exiled in Europe, is the fifth and youngest son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In his youth he distinguished himself as an amateur botanist, having traveled with his brother through Brazil and published in Vienna a work entitled *Itinera Principum S. Cobourgi.*

Ferdinand ascended the Bulgarian throne in 1887, but Russia would not recognize him. To please Russia, most European powers likewise refused to do so. Nevertheless he continued to reign, though at first he left the government in the hands of the Bulgarian statesman Stephan Stamboulov, while he learned the Bulgarian language and prepared himself to assume the reins of government a little later. At the death of the Russian Tsar, Alexander III, in 1894 and the accession of Tsar Nikolas II, affairs took a better turn for Ferdinand of Coburg. He won Russian favor by consenting to have his first born and heir, Prince Boris, baptized in the Orthodox church, with the Emperor of Russia as the godfather. In 1898 Ferdinand made a good will trip to Moscow and Petrograd and took with him little Prince Boris that he might sit on the imperial knee of his godfather, the Russian Tsar.

Boris's mother, the Princess Marie Louise de Bourbon, eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, died in 1899. In 1908 his father was married again — this time to Princess Eleanor of the house of Reuss, who endeared herself to the Bulgarians through her philanthropies and her services to the Red Cross. In the same year, taking advantage of the crisis in Turkey following the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Ferdinand raised the principality to a kingdom and proclaimed himself Tsar of the Bulgars.

Tsar Boris has inherited many of his father's characteristics. He has shown the same inclination for botanical and zoölogical studies and has expanded the royal zoölogical park in Sofia founded by his father. But his chief claim to distinction is neither his royal birth nor his real intellectual attainments. Rather, it is the tact and skillful statesmanship which have enabled him to lead his struggling kingdom through the perplexities of the post-War years and along the road to reconstruction.



Caricatures

KING BORIS RECEIVES A BULGARIAN DELEGATION

ALEXANDER BOZHINOV, Bulgaria's best known caricaturist, depicts his democratic King in shirt sleeves, receiving a delegation. The artist has portrayed the chief characteristics of Boris with great skill, emphasizing his charming informality.

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Hispanic Society of America

SEVILLE: THE BULLFIGHTERS
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

Why the Spanish Like Bullfights

A Spaniard Interprets the National Spectacle of His Countrymen as a Thing of Beauty

By Salvador de Madariaga

Former Chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations, Special Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford University, Director of the Students' International Union at Geneva, Author of *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, etc.

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

THIS happened in 1920. I was lecturing in Cambridge, England. One morning, the maid brought two telegrams to my bedroom. One was from the *Times*, the other from the *Observer*. Both these newspapers wanted articles on bullfights. The occasion which made them urgent was the death of Joselito, news of which had just reached London. Joselito was one of the greatest artists that Spain has produced. He was, at the time, one of the two idols of what is known in Spain as the '*afición*,' a word which is to bullfighting what 'public opinion' is to politics. The *afición* was then divided between admirers of Joselito and admirers of Belmonte. And I remember that, during the War, a distinguished man of letters had analyzed these two schools of bullfighting and, from a consideration of what was implied in their respective styles and tastes, had come to the conclusion that admirers of Joselito had perforce to be pro-German, while admirers of Belmonte were bound to be pro-Ally.

But; you ask me, how is it possible that a mere barbarous spectacle, such as bullfighting, could have evolved schools and tastes and styles, great artists, psychologies, and even philosophies? 'No,' you say, 'bullfighting is merely a manifestation of the brutal instincts and primitive cruelty of a backward nation. It can do nothing but stimulate the worst and most animal impulses in man. It can

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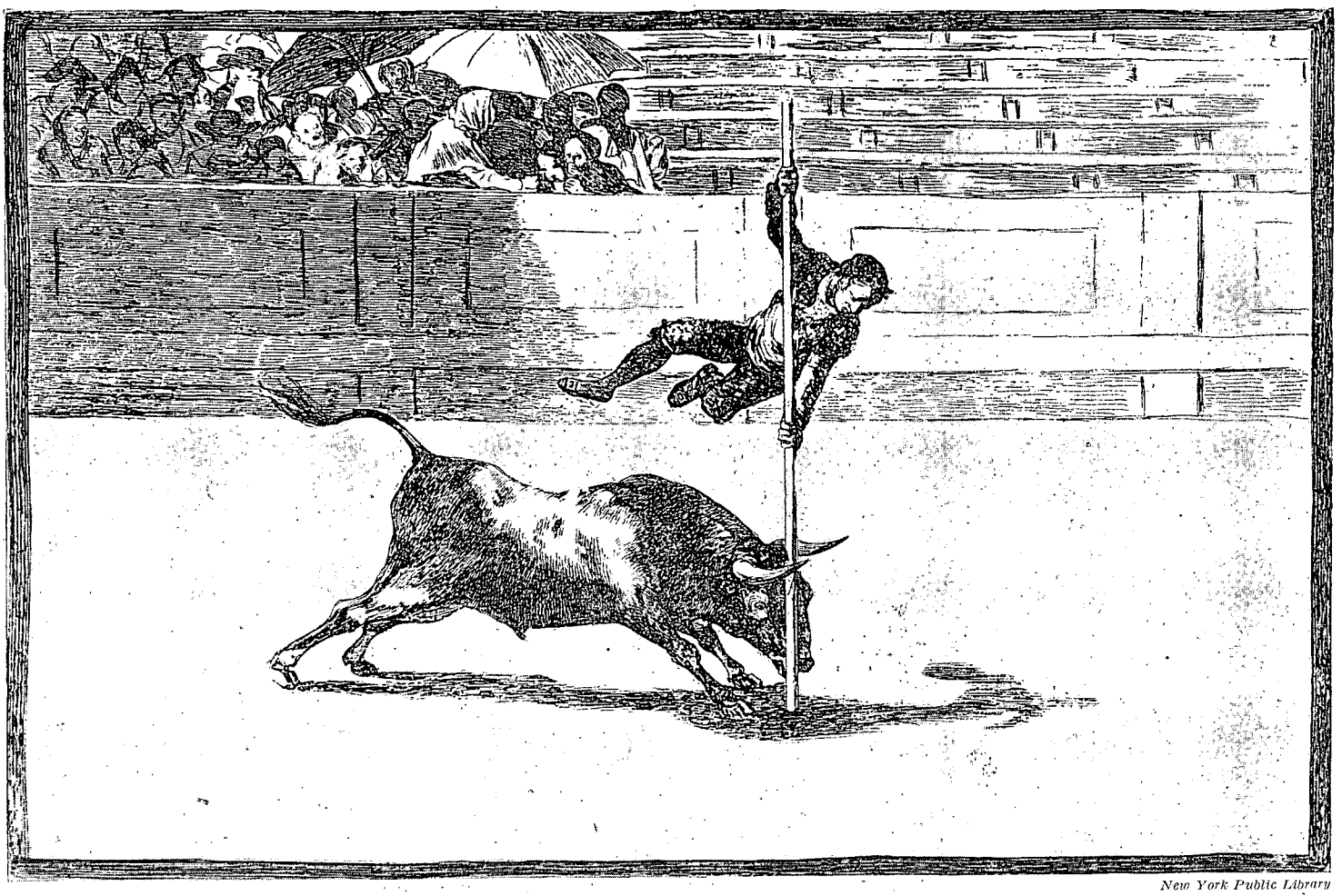

New York Public Library

THE DEXTERITY AND SKILL OF JUANITO APIÑANI IN THE MADRID BULL-RING

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING ETCHINGS are from the famous series, *Los Caprichos*, by Francisco Goya y Lucientes. The etching here reproduced shows admirably the dexterity necessary in bullfighting.

have no style, for barbarity has none; it can produce no artists, for cruelty can not rise to the understanding of beauty.'

WELL, calm yourself, and listen . . . As for cruelty — I wonder why Anglo-Saxons bother so much about other people's cruelty. French millionnaires cannot kill pigeons on the Riviera without some English bishop writing to the London *Times* about the horror of it. As for bullfighting, the Englishman looks upon it with so much prejudice that, when the Prince of Wales was in Spain lately, he did not dare to attend — oh, not a bullfight proper! that, never! but even an innocent bull-testing party, to which he had been invited and which, I am told, he was longing to enjoy.

Now, imagine the Archbishop of Burgos writing a letter to the *Times* to the following effect: —

'Sir: I am grieved to read in the Spanish press that the Prince of Wales has demeaned himself by attending a boxing match. No sight is more repulsive to a truly Christian conscience than that of two Christians (for such I must repute them to be) rushing at each other in the throes of the most destructive and savage of passions, in utter disregard of the noble teachings of the Gospel, which bid them offer the left cheek when smitten on the right. My Christian heart sinks at the thought that thousands of Londoners witnessed the unseemly spectacle and kindled feelings in their souls which cannot but make their salvation most problematic. In all humility, I offer my prayers on their behalf and venture to express the hope that some day this benighted custom, which does not deserve the name of sport, may be forgotten in your country. . . .'

YOU smile. Perhaps you laugh. Yet wherein would the Archbishop be wrong? Is a boxing match a more refined spectacle than a bullfight? Are the gruesome paraphernalia — the pail, the water, the towel — particularly attractive? Is the effect on the most sanguine spectators particularly 'uplifting'?

You argue that the accessories of the sport are not the sport, and that there are spectators and spectators, and that every man takes away from such a spectacle that which he brought to it in his soul, and that a boxing match is a manly sight, and must be considered for itself and with sympathy. With all of which I agree and ask leave to apply your excellent doctrines to bullfights.

'No,' you say, 'I won't let you. Because the two men in a boxing match fight with a fair chance before them, while the bull has not a ghost of a chance from the moment he comes out into the sun from his dark "*chiquero*."' Now, why is that? Let me come back to my Cambridge story. Joselito, I said, had just died. How had he died? In his bed? From gout evolved out of the enjoyment of the millions made in years of playing in safety with bulls which had not had a chance? Not at all. Joselito died killed by a bull in the ring. He was twenty-five. He had begun his career at the age of seventeen. In those eight years, he, the most skillful artist at bull-dodging which Spain has seen, had been wounded seven times, two of them nearly mortally, and was finally killed. How does that compare with any other sport? As I put it at the time, Joselito's life and death should suffice to dispose for all time of the fallacious argument that the bull has no chance. The bull's chance seems to me distinctly better than that of the deer, or the fox, or the partridge, none of which has ever been known to devour a sportsman — and vastly su-

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perior to that of the most dangerous of wild beasts, the salmon.

The mention of salmon in this connection made an English friend of mine nearly foam at the mouth. What! He, who had been destroying salmon for nearly twenty years in every nook and corner of Scotland and Norway, was he going to be compared now to a low-born *torero*? He had been (let us say) educated in Eton, and that is what was worrying him. But of course that is not what he said. What he said was that the chance of the salmon was in that many got away (not, I gather, through any fault of *his*), while the bull was doomed from the moment it appeared in the ring. That is the way arguments are metamorphosed by the inner spirit which calls them forth. He had begun by objecting to bullfights on grounds of cruelty; he passed on to sporting chances; he ended on a merely statistical point. For after all, *some* bulls are saved — those who refuse to fight.

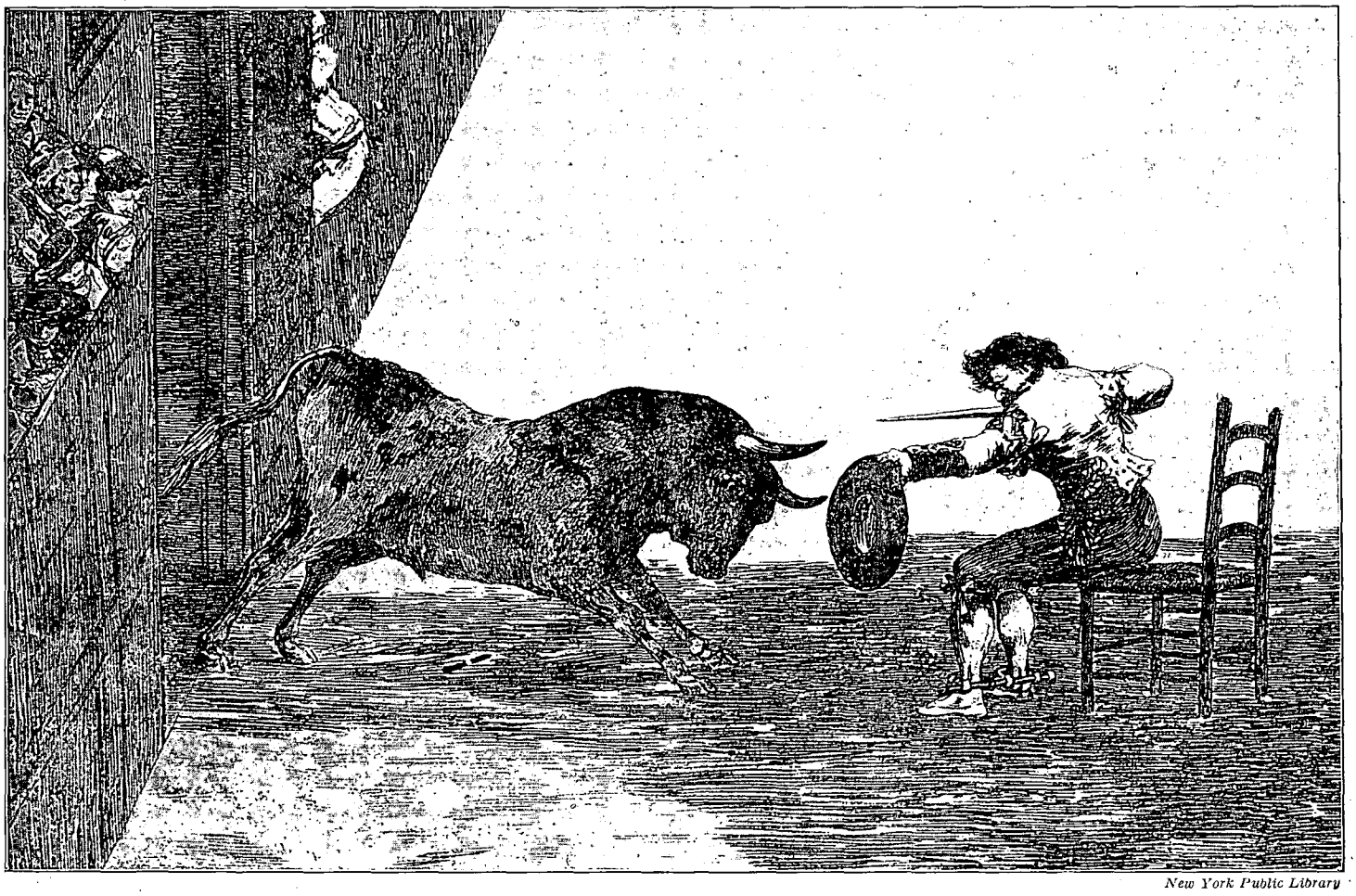
No, you'd better find something else. And let me point out to you that you are *searching* for arguments. Notice how this works. You begin by disliking something, say bullfights, or prohibition, or the Democratic Party. Then you cast about for arguments which will enable you to justify your dislike. The Anglo-Saxon dislikes bullfighting; he does not know why. Then he imagines reasons why he should dislike it. The real thing, however, is not his reason for disliking, but his dislike. It is this instinctive enmity toward bullfights which makes him ask: 'Why should Spaniards like them?' While, in point of fact, the query begs the question. Why should not bullfights be liked?

WE FIND ourselves at the meeting of two psychologies. And so the question put to us broadens out and deepens into a far bigger inquiry; from a mere matter of liking or disliking, it becomes a point of comparative psychology, a contrast between two ways of living and of understanding life.

It is a striking fact that all the arguments raised in Anglo-Saxon countries against bullfights can be related, directly or indirectly, to moral principles or tendencies. Is it good? Is it bad? Is it fair? Is it unfair? That is what preoccupies the Anglo-Saxon. In the realm of ethical principles, he is always active and therefore cannot conceive of passivity, indifference, or neutrality. Hence his tendency to condemn what he does not understand. He is like a man who has but two dimensions. He only understands things happening on the floor. If a ball passed from one point to another of the floor by rolling before his eye, he would understand. If the ball were bounced from the one to the other point, unable to follow its course off the floor, he would remain mystified before a sight incomprehensible to him.

How does that apply to bullfighting? The Anglo-Saxon sees a Spanish multitude enjoying itself in a bull-ring. As he sees a bull being gored and killed, he concludes that what the crowd enjoys is the goring and the killing, and, therefore, condemns the crowd as brutes. Why? Because the mainspring of the enjoyment of that crowd is in a dimension which the Anglo-Saxon lacks. What he sees, and loathes, the crowd is blind to. What the crowd is enjoying, he cannot see. He is seeing blood and cruelty. The crowd is enjoying beauty and grace.

DO I mean that the Anglo-Saxon is incapable of æsthetic enjoyment? Devoid, that is, of æsthetic sense? Let us be clear on this point. What is obvious to all good observers is that, though the æsthetic sense can be fostered, developed,



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THE DARING OF MARTINCHO IN THE BULL-RING OF SARAGOSSA

WITH MANACLED FEET, and sitting on a chair, the bullfighter matches skill with a fierce animal.

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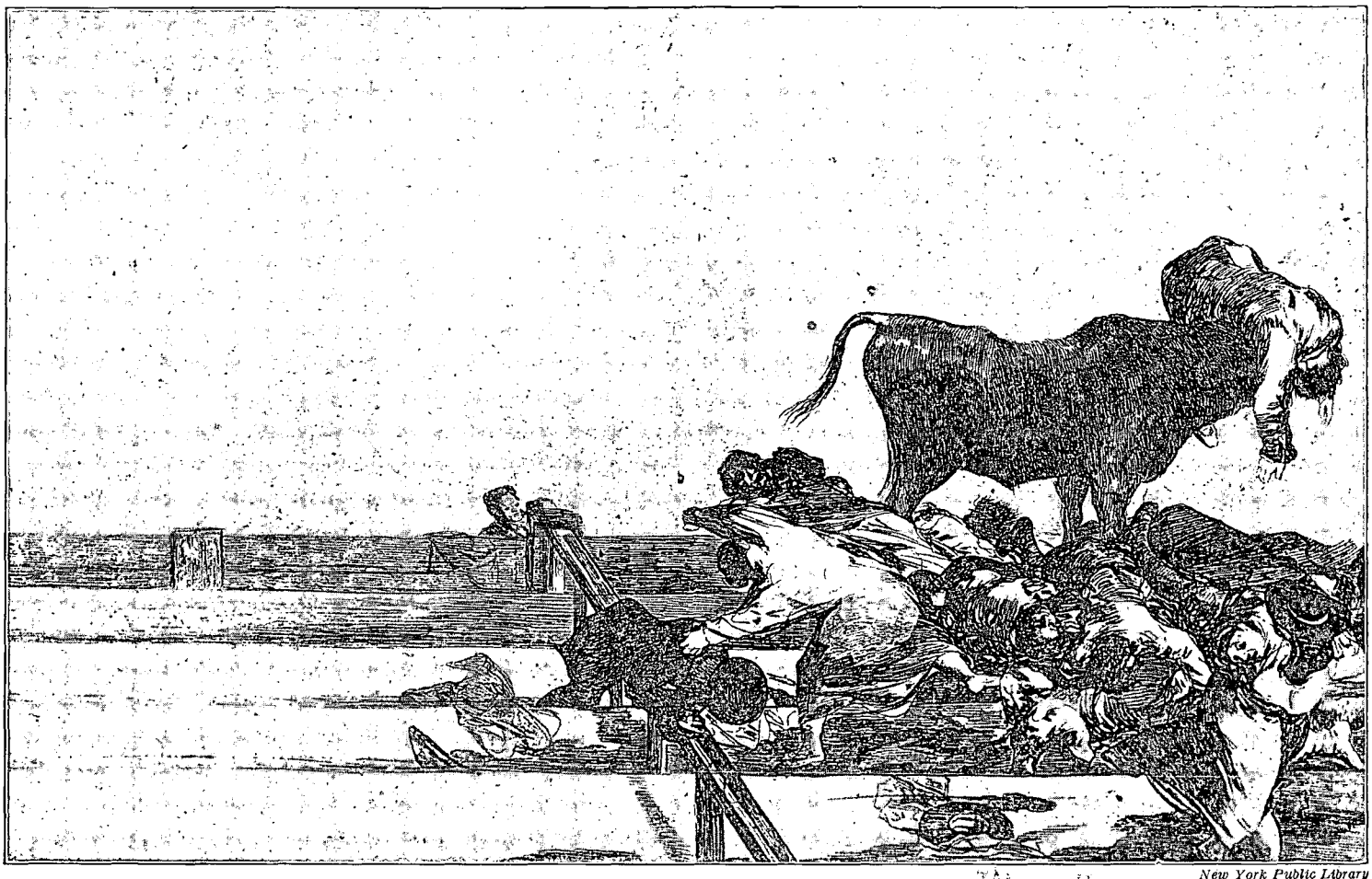

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A Disaster

To this day bulls occasionally break away and do injury to the spectators at the fights. The event depicted above occurred in the Madrid bull-ring.

and refined in the Anglo-Saxon, it is but weak and faltering in its native state, and, moreover, it is troubled, crossed, and diverted by ethical tendencies. A large crowd of men and women richly endowed with a spontaneous æsthetic sense is not to be found in any Anglo-Saxon country. Inversely, a Spanish crowd is far richer in æsthetic than in ethical or utilitarian tendencies, and, even though a moral turn of mind can be fostered, developed, and refined in the Spaniard, it is, left to itself, but indifferent, and, moreover, crossed and diverted by æsthetical tendencies.

Thus the Spanish crowd looking at the bullfight is not enjoying the goring and killing but the grace and the beauty of the spectacle — color, movement, and skill on the edge of death — which are precisely the things which the Anglo-Saxon does not see. The idea of a cruel crowd, gloating in the sight of blood and suffering, is the child of the Anglo-Saxon's morbid and tortured imagination. Just as he does not see the grace and beauty of the sight, the Spaniard does not see the cruelty of it.

Imagine a cloth woven like a checker-board, with red and green threads, looked at by two men, one of whom is red-blind, and the other, green-blind. The first will pronounce the cloth green; the second, red. Both will be right because both will be wrong.

GRACE and beauty on the edge of death. Such is the gist of bullfighting. Incidentally, this expression, 'bull-fighting,' reveals the misunderstanding prevailing in the Anglo-Saxon mind on the question. It is a sad mistranslation. The Spanish '*corrida de toros*' means 'bull-running.' There is no question of fighting about it all. The men don't fight the bulls. They play with them in four different ways: first, cape in hand. (The cape, for it is a cape, becomes a 'rag' in English — yet another revelation of sub-conscious prejudice!) Secondly, they play with them by means of *picas*, or spears, wielded by horsemen; thirdly, with *banderillas*, small, decorated darts that are fixed on the bull's neck; finally, sword in hand, in a solemn and especially dangerous game of death. But there is no fight at any moment. The nearest approach to a trial of strength between man and beast is in the second of these games, when the picador withstands the onslaught of the bull and defends his seat and the life of his horse. But the idea of a fight is so far removed from bull-running that even in this case a picador who inflicts excessive punishment on the bull is himself the object of severe penalties.

The four phases of bull-running are the result of long experience and aim at ensuring the harmonious development of the whole. During the first phase, the *peones* run the bull, attracting its attention with their capes. The bull is then in its full vigor, and the game, though freer and less exacting than those which are to follow, is dangerous to a degree for men who have to venture on a wide arena with an animal far swifter than the swiftest man. Now and then, the *espada*, or head of the *cuadrilla* (whose real specialty is the killing of the bull), takes a part in this game, showing his skill and style by playing with the bull at this early stage.

Presently, the picadors come out riding their skinny horses, their legs incased in heavy steel, holding in their right hands wooden spears armed with metallic points. Every bull must be tried on three horses. It must be stopped by the

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THE DEATH OF A BULL AT THE HANDS OF THE ATTENDANTS

THE "ESPADA" HAS been killed by the bull, and the attendants at the fight are about to put an end to the life of the maddened animal.

lance, kept at bay. The good picador is supposed to save his horse from even the slightest wound. Such an achievement is, however, rare. It is particularly difficult for the reason that the lance must not do irreparable harm to the bull. Though this part of the game aims at weakening the excessive vigor of the bull, it is severely regulated so that it does not overreach itself, which would render the remainder of the *corrida* meaningless.

The *banderillas* are then handled by the most promising members of the *cuadrilla*, sometimes also by the *espada* himself. This is a most delicate moment and one which requires on the part of the *banderillero* swiftness, knowledge, and, above all, grace and lightness. The *banderillas* are short, and the bull's horns are long; the time when the darts must be set in their appointed place must be measured to a tenth of a second; and this appointed place is small. The slightest hesitation is infallibly detected, not only in itself by thousands of watchful spectators, but in its effect, since failure is immediately apparent, the *banderillas* falling to the ground or hanging ungracefully from the bull's side.

Such ruthless punishment for the slightest lapse in courage, skill, or grace is even to a greater extent the rule in the last and most dramatic moment — that which the *afición* characteristically knows as 'the hour of truth.' A bull can be killed beautifully only on two conditions: first, if it is adequately prepared by means of the red cloth (*muleta*), handled by a skillful hand which knows exactly the kind of movements required for the particular bull with which it has to deal; then, if the sword is wielded unhesitatingly at the right moment and directed to the right spot. The fact should be realized that this spot is no larger than the palm of the hand and that it must be reached by allowing the bull's horn to pass between the right arm of the *lorero* and his body.

Thus, from first to last, bull-running is a matter of accurate knowledge and exacting grace. Courage is not admired in itself. Courage is left behind. It is the mere raw material with which grace and knowledge must work. What the *afición* demands is skill and beauty.

ONE word about the horses. There is no doubt whatever that this part of bull-running, though very beautiful in itself from the plastic as well as from the dramatic point of view, is sadly spoilt by the pitiful — and repulsive — sight of horses gored and finally killed. Nothing can be said for it. It is a blot on bull-running, the blacker from the fact that it offends not merely the Anglo-Saxon sense of pity for animals but also the Spanish sense of beauty. It is a stark defect in an otherwise beautiful spectacle.

But just as a defect in a Shakespearean play should not prevent us from admiring Shakespeare, so the horse episode should not debar us from appreciating the beauty inherent in bull-running.

Under the plastic beauty of it there breathes a deep dramatic beauty which blossoms on the edge of a precipice. The Spanish name for the four games is '*suertes*,' that is, 'lucks,' 'chances,' 'bouts of destiny.' The bullfight appears thus as a vivid summary of life: character and destiny intimately entangled in the flaming movements of the red cloth. Courage is but the ground which the light-footed man is to tread. He has conquered fear. He has forgotten fear. And, above his animal instincts, his spirit is free to move and blossom out in flowers of grace.

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PEDRO ROMERO, FINISHING OFF A BULL IN THE PROPER MANNER

THE LAST STAGE in the fight; the *espada* deals the graceful and difficult thrust which kills the bull instantly.

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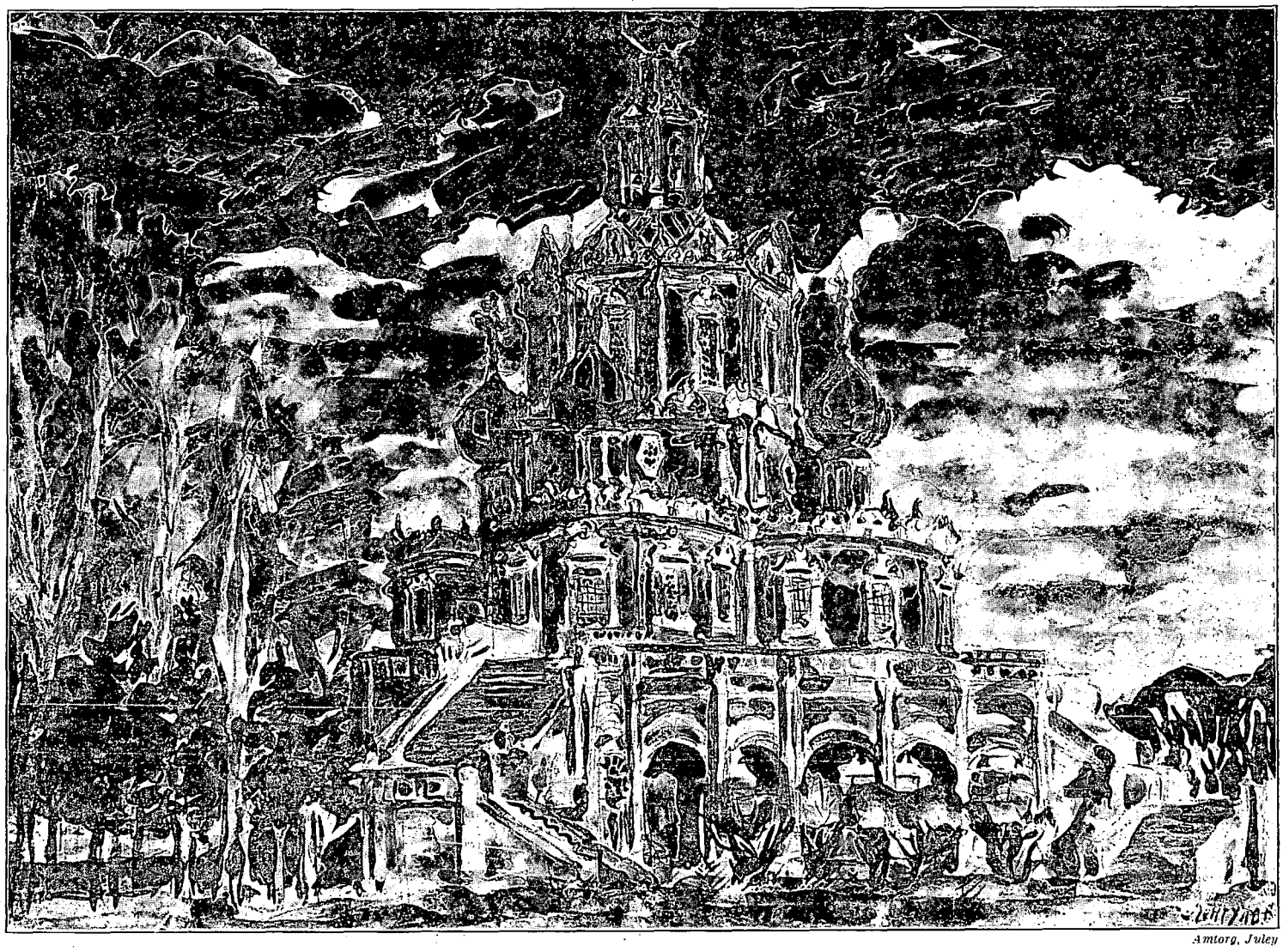

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A Russian Church

From a Painting by A. V. Lentulov

Random Impressions of the Soviet Union

A Danish Visitor Describes the New Society, Its Marriage and Divorce Laws, Its Manners and Customs

By Anker Kirkeby

Illustrated from the Work of Modern Russian Painters

Translated from *Politiken*, Copenhagen Daily

There must be a Russian woman on the train. All day long I hear her laughing. A Russian woman's laugh always verges on tears. When it culminates, breaking into tremolos, it sounds as though it came from unfathomable depths. From morning until evening she chirps as unconcernedly as a song bird. Her voice rises and falls like a rippling fountain; its happy, childlike note makes glad the heart of everyone in our car. . . .

Our heads were all out of the windows as we neared the Russian frontier. Black silhouettes of sentries. The station! Down the broad platform moved a group of white uniforms, impressively, slowly — all too slowly. Their wearers treated us indulgently, as though we were lost children. The customs inspection took place in a great room, surprising in height, with walls of light yellow timber, tall white pillars, and wide galleries. Although it was the evening of an ordinary week day, the whole atmosphere was festive; it resembled the great hall of a students' club. The customs officials wore bright white blouses. (In this country even pallbearers are in white, the hearse is painted white, the coffin itself is of light-colored wood.) They smiled in pleasurable anticipation, with an inner content, a proud satisfaction in their hearts.

Red flags hang everywhere, red streamers, portraits of Lenin and Rykov, surrounded by green wreaths. On the walls were inscriptions reading: —

Welcome to the Workers of Every Country!

Also artistic, humorous placards. Over the numerous offices — customs, telegraph, money-exchange, and so on — hung red transparencies with inscriptions

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in various languages, even Hebrew and Chinese. The stream that runs through here is international.

The porter hands me a receipt for my three pieces of baggage; the charge is sixty kopecks. Discreetly, I offer him an extra ruble. He courteously declines with a smile; he has a fixed salary.

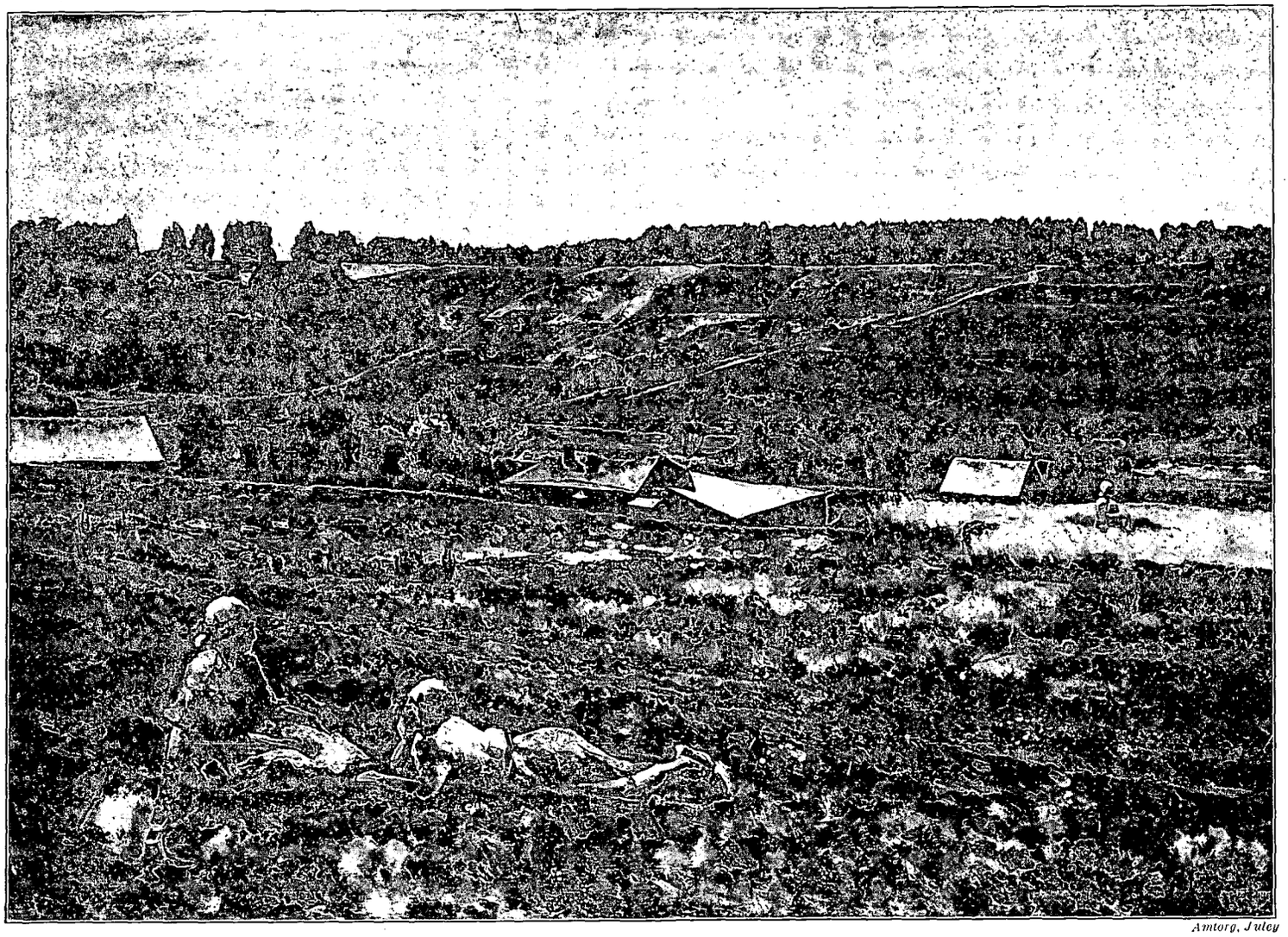
The train for Russia draws in, and I seek my compartment. Everything in Russia is larger than anywhere else in the world. The trains are longer and broader, and the rails are laid two feet wider apart. The cars are like houses on wheels, and the compartments correspond in size. In mine there is a sofa, a table, and movable polished mahogany chairs. The walls are hung with green silk damask, and over the seats are shining white covers, quite newly laundered.

I go down through the train. The locomotive is monstrous in size; the wheels are two stories in height. But it has need of all its power, for it must run uninterruptedly for ten days; on the cars are the words: Stolpse-Moscow-Vladivostok.

In my compartment I find a samovar humming. Without my asking, an attendant sets a steaming glass before me on the mahogany table, and I sink down comfortably in the clean and restful seat. An air of homelike comfort fills the train. Why not stay in Russia forever?

EVERY city produces its own individual impression. Paris excites and intoxicates like champagne; Rome soothes like the notes of an organ; London bores and gives one the spleen. Moscow takes one's breath away because everything there is so huge. And yet 'huge' is not exactly the right word. In America, buildings rise to fifty stories in height, but no one loses his breath at sight of the Woolworth Building. New York has built high up in the air because it has been obliged to. In Russia, things are on a grand scale not because of pressing external need but because of an expanding urge in the soul of the builders. 'Grandiose' is the word we want. A two-story house in Berlin is just like a two-story house in London; in Russia it resembles a castle. The doors are like gateways, the windows like doors; even the bricks are larger and the rooms more spacious. In the centre of Moscow there is a riding school like that of Christianborg; its riding ground is as vast as a desert. I paced it up to two hundred and twenty metres — three or four times the length of our riding space [in Copenhagen]. The toilet room in my hotel is divided in two by a wholly superfluous door, which is as heavy as the door to a bank vault.

And just as the Russian is sensitive to the grandiose in space, so is he also to the limitlessness of time. In Russia, a minute is a small eternity. The word, '*Seichas*,' translated literally is 'immediately' or 'at once,' but it is actually used as 'tomorrow.' Our Western European and American 'jazz' tempo rebounds from the Oriental calm here and seems hectic, febrile, diseased. The tempo of the Russian drives us hustling Occidentals of the machine age into a frenzy of impatience, but the Russian is right; his tempo is native to him. In every respect, he is a



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AUGUST

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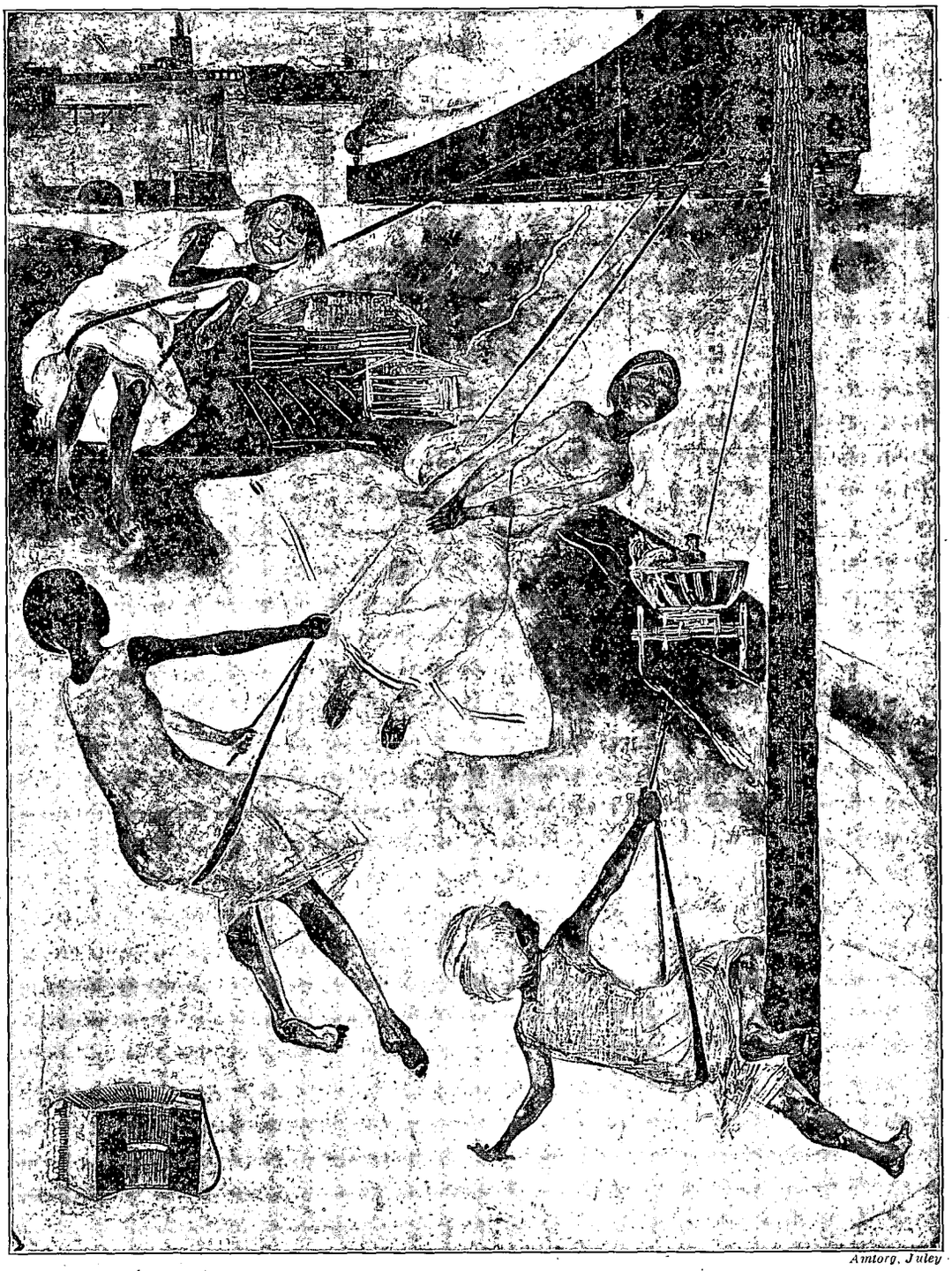

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THE GIANT'S STRIDE
FROM A PAINTING BY EKATERINA ZERNOVA

more natural man. We try to emulate machines, but he lives in harmony with nature's own principles, and closer to nature itself.

Every evening, in the deserted streets of Moscow, night watchmen and stragglers may be seen in their sheepskin coats fast asleep on stone steps or the bare ground. The sight reminds me of the giant Antæus, in Greek legend, who renewed his strength each time he came in contact with Mother Earth. Everything healthy grows slowly. Or, as a Russian proverb says: 'He who drives slowly goes farthest.' The tragic defect in our modern life is that we are constantly racing against a motor.

The Russian is no more muscular than men of other races, but his temperament has greater dimensions: he feels himself to be stronger.

It was not the bitter cold of Russia that destroyed the French army in 1814; in that quiet inland climate the winter is not bitterly cold; it was the rooted grandiosity of the Russian temperament that took the heart out of Napoleon.

ON SUNDAY we drove out to what was once Prince Yussupov's estate near Moscow. Laid out on the model of Versailles, it is smaller in extent but more striking in its effect. The castle is now a museum, restored to its original style, the later modernizations having been done away with. Its halls are filled with art treasures and paintings by famous artists. Entire rooms are devoted to ancient Chinese ceramics, to glassware and porcelain from the Yussupovs' own manufactories.

Art critics are now established in the castle as curators of the museum. They have thoroughly renovated the interiors, which express the same *motifs* as the Trianon. Extensions and improvements are constantly being made. Thus, a few days ago, there was recovered from the Hermitage in Leningrad a 'Portrait of a Lady' by Van Dyck which had originally belonged to the Yussupov collection. The book collection has been rearranged in a new hall by expert bibliophiles. Here are costly red-bound volumes from the private libraries of Louis the Sixteenth and Madame de Pompadour; a whole case of Rousseau's personal belongings, his pen, inkwell, sundial, telescope, and so forth. There are, among other things, some precious reliquaries, stolen by one of the Yussupov princes from Catharine the Second; and a volume of poetry composed by Beaumarchais in honor of another prince of the family during his residence in London, of which only one copy was printed.

Characteristically enough, one of the largest bookcases is filled with a collection of books on gastronomy; literally hundreds of volumes devoted to *la cuisine française*. Their condition shows that they were in constant use.

To these halls where once only a single family lived — indeed often only a caretaker, for as a rule the Yussupovs occupied their Moscow or Leningrad city-palaces when they were not abroad — there now come on Sunday afternoons in the summer hundreds of Moscow folk by tram or motor car, and are shown about by expert guides. . . . Everything on this ancient property has been left unchanged, except that it has been awakened to a new life after its century-long

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sleep. One thing, however, is quite new. At the entrance to the sunny garden-salon where convalescents now dine, a notice has been posted up: —

HAVE YOU REMEMBERED TO WASH YOUR HANDS?

No Yussupov princes ever needed to be reminded of this. Yet, if the proletariat does not always come to the table with clean hands, whose fault is it?

But the proletariat is now being taught, thanks to the splendid 'Cleanliness Campaign,' with its lectures and placard notices, which is being carried on throughout Russia.

The greatest present need is a 'Fresh Air Campaign.' The proletariat has not yet learned to open its windows. Everywhere, in public places, in restaurants, in railway trains, and in the homes, there hangs in the air a peculiar proletarian odor, which resembles the smell of old cast-off clothing. When fresh air flows into and over this vast Russia, the Revolution will be complete.

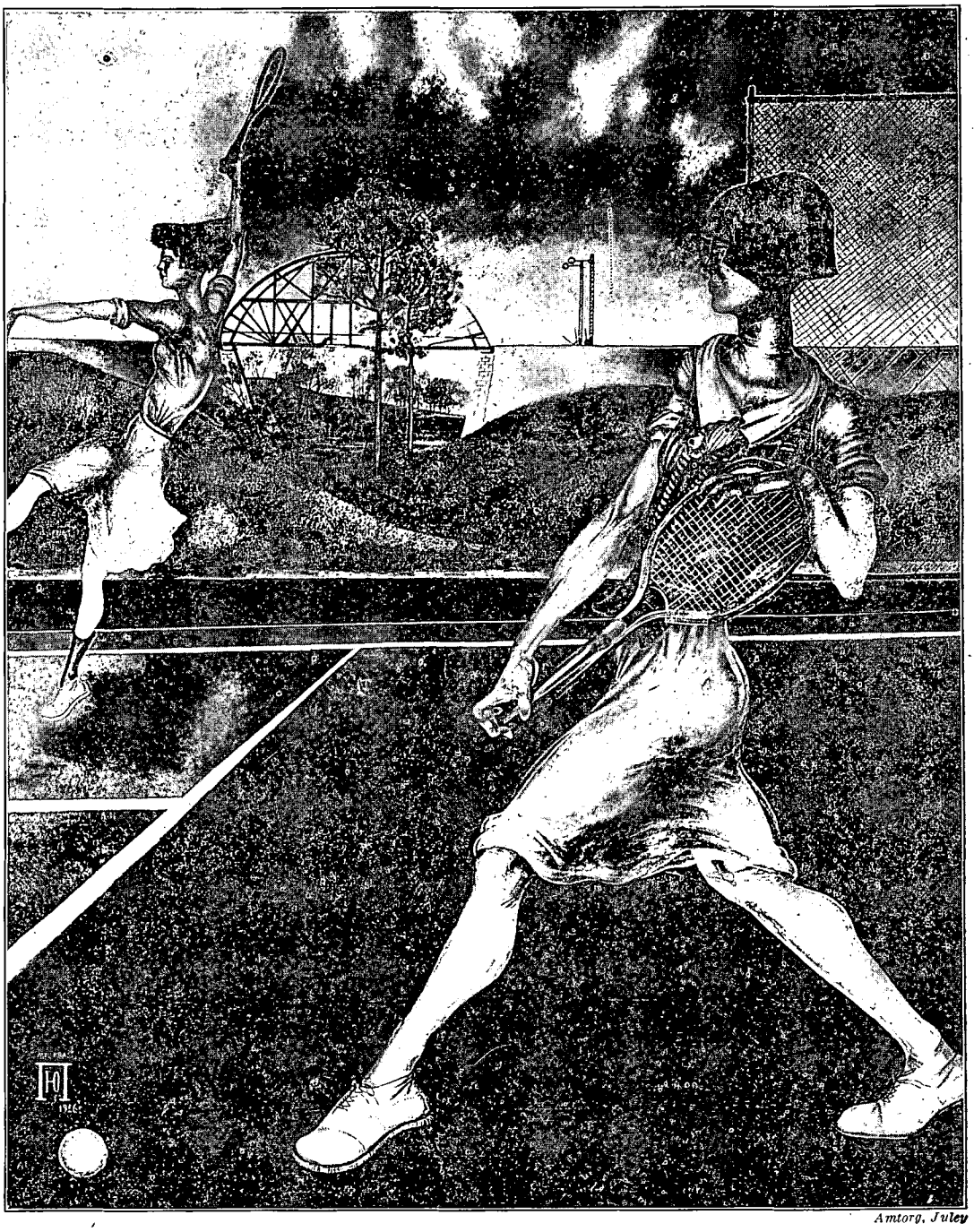
THE new Russian marriage laws are characteristic of the new trends of thought. The reasoning on which they are based runs something as follows: Law must set up rules showing how life may be lived happily and ethically, but it must not be so far removed from actuality that life becomes one thing, and law, an entirely different thing. The love relations of men and women is one of the spheres where a harmony between law and life has not yet been discovered, hence the need for constant experiment in the endeavor to find laws that will in the best possible way help mankind in its search for happiness.

The Russian marriage laws are therefore subject to constant revision, just as they are in other countries, Denmark, for example; but in Russia the revisions are undeniably much more frequent.

Marriage may be contracted in two ways: by registration and by free consent. Both have binding legal validity. Registration calls for the following procedure: the parties concerned appear before a magistrate (no previous notice is necessary) and make a declaration of their desire to be married. The only question asked by the authorities is, 'Do you know if your prospective husband (or wife) is sound in health?' The answer being satisfactory, the marriage is registered and is *ipso facto* an accomplished fact. 'Free' marriages are entered into without official registration; the parties simply declare themselves married. But both the man and the woman have the same legal responsibilities as in the case of a registered marriage. Proof of their union can always be secured; it can be shown that they have lived together as man and wife, or a third party can be found to whom they have represented themselves as being married.

Formerly, it was quite general for young people to marry legally at a very low age of consent; in the country this was permitted to girls when fifteen years old. The bearing of children and long hours of work in the fields left these undeveloped young peasant girls utter physical wrecks after a few years of marriage. Now, no woman may marry until she has completed her eighteenth year.

A marriage may be dissolved whenever one of the parties wish it; no cause or reason need be given. But the man is obliged to provide for the support of the woman for six months following the separation; if she is in poor health or otherwise unable to support herself, he must continue to provide for her for a full year. Every woman over forty-five years of age is included in this latter



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TENNIS
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GOING TO PASTURE
FROM A PAINTING BY K. N. ISTOMIN

category. When the woman is the one who earns the most, or if the man is ill and unfit for work, it is she who must pay for his support during the prescribed period following a divorce.

No difference is recognized between the children of registered marriages and those of a free marriage. There are no 'illegitimate' children in Russia — all are equally legitimate. No shame or penalty attaches to any woman who gives birth to a child in Soviet Russia. As a result, child murder and the abandonment of new-born infants have been enormously reduced. Under the Tsar, the number of children abandoned by unfortunate mothers numbered twenty thousand annually in Moscow alone; last year the number was only six hundred.

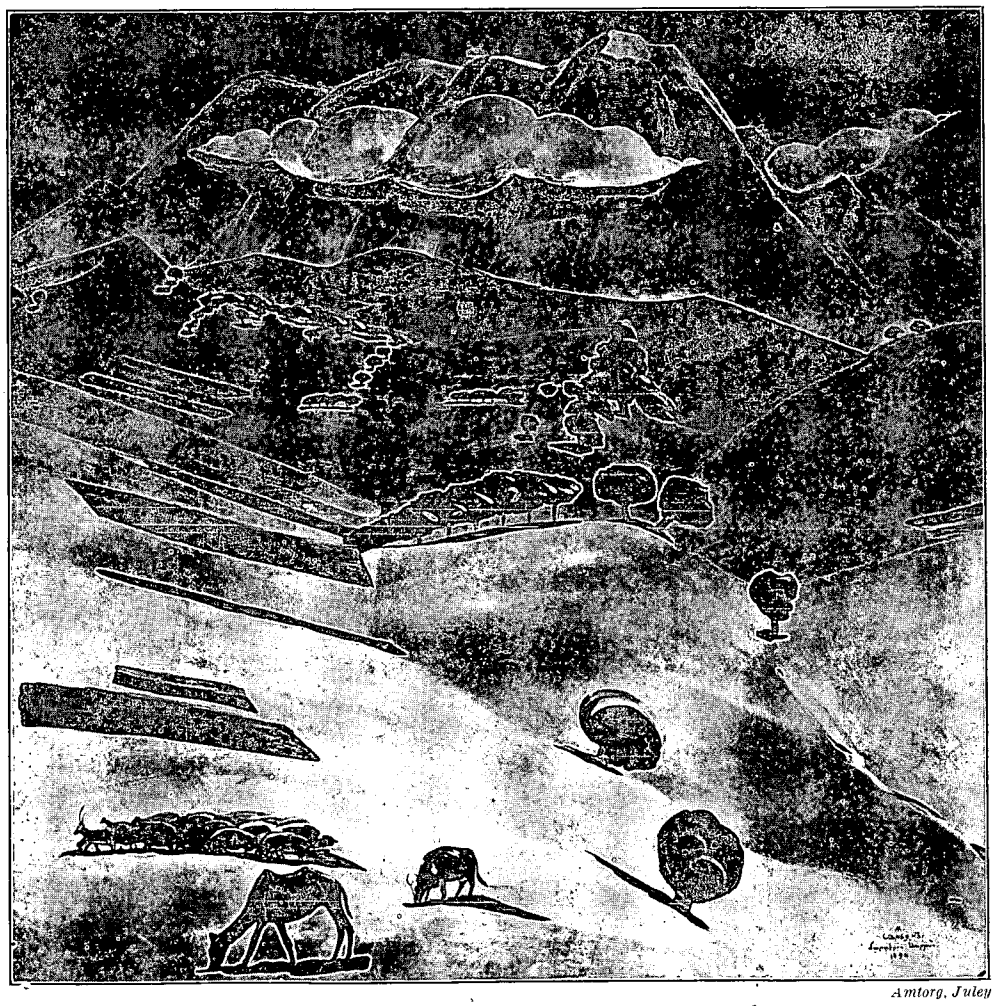
Both the man and the woman are obliged to pay for the maintenance of their children. The law makes the safety and welfare of the children its chief concern. If the parents are unable to provide the means for the support of the children, the uncles and aunts, even the grandparents, are legally obligated to make the necessary financial contribution. However easily the changing moods of love may be gratified by adults, its oscillations must never affect the rights and welfare of the innocent children.

TWO years ago the government appointed a committee of physicians and scientists to investigate the most hygienic and effective methods of birth control. When the committee finished its work, and submitted its findings as to the methods approved by the highest scientific authorities, the government published and distributed the report throughout Russia. Free contraceptives may now be obtained at all drug stores and sanitary depots. For the first three months, abortions incur no penalty. As I write this, I read in the newspapers that in Italy Malthus's book on the theory of population is being removed from the booksellers' windows by the police, in spite of the fact that it is one hundred and thirty years old.

It is not my province to pass judgment on Russian marriage experiments. But the easy entrance upon the married state in which two people become one, and the still easier escape from it, which only one party may wish for, has brought it about that those who do love each other find it easy to unite, and those who find themselves unsuited to one another can readily break their chains. The new Russian laws promote and favor happy marriages and the result is an unexpected raising of the country's moral standard. Frank and happy love is the worst enemy of surreptitious, unlawful love.

INTELLECTUAL life seems to be suffering from fatigue. Books appear in swarms, theatres play to full houses, but elevation of mind and spirit seem lacking. Gorki is so worn out that he is unable to see anyone. Stanislavski, Meierhold, and Mme. Chekof are sick and spend most of their time at foreign watering places. The mind tires quickly. But think what this country has passed through during the last fourteen years! First, war, then revolution, civil war, famine, and poverty — followed by the necessity of building up from the foundations an entirely new world. With the Revolution, it has been as with marriage: after ten years, the 'hurrah' stage is over. Nevertheless, in Russia one is in another world. One finds there another way of thinking, another age, another humanity. Every now and again I rub my eyes asking, 'Have I been dropped down on Mars?' The Revolution turned everything upside down. Even so common a thing as the addresses on letters are now reversed and one writes: —

RUSLAND,
MOSKVA,
NIKITSKAYA GADE 8,
PETER PETROVITCH.



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MOUNT ARARAT
FROM A PAINTING BY M. S. SARYAN

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Persons and Personages

Men Who Have Helped in the Rebuilding of Four Post-War Nations—Germany, Turkey, Russia, the Kingdom of the Hejaz and of Nejd

Seymour Parker Gilbert

The meeting in Paris of the international committee of experts which is attempting to reach a final solution of the problem of German reparation payments is the result, very largely, of the findings and the recommendations of one man. S. Parker Gilbert for four years has carried what is probably the greatest administrative responsibility ever assumed by a human being. During this time he has supervised the collection and payment of yearly instalments of billions in gold and in kind from the Germans to the Allied Powers, and has had the vision to see and the courage to advocate that, if Germany's financial and economic recovery — without which no reparations could be expected — is to be accomplished, she must be given 'a definite task to perform on her own responsibility without foreign supervision.' In these words you have the measure of a man whose mind cuts through to essentials, and who, because he is no respecter of persons, adds something to the stature of the whole human race.

He is still in his thirties; he is tall and firmly built, with steady, gray-blue eyes, and reddish brown hair brushed back in a curve behind the temples; and he is quiet as a powerful motor is quiet. In a plain old building on the Luisenstrasse in Berlin, once the Imperial German Patent Office, he directs and correlates the work of the eleven commissioners who, with their staff of over a hundred subordinates, administer the Dawes Plan.

In 1923 the counterpart of the present Paris committee, the first international commission of financial experts, created a workable plan for repairing the War's destruction. Their long and difficult labors would have been in vain, however, if they had not been able to find the right person to put the plan into effect. Owen D. Young, who was, with General Dawes, the leading spirit of that first commission — and who was unanimously elected chairman of the present commission — had the confidence of all the nations concerned. He was prevailed upon to begin the task of administration, with the right to select and train his successor. He chose S. Parker Gilbert, who in a few months took full charge.

Mr. Gilbert was at that time a member of a New York law firm. His career had already been remarkable. Born in Bloomfield, New Jersey, which is still his home, he received his B.A. at Rutgers and went on to a law degree, *cum laude*, at Harvard, where he was recognized as one of the most brilliant men of his generation. His training in economics, banking, and commercial law was supplemented by three years' practical experience as a law clerk. When the United States entered the War, he was eager to enlist, but was rejected because of a physical disability, the result of an operation. He then went to Washington as counsel in war-loan matters in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. He was given more and more responsibility. In 1920 he was made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of fiscal affairs by President Wilson. The next year he was advanced to Under Secretary; and handled refunding operations involving billions. He was noted among his associates for his power

Keystone

Seymour Parker Gilbert

Agent-General for Reparation Payments in Berlin since 1924. An American in his thirties, for nearly five years he has had the tremendous responsibility of handling German payments to the Allied Powers.

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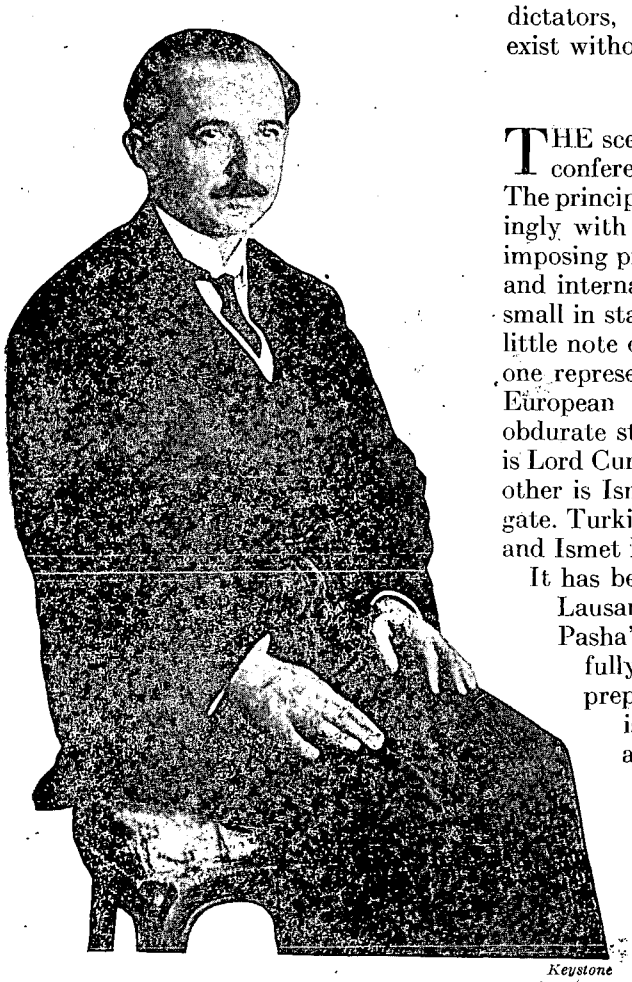
of sustained effort, working till all hours of the night at his office in the Treasury building, which overlooked the statue of Alexander Hamilton.

TWO qualities above all others are demanded of the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, and Parker Gilbert has them both. There is first the ability to handle a tremendous amount of intricate detail. Mr. Gilbert's commissioners are of six nationalities; the staff includes economic advisers, accountants, translators, secretaries, filing and clerical workers; the reparation schedule calls for payments in varying amounts in cash and in kind to France, England, Italy, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Japan, Portugal, Greece, and Poland, with all their various tongues, currencies, and political and economic situations. And in Germany itself such great institutions as the Reichsbank, which corresponds roughly to our own Federal Reserve Board, the entire German railway system — the largest single system in the world — and many of the important industrial properties come under his supervision.



Keystone

ISMET PASHA

TURKEY'S PRIME MINISTER. A small man, unimpressive, conveniently hard of hearing, as soldier and successful diplomat he has been Mustapha Kemal Pasha's chief assistant in rebuilding the Turkish Republic.

But quite as important as the mental power that absorbs and synthesizes quantities of tough facts, that anticipates a problem in time to solve it by a swift, just, and reasoned decision, is the character which has won him the confidence not only of the Allies, who entrust to him the collection of their debts, but of the Germans, to whom he has become less Rhadamanthus than Mentor. He has no armed force surrounding him. He is respected for his judgment, which rests upon the more deadly force of economic truth. He is liked for his fairness, his mildness of manner, his accessibility, and, no doubt, for the humor that is in his eyes but never escapes into levity of statement.

Most significant of all his characteristics is his complete absorption in his work. When he speaks of it his eyes glow with the enthusiasm that bespeaks the treasure nearest the heart. He can scarcely be persuaded to talk of anything else. When the time comes, however, he will be quite content to put himself away from it — and will probably go fishing instead. For the work is so serious to him that, unlike better known dictators, he actually believes it can exist without his presence.

ISMET PASHA

THE scene is laid at one of the many conference tables of the last decade. The principal protagonists contrast strikingly with each other. The one has an imposing presence, a commanding voice, and international prestige. The other is small in stature, hard of hearing, and of little note outside his own country. The one represents the aggressive spread of European imperialism; the other, the obdurate stand of nationalism. The one is Lord Curzon, the British delegate; the other is Ismet Pasha, the Turkish delegate. Turkish independence is the stake, and Ismet Pasha emerges the winner.

It has been said of this conference at Lausanne in 1922–23 that Ismet Pasha's deafness was his most skillfully used weapon. The seemingly preposterous claims of the Turkish delegates frequently aroused the ire of Lord Curzon. At these times the Englishman's chief weapon was intimidating bluster. But after a lengthy tirade directed toward the slight person of Ismet Pasha, the latter would cup his ear with his hand and, leaning toward Lord Curzon, murmur gently: 'I did not quite catch what you were saying.' Or else he would completely ignore what it did not suit him to notice. These tactics availed him much.

It is as a diplomatist and, later, as a civil administrator that Ismet Pasha is known to the outside world. The slightness of his person, the quiet deference of his bearing, and his unassuming manner bear out the impression of a civil rather than a military personage. But it is as a soldier and very able general that Ismet is best known to the Turkish people. His feats at the conference tables succeeded military achievements on the battle fields of Anatolia. It was under his generalship in August, 1922, that the Turks launched an attack on the Greeks which broke the Greek front and started the famous retreat to Smyrna.

His first appearance on the stage of the Nationalist drama occurred in 1920, when a certain Colonel Ismet slipped quietly out of Constantinople, through the fingers of the Allies occupying the city and its environs, and escaped to Anatolia. There he joined Mustapha Kemal and other ardent patriots, who were organizing in the interior to withstand foreign domination. Even though his rank was only a colonel's, he was already noted for his intelligence and loved for his personality; now he was received with enthusiasm at Angora, the headquarters of the new government.

Immediately he became one of the inner group which, with Mustapha Kemal Pasha, was ultimately responsible for the direction of affairs. His intimacy with Kemal Pasha began at this time, and has increased ever since, so that Ismet can truly be considered as Kemal Pasha's immediate adviser from that period to the present time. A story is told of the early days at Angora which shows Kemal Pasha's willingness to listen to Ismet's counsel. During the difficulties of civil war in Anatolia, punishment was ordered for two renegades to whom safety had been promised. At first Kemal Pasha saw only the justice of the punishment — a death sentence. Convinced of the wisdom of clemency, Colonel Ismet was fearless in upholding the opposite viewpoint. To the astonishment of their other associates, who knew the obduracy of Kemal, Ismet was able to persuade the Commander-in-Chief to grant a pardon.

WHEN the first Government Council was formed, Ismet was made Chief of Staff. In November, 1920, he was sent to the western Turkish front where, with Colonel Refet, he commanded the forces fighting the Greeks. At that time the Greeks had advanced some three hundred miles into Anatolia.

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The first successful stand of the newly organized Turkish regulars was made at Ineunu in January. In recognition of this victory, Colonel Ismet was made Brigadier General and received the title of Pasha. At the second battle of Ineunu, in April, 1921, the Turks were again successful under Ismet's leadership. He was given supreme command on the western front, with Mustapha Kemal Pasha as Commander-in-Chief directing the war from Angora. Even at this distance, Ismet Pasha's wisdom often guided Kemal. When a group of representatives of the Sultan's government was virtually held prisoner at Angora, Ismet Pasha persuaded Mustapha Kemal to permit them to return to Constantinople.

For many months the war between the Greeks and Turks dragged on in the region between Smyrna and Angora. When the Greek offensive of the summer of 1921 drove back the Turks almost to their capital itself, it was Ismet Pasha who had to give the order to retreat from Eski Shehr. He felt keenly the sacrifice that was being made. Then the battle of Sakaria in August, commanded by Kemal Pasha in person, served to turn the tide in favor of the Turks — a significant victory, although the war was not concluded for another year. It was under General Ismet in September, 1922, that the final offensive drove the Greeks back to the shores of the Mediterranean.

ISMET PASHA'S rôle as a diplomatist began at the Mudania Conference of October, 1922. Here an armistice was negotiated, following the complete expulsion of the Greeks from Asia Minor, and the near-conflict of Allied and Turkish troops at the Dardanelles. The Turks virtually dictated terms to the Allies. Thrace, as far as the Maritza River, was returned to Turkey. Otherwise Kemal would have carried the war into Europe. The Angora government was allowed the civil administration of Constantinople.

It was this diplomatic achievement which led to the choice of Ismet Pasha as one of the Turkish delegates to the Lausanne Peace Conference. Being Foreign Minister in the Nationalist cabinet of that period, he headed the Turkish delegation. His refusal to accede to the demands of the Powers there represented brought about the abrupt withdrawal of Lord Curzon. When the conference reconvened several months later, Ismet Pasha's stand was firmer than ever. Not one of the claims laid down in the National Pact of 1920 was withdrawn by the Turkish delegation. Ismet Pasha's shrewd use of his deafness, and his stubborn defiance, contributed in large measure to Turkey's success.

Ismet Pasha is one of the few persons who have remained in constant favor with Mustapha Kemal Pasha. He has several times been Premier, prior to his present holding of the office. The remarkable success with which Kemal has established a compact national state on the ruins of a rambling old empire is due in large part to this able minister. Ismet Pasha is a very strong supporter of the present Westernization policy in Turkey. His appreciation of American educational methods is shown by the fact that his younger brother attends Robert College in Constantinople.

To his intimates, Ismet is an affectionate, kindly friend, with a brilliant mind and a subtle sense of humor. To his colleagues, he is an able and scientific soldier, a martinet in discipline. To the people of Turkey, he is a hero whose reputation was first made as staff officer to Izzet Pasha in pre-War days, notably in a Yemen campaign against the Arabs, and who later became one of the liberators of his country.

Toward the visitor to Angora, interested in the precocious growth of the new Turkey, Ismet Pasha shows the charming *politesse* of the old-school Turk. But he combines with this manner a shrewd statesman's ability to say little of any importance about his aims and policies and nothing that might in any way offer opportunity for comment or quotation. Certainly, next to Ghazi Mustapha Kemal, Ismet Pasha is the ablest leader of the new Turkey.

Georghii Valentinovich Chicherin

DURING the past decade, Russia's foreign policy has been molded by Georghii Valentinovich Chicherin, who was once described as 'the perfect aristocrat of Bolshevism.' From his austere quarters in the Kremlin, this small, frail man, mild in manner, shabby of dress, has relentlessly pursued the task of restoring his shattered country to a commanding position in international affairs. East and west of Russia's borders, his diplomatic notes, couched in direct and trenchant style, have exploded like so many bombshells on the desks of sedate foreign offices.

Fate itself decreed that diplomacy should be Chicherin's field of action. At the time of his birth in 1872, his father was counselor of the Russian Embassy in Paris — a post which he subsequently abandoned as the result of an *affaire d'honneur*. Chicherin's boyhood was spent on the family estate in the province of Tambov. After his father's death, he passed under the tutelage of his uncle, a distinguished philosopher noted for his liberalism in civic affairs. It was in this atmosphere of intellectual tolerance that the young Chicherin prepared himself to follow his father's career. His diplomatic studies, however, did not cause him to neglect music and literature. Even now, in spite of ill health and weighty responsibility he turns to books for relaxation; among the poets, Goethe is his favorite.

The work he found at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under the Tsar did not satisfy Chicherin's aspirations. He was aware of the ferment of thought which was then agitating the circles of the intelligentzia. He shared their doubts, their hopes, their ideals. In this mood he abandoned country and career. Abroad, he became a member of the Russian Social Democratic Party and engaged in revolutionary activities. When the famous split occurred in 1902 between the moderate group (Mensheviks) and the group of extremists (Bolsheviks), Chicherin was found in the ranks of the latter.

AT THE outbreak of the revolution, Chicherin returned to Russia from his exile in England. In February, 1918, when Trotzki refused to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaties in which Lenin saw the only hope of 'respite' for his government, Chicherin quietly stepped into Trotzki's shoes. The treaties which, according to Chicherin himself, had been dictated to Russia by German imperialism, were signed on March 3rd, 1918. Thereafter Chicherin devoted himself to the task of coöperating in every possible way with the master, Lenin.

When Chicherin assumed the office of Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Russia's relations with the outside world were in a state of complete chaos. The Soviet Government faced opposition at home and hostility abroad. While Trotzki was organizing the country against counter-revolution, Chicherin protested, politely at first, then ever more vigorously, against Allied intervention. He pinned his hopes on President Wilson, who had made public profession of friendship for the Russian people, and to him addressed his warmest exhortations.

The Paris Peace Conference failed to solve the Russian problem. The Bolsheviks were viewed as only one of several Russian parties, and in that capacity were invited to attend a conference at Princes Islands. This invitation Chicherin accepted, doggedly determined to find a way back into the family of nations. The plan failed, however, as the result of refusal to attend on the part of other

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Keystone

GEORGHII VALENTINOVICH CHICHERIN

COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS of Soviet Russia. Coming from a family that was active in diplomacy in Tsarist days, he has been called 'the perfect aristocrat of Bolshevism.'

Russian political groups. The Allies, fearful of the spread of Bolshevist ideas, drew a *cordon sanitaire* along Russia's borders, making economic as well as political intercourse impossible.

It became Chicherin's arduous task to break down; first, the economic blockade and, second, the political boycott. In accordance with Lenin's policy, he stressed the economic importance of Russia to the world in terms of markets and raw materials. He approached the Allies frankly as a trader, and, for the purpose of trade transactions, demanded that a truce be called in political matters. His arguments sounded convincing to post-War European countries, which were slowly struggling back to economic normalcy. At Cannes, in 1920, the Allies decided to raise the ban on trade with Russia. Almost immediately they entered into negotiations with the Soviet Government for the conclusion of trade agreements.

THE Soviet Government, however, wanted more than trade; it wanted the restoration of normal political relations with other governments which, in turn, would provide a basis for the credits needed by Russia. In brief, it demanded recognition. Chicherin was the caustic and relentless spokesman of these aspirations. At Lausanne and at Genoa, in 1922, he acted as the representative of a great power. His *Realpolitik*, based on a shrewd understanding of economic factors, was a match for his rivals at the conference table, Lord Curzon and Lloyd George. The unrecognized Soviet Government was permitted to sign the Straits Convention. The conclusion of the treaty of Rapallo between Russia and Germany in 1922 was Chicherin's outstanding diplomatic achievement. At the present time, the Soviet Government has been recognized by twenty-two States.

Chicherin's chief difficulty at home has been centred in the activities of the Communist (Third) International, whose aims and actions abroad have frequently conflicted with those of the Soviet Government. Chicherin has sought to dissociate himself from the Third International; but in this he has not been entirely successful.

Chicherin's objectives in foreign policy may best be summed up in his own words: 'The safety of our borders and the development of our production.' The fulfillment of this policy calls for the maintenance of peace at home and abroad. For the present, at least, if one judges from the public pronouncements of Chicherin and of his able assistant, Litvinov, Russia under their guidance is one of the foremost advocates of peace and, incidentally, of disarmament.

ABDUL AZIZ IBN SAUD

REMOTENESS may have something to do with the glamour enveloping the familiar legends of how King Arthur and his knights drove back the wild beasts and wilder men in early Britain, destroying heathen fanes and the abodes of witch and warlock. A similar quality undoubtedly has a part in stirring one's imagination to-day when one listens to stories of how ibn Saud, ruler of three-fourths of present-day Arabia, achieved victories over confusion and lawlessness in the land which was his heritage.

But the two heroes, ancient and modern, have more in common than remoteness and their unfamiliarity with the blessings of life in a highly organized industrial state. Each found a land divided among rulers of varying ability and strength, a land of strife, where the violence of armed bands was a commonplace, and no one dared to hope for relief from insecurity. We are told that

> Arthur and his knighthood for a space
> Were all one will, and through that strength the King
> Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
> Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
> The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reigned.

And in Arabia, too, the story has been one of hard, invigorating conflict and of

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religious zeal, with ultimate unification as the goal.

Abdul Aziz ibn Saud's early life was spent with his parents and relatives in exile in Koweit, an Arab principality at the head of the Persian Gulf. Here he listened for hours upon end to spirited tales of the deeds of his forbears, and absorbed those family traditions which have subsequently flowered forth in his own spectacular career.

HE LEARNED enmity for the house of ibn Rashid, which had driven his father from Central Arabia. He grew familiar with the story of how, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, his ancestor, the Emir Saud, had emerged from obscurity to fight the battles of Abdul Wahhab — an ascetic religious leader whose passion it had become to rescue Islam, especially in Arabia, from the laxity of precept and performance into which it had fallen.

He knew how the house of Saud had prospered; how it had spread the puritan Wahhabi faith far and wide through the northern part of Arabia; and how it had succeeded in the first decade of the nineteenth century in capturing the holy cities of Medina and Mecca in the extreme west, becoming by virtue of this conquest the arbiter (if only for a brief space) of the destinies of the greater part of Arabia.

He heard, too, the story of how the Egyptian pasha, Mohammed Ali, had crossed over into Arabia and destroyed the new Wahhabi kingdom, and how, years afterward, the grandson of Mohammed Ali's principal captive had escaped and established a modest new dominion for himself and his successors in Central Arabia.

Family tradition took a strong hold on the mind of the young refugee in Koweit; and in 1899 he sallied forth to win back the family's prestige and at least part of its dominions. Ibn Rashid, his father's enemy, cut to pieces the first company which emerged from Koweit on this errand. But two years later ibn Saud managed to take by surprise the town of Riad, the ancestral capital of the Sauds. Here he established himself and began a series of remarkable campaigns, which in twenty-five years' time brought him to a position of undisputed preeminence in the Arabian peninsula.

THERE is a lively story to be told of how he held his own in Central Arabia, first against ibn Rashid and then against the Turkish troops themselves, sent down by the Ottoman Sultan to put the new upstart in his place. It was a notable day when the Sultan's government acknowledged the strength of ibn Saud by concluding a treaty with him in May, 1914. Still more notable was the occasion, a year and a half later, when Great Britain also concluded a treaty with him, recognizing him as the independent ruler not only of the inland country of Nejd but of considerable territories along the Persian Gulf as well. A British subsidy from 1916 until 1921 aided ibn Saud materially in consolidating his dominions and more especially in capturing Hail, the capital of ibn Rashid in Central Arabia, in 1921.

The greatest conquest of all, however, did not come until ibn Saud had ceased to be in the pay of Great Britain. In 1925, after months of fighting, he and his devoted Wahhabi warriors succeeded in winning the kingdom of the Hejaz and thereby became masters of the holy places of Arabia. To-day a further Wahhabi expansionist movement, this time in the north and northeast, is creating uneasiness in Irak, Transjordania, and Koweit. But ibn Saud in his public utterances has advocated a policy of peace in these regions for the present, and whether or not this policy will actually be pursued, there is reason to believe that ibn Saud himself sees advantages in limiting the Wahhabi empire to its present boundaries, at least for some time to come.

IBN SAUD'S strength lies in his statesmanly grasp of Arabian affairs and in his organizing ability, quite as much as in the militant zeal of the Mohammedan puritans who are his followers. He has swept from the cities the official corruption for which they have long been notorious. He has put an end to the shameless exploitation of pilgrims from all parts of the Moslem world during the annual pilgrim season at Mecca and Medina. Never before have travelers been safer from attack and robbery. Never before has their health been more carefully safeguarded by order of a ruler of the Hejaz. Even more remarkable is ibn Saud's success in doing away with the age-old pastime of raid and counter-raid in considerable sections of Nejd. Knit together in a religious brotherhood, many of the tribesmen of Central Arabia have settled down to a quieter community life than they have ever known. Flocks and herds graze peacefully where once armed raiders rode; intertribal feuds are at last being given a chance to die.

In the last five years more changes have been wrought in Arabia than in the preceding five hundred; and it is ibn Saud's name which will always be linked with the beginning of Arabia's new era.

Music Recalled

By Richard Church

From the *Spectator*, London

Now that the music is silent
And sunk in the stream of years,
I find, in the murmur of viols,
A beauty and burden of tears,
A joy remembered in sorrow,
A passion of youth fallen cold,
A yesterday haunting to-morrow,
And a child grown knavish and old.

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The Early Life of Thomas Hardy

A Review of Mrs. Hardy's Book on Her Husband's Youth and Early Manhood

By John Freeman

From the *London Mercury*, Literary and Artistic Monthly

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, faithfully prepared by his widow from notes left by him and other matter, has an interest beyond that which is proper to mere incident and mere fact. The book covers the first fifty years of his life, which were scarcely more uneventful than the rest. It records neither exultations nor agonies, at the worst a vexation at the touch of a reviewer's fang when the *Spectator* dealt with *Desperate Remedies* far more harshly than justly. Failure did not overwhelm him, misgivings did not torture him, death did not divide him from affection, hopeless love did not madden him, and that sharpest of serpents, ambition, did not poison his nights. Yet in this copious story of early achievements and great designs there is a singular stimulation. Reading it, we must revise our easy notion of genius as being always scorned, art always betrayed, and the world always oppressive; for in the life of Thomas Hardy we find a man meeting the world on its own terms, living by his wits without privation and certainly without complaint, pursuing prose when he could not live by verse, and then, after steadily plodding on to eminence as a novelist and finding himself at length able to live without writing at all, returning to verse and making a higher claim to immortality.

It is an odd practical commentary upon a philosophy of disillusion. Hardy started life, I suppose, with the same illusions as most of us have prized, but he never permitted himself to be illuded through perversity; he bowed to what he found inevitable. Rebuffed here, he would try there, and there, until Fate, so often capable of amusement and inclined to indulgence, gave way and let him alone. That philosophy which has been termed sombre, that spirit, as we have thought it, of nescience, was not the sum of circumstance but the expression of character. He was a happy man with a sad philosophy — sad for others, he was happy in himself. He had to think about the universe in order to be sad, and it was only when he saw something physically dreadful — disease, poverty, agony — that his emotion surged with unhappiness.

SELDOM, in fact, has the life of an imaginative writer showed more tranquillity. As an artist he claims no indulgence for his own passions, perhaps because he hardly ever regards himself as an artist and perhaps because he hardly ever shows passion. When he went to a ballet at the Alhambra in the early 'nineties, at the time when Mr. Arthur Symons was persuading us that the ballet was a mystical and exalting ceremonial, he saw it as merely mechanical, but at the same time dangerous to the performers: their morality could not be judged by the same standard as that of people leading slower lives, and so they should be forgiven as irresponsibles. He felt himself to be in no such danger; he was affectionate, his emotions were quickly touched, but he was self-possessed.

In another man than a poet we should say simply that common sense saved him from emotional extravagance, and that his mind was clear of cant; but a poet, I suppose, must not be credited with common sense if a philosophy can be attributed to him instead. And yet is it not the very honesty underlying common sense that makes the portrait of Thomas Hardy so attractive? I do not mean merely his portrait as drawn in this admirable volume, though chiefly this, but also his portrait as we discover it for ourselves in years of growing familiarity with the whole map of his being. He does not falsify, he does not lie, and gradually you become more and more interested in the man who is writing, as well as in what he has written; for the man himself, the whole man, is expressed in his work, in the whole work.

THUS to read Mrs. Hardy's pages is to read something familiar. The dates may be new to us, the places identified, incidents fixed in their proper sequence — yes, but nothing is capable of surprising us because Hardy has already unfolded himself to our eyes in a modest candor throughout more than twenty volumes. Her book confirms what we knew, amplifies it, justifies speculations and so gives us an undeserved sense of being part author with her.

When he was born he was thrown aside as dead until the nurse saw that what seemed death was really that calm inanimation which characterizes so much of his work and keeps his image steady as we seek to understand it. With this, there was a precocity in the small child which showed itself mainly in music, and this eager, precocious skill in music is plain as a pikestaff in his poetry. No poetry of modern times has advanced further toward the eventual harmony of the form of verse with the power of music. Mrs. Hardy records that he hated being touched, and, without asking a psycho-analyst which particular suppression this points to, it is consonant with his extreme physical susceptibility and the emotion or pain which, in his life and his work alike, as I have already suggested, was so readily quickened. He was in love with thoughts of death. Does any reader need proof? This *Early Life* teems with it. What Mrs. Hardy tells here of his engagement to superintend the removal of coffins and bones from the old St. Pancras churchyard is precisely what Hardy himself related in the last year of his life and is the memory responsible for many a poem and passage in prose: —

> Throughout the late autumn and early winter (of probably the year 1865 or thereabout) Hardy attended at the churchyard — each evening between five and six, as well as sometimes at other hours. There after nightfall, within a high hoarding that could not be overlooked, and by the light of flare-lamps, the exhumation went on continuously of the coffins that had been uncovered during the day, new coffins being provided for those that came apart in lifting, and for loose skeletons; those that held together being carried to new ground on a board merely; Hardy supervising these mournful processions when present, with what thoughts may be imagined, and Blomfield sometimes meeting him there. In one coffin that fell apart was a skeleton and two skulls. He used to tell that when, after some fifteen years of separation, he met Arthur Blomfield again and their friendship was fully renewed, among the latter's first words were: 'Do you remember how we found the man with two heads at St. Pancras?'

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy. By Florence Emily Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $5.00.

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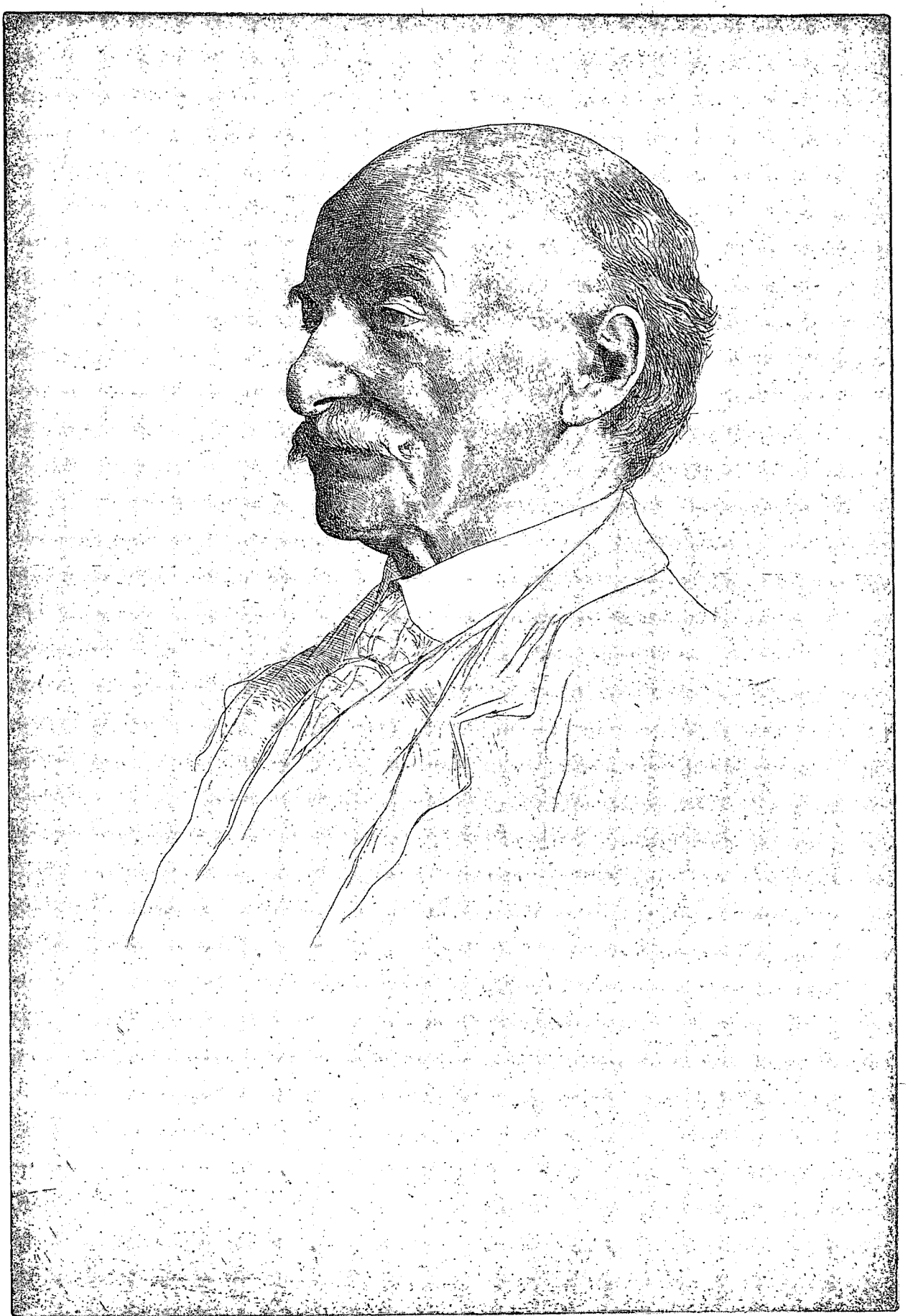

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THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM STRANG

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PERHAPS it may be surprising that when he found he could not live by poetry he should have inclined to the Church, and contemplated taking orders, with a view to a country curacy. Theological reasons dispelled this notion, but it is not very strange that he should have held it for a time, for doctrinal points, as part of the full spiritual apprehension of the world, retained his interest through most years of his life. Whatever the Church might have gained in the Rev. Thomas Hardy, poetry would have lost; and, although the Rev. Laurence Sterne was able to write *Tristram Shandy*, the generation that was shocked by *Tess* would not have been appeased had it been discovered to be the work of a clergyman. He would hardly have published: —

> I asked the Lord: 'Sire, is this true
> Which hosts of theologians hold,
> That when we creatures censure you
> For shaping griefs and ails untold
> (Deeming them punishments undue)
> You rage, as Moses wrote of old? . . .'
>
> He: 'Save me from my friends, who seem
> That I care what my creatures say!
> Mouth as you list: swear, rail, blaspheme,
> O manikin, the livelong day,
> Not one grief-groan or pleasure-gleam
> Will you increase or take away.'

No bolder, doubtless, than Matthew Arnold, but less discreet!

AND, passing to his more ardent inclination for his first wife (whose orthodoxy in faith was emphatic enough) the biography hardly makes more lucid the abundantly clear allusions of Hardy's verse. He was thirty, but she thought him much older: 'He had a beard, and a rather shabby great coat, and had quite a business appearance.' You may see him in this, and in this other note: 'I found him a perfectly new subject of study and delight . . . He was quite unlike any other person who came to see us, for they were slow of speech and ideas.' They drove to places which Swinburne was to celebrate in one of his hundred elegies: —

> Tintagel and the long Trebarwith strand,
> Lone Camelford and Boscastle divine —

places which, in their mere ringing, remembered names, were to yield recurrent delight to Hardy in later poems. And beyond all this, the *Early Life* bears witness to a fact which it is easy to overlook when we dwell too much upon Hardy's preoccupation with rural scenes, namely, his comfortable sociability. He did not invite the sneer of '*Snob!*' which snobs have flung at Henry James because he loved to dine with the well-to-do; but he was no awkward recluse. Partly because he liked it, partly because it gave the novelist the chance of noting manners and society, he was ready to meet people who wanted him. True that his friends were, at first, fellow writers, men as different as Leslie Stephen and Pater, Henry James and Stevenson, but the group extended until it touched if it did not include many eminent 'society' people; and we may be sure that he was not the man to go unwelcomed, and that his welcome was due simply to his growing popularity as an author. It is the chief instance of what I have called his readiness to meet the world on its own terms.

The opportunity of observing people was a valuable one. He went into society as Mrs. Hardy tells us he went to the police courts, 'to get novel padding.' He had resigned himself to novel writing 'as a trade, which he had never wanted to carry on as such. He now went about the business mechanically.'

AT ONE time he looked to architecture as a means of getting a living, and for a while combined architecture and novel writing, *Under the Greenwood Tree* being written while he was preparing designs for the London Board Schools, some of which, unfortunately, still survive to afflict the sight. It was the gradual recognition of his powers as a novelist, in particular his skill and punctuality in writing serial stories, that led him to drop designing schools and depend upon novels for a livelihood. It was no urgent demand of art, there was no pretense of inspiration, but a frank desire to earn an honest living in the readiest way. None of the arrogance of genius was his, but all the persistence of a man loyal to his own powers. Since verse would not pay and novels would, he would become as good a novelist as might be; hence his haunting of police courts, clubs, and drawing-rooms, his visits to country houses, his travels here and there for brief periods; and hence the secure indifference with which he could accept the dictation which must often be galling to imaginative minds: —

> The truth is that I am willing, and indeed anxious, to give up any points which may be desirable in a story when read as a whole, for the sake of others which shall please those who read it in numbers. Perhaps I may have higher aims some day; and be a great stickler for the proper artistic balance of the completed work, but for the present circumstances lead me to wish merely to be considered a good hand at a serial.

His indifference, his steadfastness match Trollope's, whose *Autobiography* reveals something of the honesty of view that gives a constant direction to Hardy's work and tempts one to say that if Hardys and Trollopes were a little more common we should have to revise our notion that genius is divinely capricious and wholly irresponsible. Hardy lacked that riotous fecundity which enabled Dickens to pour forth his prodigious improvisations as a whale spouts water, but nevertheless he bent his mind to tasks which were, in his own regard, never other than tasks; and he found himself attracting a fame which had never been within his conception. *Desperate Remedies*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and *The Hand of Ethelberta* were produced so rapidly that you might think he had not another care in the world; yet the cares of architecture, courtship, and marriage were borne no less lightly at the same time. Perhaps the oddest of results was that, some years later, his recognition as a novelist became so wide that he was pressed to join the Rabelais Club, as being the most virile of imaginative writers, while Henry James, who had never watched professionally the opening of old graves nor designed schools nor set up housekeeping with a door scraper and a bookcase, as Hardy had done, was ignominiously rejected.

MRS. HARDY has recited these events and prompted these reflections with a happy economy, and so left room for what is the most useful and delightful addition to our knowledge of Thomas Hardy. She has given few letters but innumerable notes from diaries and casual memoranda, never intended by their author for the public eye, but most valuable in their offer of intimacy with his thoughts. Here Hardy, turning from his trade of serial novelist, is permitting his mind to think aloud in prose, a random picking of his notes yielding these: —

> In architecture, men who are clever in details are bunglers in generalities. So it is in everything whatsoever.
>
> More conducive to success in life than the desire for much knowledge is the being satisfied with ignorance on irrelevant subjects.
>
> The world does not despise us: it only neglects us.
>
> *End of December*, 1865. To insects the twelvemonth has been an epoch, to leaves a life, to tweeting birds a generation, to man a year.
>
> *April* 19. The business of a poet and novelist is to show the sorriness underlying the grandest things, and the grandeur underlying the sorriest things.

His power of grim description was not the result of deep pondering, for he jots down: —

> *March* 9. British Museum Reading Room. Souls are gliding about here in a sort of dream — screened somewhat by their bodies, but

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> imaginable behind them. Dissolution is gnawing at them all, slightly hampered by renovations. In the great circle of the library Time is looking into Space. Coughs are floating in the same great vault, mixing with the rustle of book leaves risen from the dead, and the touches of footsteps on the floor.

His physical sensibility is shown here again: —

> *July* 13. After being in the street: what was it on the faces of those horses? — Resignation. Their eyes looked at me, haunted me. The absoluteness of their resignation was terrible. When afterward I heard their tramp as I lay in bed, the ghosts of their eyes came in to me saying, 'Where is your justice, O man and ruler?'

This comes from his own sick bed, a characteristic observation: —

> *January* 31. Incidents of lying in bed for months. Skin gets fair: corns take their leave: feet and toes grow shapely as those of a Greek statue. Keys get rusty: watch dim, boots mildewed: hat and clothes old-fashioned: umbrella eaten out with rust; children seen through the window are grown taller.

Here and there are briefer notes which are not less acute and sardonic. Thus of Leslie Stephen as critic he writes: 'His approval is disapproval minimized'; and of Pater, that 'his manner is that of one carrying weighty ideas without spilling them.'

But scarce a word of himself which another might not have written, and not a single word of complaint against the Fate that damned him to prose when it was poetry he longed for! When Coventry Patmore read *A Pair of Blue Eyes* he told Hardy that he regretted at almost every page that such unequaled beauty and power had not assured themselves the immortality which the form of verse would have given them. Considering this, Hardy notes the secret difference between a living style and a dead style — it is in not having too much style, and in being and seeming to be a little careless here and there: —

> Otherwise your style is like worn half-pence — all the fresh images rounded off by rubbing, and no crispness or movement at all.
>
> It is, of course, simply a carrying into prose of the knowledge I have acquired in poetry — that inexact rhymes and rhythms now and then are far more pleasing than correct ones.

WHEN he wrote this he had been driven from poetry as a thirsty dog may be driven from water, but the thirst for poetry remained. The period covered by the present volume is not concerned with his poetry but with the traffic of prose, and it was not until *Wessex Poems* appeared in 1898, when he was fifty-eight, that he could permit himself to tempt Fame with verse once more. Was it an extraordinary assurance or an extraordinary modesty that enabled him to keep silent so long, when lesser spirits itch with agony if they are silent for twelve months? I think it was simply modesty. He would quite freely admit in conversation that when his early verses were rejected he contented himself with putting them aside and writing others, never presuming to question the judgment of editors. Poets were born, they faded and died, or faded without dying, but for more than thirty years Hardy kept patient and only began to publish selections from his vast accumulation of verse when he had finished his labor at prose. Almost the only sign that verse was constantly in his mind is the allusiveness to *The Dynasts* in one form or another, the earliest reference being thirty-three years before the first volume was issued in 1908. The heart knows its own bitterness, but whatever Hardy felt he kept characteristically to himself.

There was, perhaps, one other cause for bitter disappointment, of which a single hint is given in the *Early Life* and none, I believe, elsewhere. When Hardy was thirty-seven, and married, a servant was detected in flight with her lover. A few weeks later he notes: —

> We hear that Jane, our late servant, is soon to have a baby. Yet never a sign of one is there for us.

THE frontispiece to this volume is a portrait of Hardy aged sixteen, a remarkable, an astonishing portrait. The face has a touch of foreignness — the family derived from Jersey — and a beauty which, as we look at it now, is prophetic. The brow is unusually broad in one so young, the nose, lips, and chin shapely, and the separate features under rather heavy hair compose a countenance of masculine firmness and sweetness, almost prematurely tranquil. And in the last months of his great age the moving face showed not a jot more heaviness, and a sweetness and serenity almost unmarred. The loss of flesh and the growth of bone had imparted nothing of the harshness of time, but had given the features a Roman look, so that you might think they had grown into the likeness of the Roman knights whose bones slept in the soil of his garden at Dorchester. Mrs. Hardy quotes an anonymous description of his appearance halfway through life: —

> A somewhat fair-complexioned man, a trifle below the middle height [he was actually five feet, six and a half inches], of slight build, with a pleasant, thoughtful face, exceptionally broad at the temples, and fringed by a beard trimmed after the Elizabethan manner [this beard was shaved off about 1890, and he never grew another, but had always a moustache]; a man readily sociable and genial, but one whose mien conveys the impression that the world in his eyes has rather more of tragedy than comedy about it.

The Young Man Bids Farewell to His Dreaming

By Sean O Faolain

From the *Irish Statesman*

For too long now I have believed
that all the flowers blowing sweetly
are but the roots of fairy flowers
that grow and die in Lethe.

For too, too long these trees have seemed,
all these that grow so tall and straightly,
but roots of wild seaweeds entangling
ankles submarine in Lethe.

And Diarmuid's lips and Deirdre's hair
are sorrowful and solitary,
their eyes behind the gloom of hair
wailing the payment of immortality.

Oh, may it not be late to leave my roaming,
now that leaves are falling down in Lethe,
lest when I leave old Charon's rowing
I find naught but spiders in life's granary.

Break the oar, oh, break the oar, old Charon,
break against the currents of the sea,
lest I should find the world when I land thereon
bidding *vale*, *vale* to its greenery.

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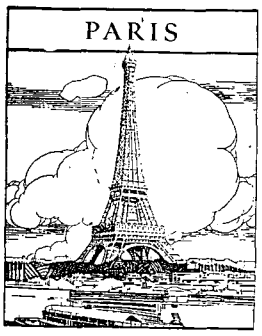
Metropolitana

A Paris 'Marchand de Canards'—Berlin's Marooned Museum—Cape Town's Rip-Van-Winkle Judge—A Tempest in a Belgrade Teapot—'Roof-Shopping' in London—The Tabloids in Constantinople



IN THE rue Victor-Massé is a lively little *bistro* where all the bookmakers, petty gamblers, and racketeers of the quarter come to eat and drink and gossip in the comforting closeness of a tiny, smoke-filled room. Gaiety is *de rigueur*. Practically nothing else is. At little iron tables sit the habitués of the place, dressed in motley clothes — sashes and caps for the men, sweaters or frowsy evening gowns for the women. Along one wall runs the familiar zinc bar, with its varnished woodwork. Behind the bar stands the presiding genius of the establishment, the *patronne* — a plump lady from Marseille who, while she is producing you a meal that is warranted to flood the stomach with sunshine, will tell you out of the corner of her large mouth the funniest joke you ever heard.

There is not a 'racket' anywhere in France that does not come up for professional discussion in this gathering of experts. The *affaire Hanau* was settled here in fifteen minutes, long before the courts had even put their teeth in it — and every Parisian knows that the gentlemen of the law afterward spent an unconscionably long time chewing it over. The recent 'Own-your-own-pig' hoax was no mystery at all to these enlightened students of human gullibility. Several thousand Frenchmen were taken in by the advertisements of a fly-by-night stock-raising company which urged everyone to purchase his own, individual pig at birth, when the price was low; to let the company raise it until it had grown plump enough to be sold at a nice profit; to come to the company's establishment at any time to see the piglet, carefully combed and brushed, and with a collar about its neck bearing the name of the owner! But long before some suspicious purchaser took advantage of this latter offer, only to discover that there were, at most, a few dozen pigs in the whole establishment, kept for display purposes, the experts in the rue Victor-Massé had seen the joke and had finished laughing over it.

Lately, however, one of the habitués of the little *bistro* itself discovered a new method of separating the solid citizen from his savings that surpasses all the others in ingenuity, though, like all such schemes, it unhappily did not last. He is a tall, blond youngster whose exploit has earned him throughout the quarter the sobriquet of the *Marchand de Canards*.

'Somehow,' he will tell you, 'I learned that you can import the eggs of wild ducks from Holland into France without paying any duty. That makes them cost one third the price of tame ducks' eggs, though few people want them. Then I began investigating, and discovered that there is no way of telling a wild duck's egg from the egg of an ordinary farmyard duck. *Alors, vous pensez . . .*

'*Ben*, I don't need to tell you that I ordered a big shipment of wild ducks' eggs from Amsterdam and started out to peddle them for setting purposes to every farmer in Normandy. It didn't take long to sell them, when I could comfortably cut at least twenty per cent from the prices of my competitors. When I came home every night with an empty basket and a pocket full of cash, I nearly died laughing to think of how my poor farmers' faces would look when they saw all their lovely ducklings go flying away into the distance two weeks after they were hatched!'

There was only one hitch to an otherwise perfect scheme. The *Marchand de Canards* discovered that it didn't pay to go back to the same farm twice, and before many weeks had passed the embattled farmers had made the region too hot for him. With a small fortune in his pockets, however, he set out for Deauville to enjoy the deserts of his labors. But in less than a week he was back in the *bistro* in the rue Victor-Massé, indignant in the extreme.

'What's the matter?' asked the plump *patronne* from Marseille. 'What's the matter with you and Deauville?' Everybody in the smoke-filled room waited, expectant, for his answer.

'Ah,' said the eminently successful *Marchand de Canards*, who had cheated every farmer in Normandy, crestfallen, 'that's no life for me. Why, they're no better than a pack of thieves out there! Can you believe it, *they charged me twenty francs apiece for exactly the same peaches that I can buy any day in the week for twelve francs a dozen over at the Halles!*'

THE *Kupfergraben*, a wide moat that is a relic of the fortifications of old Berlin, runs through the heart of the German capital, its waters following past the main portals of the former Imperial Palace. A little farther to the East it passes that curious island called the *Museumsinsel*. In this concentrated *Kulturland* are all but one of the numerous important museums Berlin possesses. At one end is the imposing *Nationalgalerie*, the pantheon of German painters. Farther along are the magnificent classic structures of the *Alte* and *Neue Museen*, both housing splendid collections of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman art. Finally, at the other end of the island, stands the *Kaiser Friedrich Museum*, containing many of the finest old masters in Europe. It is an eternal monument to the genius and ability of the late Wilhelm von Bode, perhaps the foremost art historian the world has known, and to a large extent the creator of the whole magnificent system of German museums.

Between the *Kaiser Friedrich* and the *Altes Museum*, however, stands what has come to seem to municipal and federal authorities a house of turmoil. It is the great *Deutsches Museum* — now in the fifteenth year of building — to be definitely completed in 1930. In it are to be placed the most precious art objects in Germany — the masterpieces of painting and sculpture at present in the *Kaiser Friedrich Museum* (which could be filled again by the enormous surplus now stored unexhibited) and, most important of all, the Pergamon Altar, the only ancient Hellenic sanctuary outside Greece, the most perfect example of its kind.

In fact, it was this famous altar that stirred up the first of the several tempests in which the *Deutsches Museum* has

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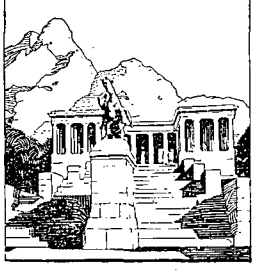
figured. Five years ago, the museum appeared to have been completed. After ten years' work, its builders had succeeded in rearing a monumental edifice — a huge U-shaped building, of classic style adapted to modern conceptions of line. That part of the building which formed the base of the U, in the centre of which was the main portal on the court, was to contain the entire Pergamon Altar, set up exactly as it stood in Greece for centuries. Everyone concerned with the new museum was ready to celebrate its long delayed completion. Then it was discovered that the great hall which was to contain the altar had been built less than half a yard too narrow for it!

Thereupon ensued the first great storm. The museum authorities, headed by the venerable Dr. von Bode, insisted that walls be torn down and rebuilt, so that the original plans might be executed. The city refused to sanction the necessary expenditures. The resultant dispute had almost reached the point of physical violence, when the federal government took the matter out of the hands of the city and ordered the alterations made. The city responded with ill grace, however, and began a campaign of passive resistance, throwing petty obstacles in the way of the museum authorities. These reprisals have continued ever since, each month bringing with it such things as sand-dumping directly in front of the monumental *Kaiser Friedrich Museum*, or the divergence of bus routes to more than eight blocks from the museums, making the latter most difficult to reach.

But recently came the crowning opportunity for the municipal authorities to take revenge on the directors of the museums. According to the original agreement, it was up to the city to build a bridge from the mainland to the *Deutsches Museum*, since that building could otherwise be reached only through the yards of the two museums on which it borders. That original agreement, however, also specified that there was to be erected, across the front of the open court of the new building, an imposing — though entirely useless — colonnade of seventy-foot pillars. In view of the tremendous expense of rebuilding the altar hall, the museum has not done this; so the city fathers have issued an ultimatum. 'Unless you build the colonnade,' they say, 'we build no bridge!' And without a bridge, of course, access to the museum will be so inconvenient as to impair its usefulness greatly.

Neither threats nor logic have thus far been able to budge the municipality from its senseless position. Unless ridicule takes some effect — and there is plenty of ridicule for the asking — Berlin is apparently doomed to see one of its greatest cultural centres made inaccessible for want of a bridge across a fifty-foot canal.

CAPE TOWN



CAPE TOWN has discovered in one of its county courts a judge who — if local newspaper reports are to be believed — is the epitome of that splendid aloofness from the ways of common man in which the Law sometimes cloaks itself. Long ago he had made himself famous all over South Africa by asseverating from the bench, with a snort, that twenty dollars was far too much for a girl to spend on the clothes she might be wearing at any given time. But now he has literally covered himself with glory in a trial that once again involved the habits of the modern woman.

Early in the proceedings, one of the witnesses had occasion to refer to a 'trinity set.'

'What on earth is that?' asked the Judge, blinking.

The Witness: 'It is a three-piece set of lady's underwear.'

The Judge: 'But what on earth is that?'

The Witness: 'It consists of lady's knickers, a bodice, and a princess slip.'

The Judge: 'I still don't understand.'

A sample 'trinity set' was handed up to the bench for inspection.

The Judge: 'Why, it looks very small!'

One of the court officials took back the flimsy undergarments from the Judge and then, in full view of the court, screwed them up in the palm of one hand and stuffed them in his trousers' pocket. The Judge was entranced.

A little later, when the court was hearing a case against a women's hairdresser, the defendant stated that a customer had come into her shop for a 'permanent wave.'

The Judge: 'What does that mean?'

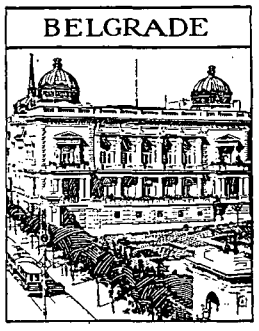
The Defendant: 'It means that she came in to have her hair set in a permanent wave.'

The Judge: 'Has it anything to do with wireless?'

The courtroom laughed. 'I don't know anything about the mysteries of women's hair,' said the Judge, ruffled. The courtroom laughed again.

When the trial was over, there was apparently only one conclusion to be drawn. The Cape of Good Hope, once pictured as an outpost of the Empire, peopled by strong men and vigorous, pioneer women, has been brought steadily closer to London and the busy centres of Europe and America by air, by rail, and by sea, until to-day Cape Town lives very much as Westminster does. But meanwhile, this particular Judge, like a sort of South African Rip Van Winkle, must have been asleep on Table Mountain for twenty years.

BELGRADE



A YOUNG Serbian writer, M. Milosh Trnianski, has stirred up a veritable tempest in a teapot in Belgrade's literary circles by comparing Mount Lovtchen, in Montenegro, to a giant cauliflower. M. Trnianski had published some travel sketches in two magazines, the *Serbian Literary Herald* of Belgrade, and the *New Europe* of Zagreb. He later submitted these sketches for inclusion in the Serbian Literary Association's list of publications. They were rejected. Since the Association is a semi-official organization of considerable standing, the young poet and essayist feared his career might be unpleasantly affected.

In an open letter to the Belgrade *Vreme*, he challenged the Association to make public its reader's report on his rejected sketches. The challenge was taken up by the reader, M. Marco Tsar, a Dalmatian writer of the old school who is fiercely opposed to modernism in all its forms. His report was published, and so hot did his condemnation of the younger man's lack of taste, truth, and artistry prove to be, that he found himself with a lawsuit on his hands.

In the trial, M. Trnianski will, of course, be able to show that it is quite easy for an adverse critic to take certain passages from their context and wholly distort their meaning. It is as simple as the work of a press agent in culling faint praise from an unfavorable review and quoting it as evidence of enthusiasm. M. Tsar's hope, on the other hand, is based on the paragraph in which his opponent uses the now famous vegetable simile to describe Mount Lovtchen, on which the pleasant town of Cetinje is situated.

The *Literary Herald*, in which the sketch appeared, is considered as a kind of arbiter of style; but M. Tsar contends, in hot Dalmatian fashion, that to com-

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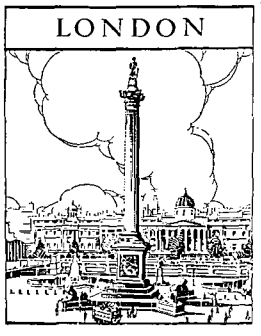
pare a mountain to so lowly an object as a cauliflower is a sin against all that the literary fraternity holds sacred. Yet no less prominent an English essayist than Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton once defended very much the same simile. A country girl, whose imagery was necessarily limited, once in his presence compared the sea, which she saw for the first time, to exactly the same vegetable, a cauliflower. At first this seemed ridiculous to the essayist, who is a past master of simile, having once compared his own portly self to a mountain. But, after thinking it over, Mr. Chesterton changed his mind about the girl's paucity of imagination. He felt that the image was highly appropriate, suggesting as it did 'the wave breaking as well as curling, and the efflorescence of the branching foam.' Perhaps some day, in a moment of vision, M. Tsar will behold Mount Lovtchen in a new light, and retract his bitter criticism of M. Trnianski's vegetarian style.



SAYING that present-day London houses are absurd for people living in an era of science, Mr. Howard Robertson, in a lecture before the Architectural Association, has pointed out that the Englishman ought to do something to overcome the avoidable discomfort in which he lives. The picture he draws of the London of the future promises far rosier days to those who now suffer in silence the cold drafts and smoke to which Londoners are subject. Under the proposed way of living, electrical heating will become universal, and the smoke problem will thus be done away with. This will in turn make roof-gardens practical, and terraces and sleeping porches will develop. Not only will there be tea-gardens on roofs, but shopping centres as well. A further feature of the plan, which provides for the use of roller chairs, such as visitors to Atlantic City are pushed about in, looks at first glance as if it might prove the deathblow of domesticity. But even that contingency is provided for. Electric power for cooking will make it a simple matter for a woman to spend a whole afternoon roof-shopping and come home after sunset to cook her dinner in a jiffy! Moreover, time spent within doors will no longer tend to devitalize workers and shoppers, for the walls of tall buildings will be principally contructed of glass, which allows the ultra-violet rays in the sunlight to enter. These glass walls will probably be double, and the existence of the hollow space between them will permit an even temperature to be maintained within. Instead of casing future buildings with stone or brick, architects will save time, money, and material by using a composition of glass or metal, with 'huge polished windows gleaming in the clearer atmosphere . . . a jewel-like harmony.'

The streets will be used for vehicles only, with parking space beneath the buildings. Pedestrians will walk on passageways at roof level. This separation of walkers from riders will minimize not only delay but danger to human life. Combined elevators and escalators will connect the street with the terraces on the roofs, a fixed roof height being maintained for all buildings.

Mr. Robertson, pointing out that this view of future London is not a mere dream, but is capable of practical interpretation in terms of steel and glass, said that Regent Street would make an admirable two-level street, with upper-level shop windows and garden terraces which, if properly planned, would be one of the architectural glories of Europe. If his dream comes true, and it is quite conceivable that the next decade may see it well on its way, many of the aspects of London life will be changed. No longer will the kindly 'bobby' have to assist lady shoppers, their arms full of bundles, across the street. Pedestrians will have the opportunity of literally looking down upon motorists, instead of the other way about; and small boys, prompt to jeer at the embarrassed owner of a stalled car, will be forever deprived of that particular prerogative.

THE newspapers of Constantinople, which for some time have been printed in the new Roman type, are doing their best to interest the illiterate adult in reading. On the same principle on which publishers of American graphic papers work, Turkish journalists are illustrating news events by easily comprehended pictures. This 'simple reading page for adults,' as it is called, consists of small sections of text adorned by crude drawings such as early American primers used to carry. The police news of the day, for instance, may be illustrated by a sketch showing a pair of ruffians strangling a helpless child, or two old maids pulling out each other's hair; and the reader, given the meat of the matter by this foolproof method, can then turn to the large-size script and spell out the details.

The Turks evidently are not lacking in a sense of humor, for this new schoolboy way of imparting the news is the source of much jesting. A caricature in one Turkish newspaper shows a doddering old Turk with a long gray beard asking the ticket seller in a Bosporus ferry station for a reduced-fare schoolboy's ticket, claiming that he is a pupil and hence entitled to one. Another paper, in its daily humorous poem, tells of four desperate Turks, one shooting himself, one slipping a noose about his neck, one taking poison, and one thrusting a dagger into his heart. All of them are supposed to have been driven to these frantic measures by their first few lessons in the new Roman alphabet. But, on the whole, Turkey has become used to it; and the newspapers, which in the beginning used gigantic type to help accustom their readers to the new, unfamiliar letters, have reduced their type size and are almost back to normalcy again.

Under Mustapha Kemal's firm leadership, Turkey, and especially Constantinople, has become astonishingly modernized in a comparatively short time. Like youth the world over, young Turkey has enthusiastically endorsed most of the changes from the customary way of living. Pet dogs are now *de rigueur*, although less than a generation ago anything canine was anathema to the Turk, and the dogs for which Constantinople was notorious were mangy curs, cursed, beaten, and harried. Now Mustapha Kemal himself has been photographed with five or six puppies. Turkish ladies are also evidencing their distaste for the old modes and manners. They bob their hair, they expose their faces, they get their brief-skirted frocks from Paris. The dark-eyed houri of the cigarette advertisement is no longer typical of Turkish femininity. Frank and open as the new Roman type of the newspapers, Constantinople's girls and matrons are conforming to the general European standard. They seem to find it easier to keep up with the world's progress in the unconfining, simple costumes of the present era.

A recent photograph shows the adopted daughter of Mustapha Kemal, in a wedding dress that almost unmistakably bears the cachet of Paris, dancing with her foster father on the occasion of her marriage. Mixed dancing and Occidental marriage garb are but recent innovations.

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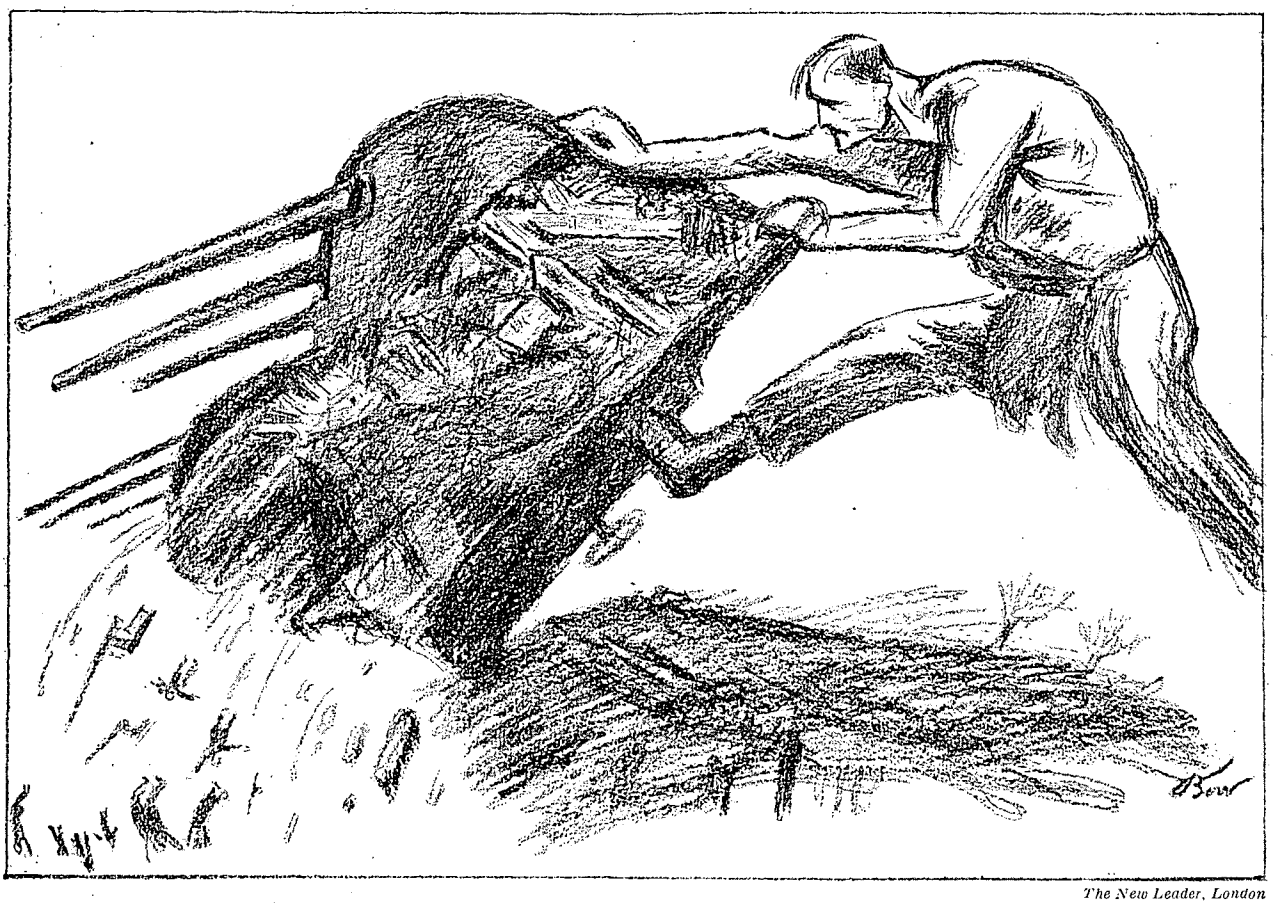

The New Leader, London

'War Is Hell! Send It There'

Biro, the artist whose political posters have been startling Europe, expresses the people's hatred of war in a drawing for a British Socialist weekly.

Germany's Students in Arms

War Letters Written from the Front-Line Trenches

Compiled from the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*

Memoirs of generals, statesmen, diplomats, journalists — many of these, perhaps too many, have been published. They lack the stark realism which can be achieved only by the common soldiers who were in the thick of the fight.

At last, however, the story of this nameless and silent multitude is being told. Professor Philipp Witkop of the University of Freiburg has collected, with the assistance of the German educational authorities, the letters of twenty thousand German university men who were killed in action. Here is the authentic story of the War, told at first hand by men who rubbed elbows with death, day by day in the trenches. Written with no thought of publication, these vivid accounts of personal experience and personal emotion tell the things that the field marshals and cabinet ministers never mentioned because they never saw them. The authors are dead. But they live as the historians of the human side of the World War.

The young men whose letters Professor Witkop has collected came from every class of German society. All had been torn from peaceful and purposeful lives by the brute force of war. At first the letters are fired with high purpose. Those dated in the earlier months of the struggle tell the story of a youthful generation inflamed by the bugle calls and drum beats and the patriotic speeches that accompanied them to the front. But within a short time many of the letter writers were beginning to realize that the fight was far from being the romantic adventure they had dreamed of. The sordidness and horror of the trenches were becoming too apparent. The letters, for the most part, were written during the first half of the War; but they show that as early as 1916 men had begun to doubt the ideals which they had so passionately espoused. There is in them an intense humanity, cast into high relief by the *camaraderie* of the trenches: the grotesque humor of inexperience, love, suffering, sorrow, all mingled with casual impressions of the customs of the foreign lands in which they fought.

The letters are written to parents, sweethearts, friends. Some pour forth the longing for home, for love, for understanding. Some are fatalistic. In others the writers strive to comfort the families of fallen friends.

One student in arms, only twenty years old, writes to his sweetheart: —

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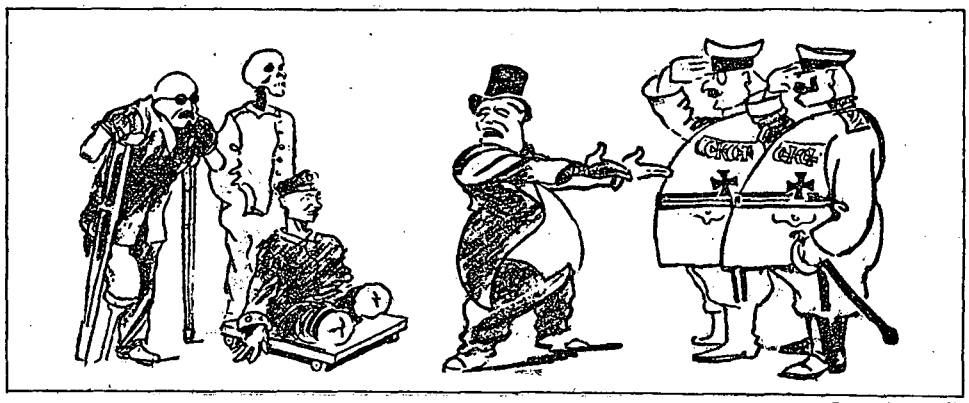

Rote Fahne, Berlin

THE FOLLY OF WOUNDS IN MODERN WARFARE

'WELL, my men, if you were a little injured in the War it was through your own carelessness. See, these gentlemen went through it all and escaped unscathed!'

I stroke your hair ever so softly — as softly as only a man can who strokes the head of the girl he loves, and I ask you not to forget all this, to think all your life of what we have lived through together.

Some wrote letters of farewell in advance and gave them to their comrades to be sent if necessary. One of these, to a mother, is written in verse, a frequent form in the letters: —

Ich habe bis zuletzt an sie gedacht,
und ihrer greisen Hände Segen
hat tröstend über meinem Haupt gelegen
und hat mir alles, alles leicht gemacht.

(Until the last I thought of her: the blessing of her aged hands that I felt comfortingly above my head made all things easy to me.)

Many letters acknowledge gifts of books, which were eagerly read at the front; and other letters report the opinions reading has created. One can perceive a battle in which the cultural nature of the letter writer struggles to survive the crass materialism gradually induced by the constant horror of the battlefield. A twenty-three-year-old student writes: —

One thing always depresses me — I am so afraid of coarsening inwardly. It is indeed sweet of you to wish me a magic cap to protect me from bullets — but, strangely enough, I am not afraid of shells or grenades; what I fear is this great inner loneliness. I am afraid that I am losing all faith in humanity, in myself, in everything good in the world. . . . How can it help me if I am spared by shells and grenades if my very soul is being killed?

Here and there sounds the cry of a starved love of beauty, that has, after a long interval, once again found nourishment. One man writes of a farewell celebration on the eve of departure for the first-line trenches, whence he never returned: —

Beethoven sonatas, Chopin ballades and nocturnes, Schumann waltzes — how very beautiful it was! How very beautiful, my friend, is all of life! And now I shall walk in the sunshine . . . and dream . . .

These men were starved, both physically and mentally. After months of privation there was no longer any peace, even in philosophy. Reason revolted against the injustices suffered by ordinary soldiers. In January, 1915, scarcely six months after the War began, one writes: —

You will not believe this scene I picture for you. In the open trenches, three men fight for a single piece of bread. Meanwhile, in the dugout, officers carouse amid wine and plenty. It makes one's heart bleed.

Some speak in accurate detail of the violence that maimed and mutilated bodies, of terrible wounds, of burials under the enemy's fire. These were the physical touches that first tried the soul, and that finally brought to these men the anticipation of a universal peace which they were destined never to experience.

IN GRIPPING descriptions of the intimate circumstances of warfare, each tells his own story, each sees with different eyes the cruelty about him. One writes to the sister of a fallen friend that 'his death was the most glorious that any German could have had since days of old!' But after a few months of hand-to-hand warfare there are few who still believe in the patriotic illusions that brought them to the front.

Such scenes as these must have set the most ardent patriots thinking: —

We filed one after the other through the old trench, the floor of which was filled with pools of stagnant blood. Corpses of Germans and Frenchmen were thrown about in a horrible turmoil — on top of each other; at every second step we had to crawl over heaps of dead bodies — so that we could not help but touch the cold faces and hands, the frightful bloody wounds. . . . When the night was over, we sat or stood on the corpses as though they were stones or tree stumps. Whether the head was torn off one, or the ribs blown out of another, or the bloody bones protruded through the tattered uniform of another — all that mattered nothing, as long as we could rest at last — and not in the mud.

One soon finds the reaction to all this. One voice after another takes up the indictment of war as a barbarous crime.

'After participating in a hand-grenade and flame-throwing attack in No Man's Land, one's soul is branded,' writes a student who a year before had burned with enthusiasm 'to fight in this holy war.'

Another wrote: —

War is so thoroughly a terrible, sacrilegious, foolhardy, outmoded business which ruins the best in one, that I have absolutely resolved, upon my return, to work with all my power to prevent another such war in the future.

Enough of war! There is no reason for cowardice, but everything human revolts against this barbarity, this gruesome slaughter!

Through all these letters there runs a longing for peace. But soon even peace was reduced to a banality. It became a permanent and daily jest in the trenches to ask, 'Did you see Peace go by?' Perhaps in answer, one letter, written from the eastern front shortly after the meeting between the Germans and Russians at Brest-Litovsk, reads: 'Yes, I saw Peace . . . but he did not look like an angel — he was built of telegraph wires, brief cases, and a special train for plenipotentiaries.'

THE complete text of three letters, taken from Professor Witkop's *Kriegsbriefe Gefallener Studenten*, is printed below: —

[Otto Heinebach, student of philosophy at Berlin, born August 14th, 1892; died September 14th, 1916, at the military hospital in Frankfurt from wounds contracted at Douaumont.]

In the trenches, September 22, 1915.

Dear Father,

To-day I write to you only, for there is something dreadful that I must tell you about. Not quite three hours ago, at ten minutes past eleven, our dear, good H., my truest comrade, was killed by a grenade that tore out his abdomen. I was asleep in the dugout when the terrible thing happened. H. was on duty. Someone waked me with the shocking news. I rushed to the scene of the disaster and found him lying in his blood, his body torn open. I went near him; he did not speak to me, although I called to him and he was fully conscious. When a comrade showed him that I had come he appeared to say, 'It is all useless.' I could not bear the fearful sight for long, but I stayed near him on the next breastwork so that I could hear everything that he might say. He suffered horribly and uttered convulsive cries. He called repeatedly, 'My poor parents, my poor parents,' and 'Too bad, too bad.'

When the stretcher bearers and the surgeon gave him first aid he must have suffered unspeakable torture. Judging by what I could hear, he protested against the bandage, and begged for a narcotic, which could not be given him, I suppose

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on account of the wound in his intestines. The surgeon and others spoke hopefully to him, but he took no stock in what they said and realized that he would never live to reach Point 80, where there was a dressing station. The last thing I heard him say was, 'I can't see any more — I am getting faint!' With that he lost consciousness, just as they lifted him on to the stretcher. On the way to Point 80 through Trench 6, he died. His body was set down near the dressing station; this evening it will be taken in a wagon to Hettencourt, and there in our section it will go to its final rest.

Sometimes I cannot yet grasp this terrible thing. Oh, what rage I felt against this atrocious war when I saw that beloved, lofty, aspiring man, who had a noble heart in his breast, lying dreadfully mangled on the ground. I must be silent before that which cannot be changed. At least it was granted him to have to endure only for a short time the frightful pain, and he and his dear ones had seen each other again. He returned from leave five days ago. I was overjoyed to have him with me once more, for he was really the only one about me to whom I was drawn. Last evening we stood guard together three times, five or six hours altogether, and he had to tell me about home and you and the others. Together we watched the daylight come and I repeated Faust's words. As he has done so often, he expressed during the night his abhorrence of this tactical warfare with its creeping in the earth and in pits, and cursed it for making men cowards and condemning them to passivity. 'If only something would happen. I am fed up with this!' He would have welcomed death in open combat, in an attack, with shouts of hurrahing in the air, as his brother died. But this was not to be his fate.

They found near him the Reklam translation of Tillier's *Uncle Benjamin*, sprinkled over with his blood; he must have been reading up to the very end. He had had the book sent him because I recommended it, had just begun to read it, and spoke of his reading with great delight when we were on duty together last night. Among other things, he told me about a particularly clever passage on war. This morning he said to me in the dugout, 'Pretty soon I am going to have a visitor. I'm very much pleased about it.' 'Who will it be?' I asked. 'My uncle Benjamin,' he replied. It was the last pleasure that this dear, brave fellow enjoyed.

[Wilhelm Weidemann, student of philosophy at Kiel, born September 19th, 1893, at Altona; killed February 13th, 1916, near Steenstraat (Flanders).]

Flanders, July 6, 1915.

To my dead friend's sister!

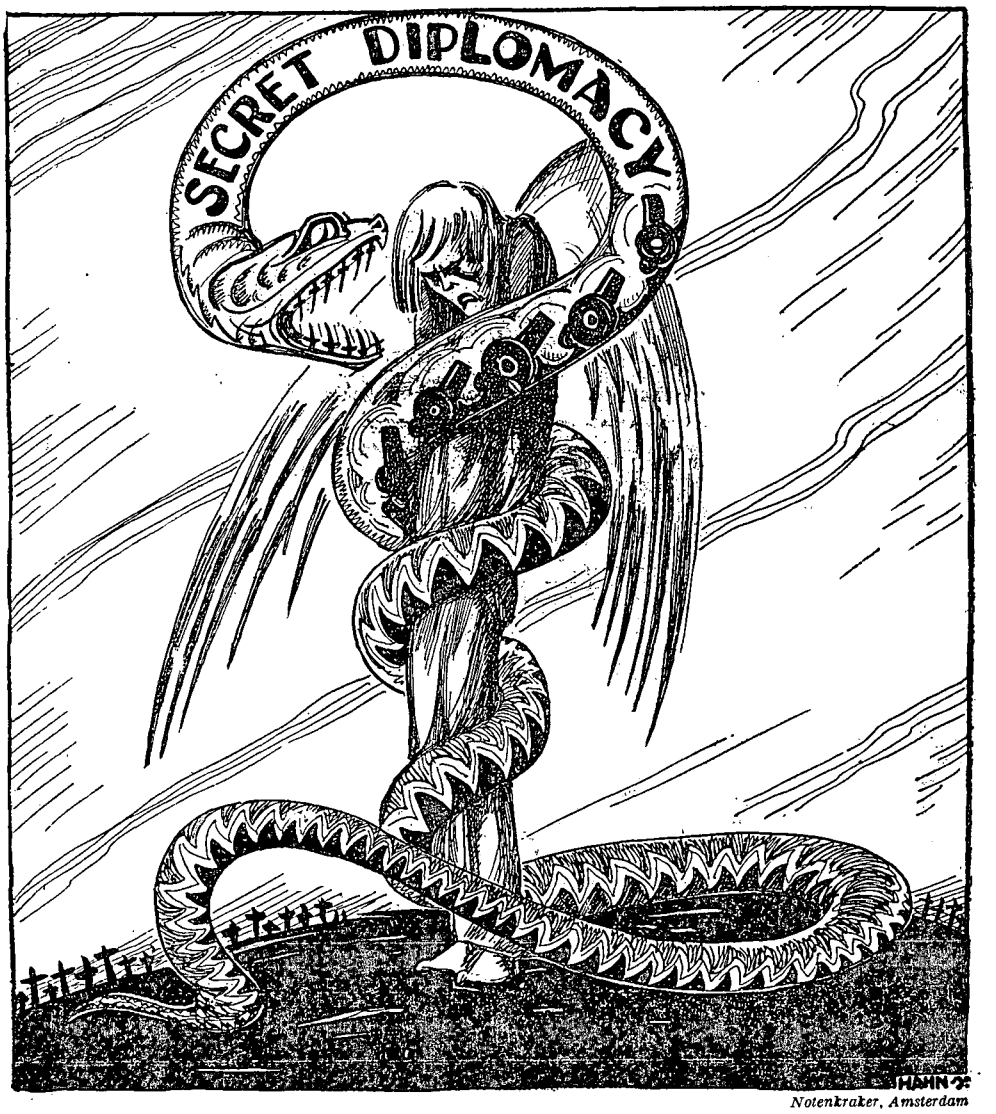
. . . Even though his body lies obscurely in a foreign land, his death was the most glorious that any German could have had since days of old. And whatever of him lived in our hearts and in the hearts of those who were close to him will continue to live as long as our hearts have life. And when we reach the place of shadows on the road over which no one returns, I could wish for myself no other sort of death than his. When I was in his company I did not think of Hesse's words: —

> Wahrlich, keiner ist weise,
> Der nicht das Dunkel kennt
> Das unentrinnbar und leise
> Von allen ihn trennt.

I have had other friends, and others have counted me a friend, but with them I felt continually, even during the happiest hours, that I was alone; with Remmer I did not have that feeling. And now has that all gone by forever? I cannot believe it; when we make our way at night through a dense green wood with the stars glowing above us and the murmur of the night wind, then space and time and all that is of the past vanish and he and I walk side by side as we did before. Or when we are standing on the shore and a mild breeze makes the little rippling waves disappear on the sand, if we close our eyes and listen to the enigmatic voice of the sea, that satisfies our questioning as to whether he is still with us. Do you know the poem that says: —

> Nur nicht bittere Fragen tauschen
> Nur nicht forschen, warum? — warum?
> Antwort ist doch nur wie Meeresrauschen.

Oh, to my mind that is the most beautiful answer possible. From it there comes the sound of eternity, from it and from the rustling of the forest, from the



SECRET DIPLOMACY

THE PREVAILING BELIEF that secret diplomacy is the prime cause of war is here expressed by a symbolic serpent encircling the figure of Peace.

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glimmering of the stars, from the procession of high, distant clouds, from the singing of the lark on the lonely dike when the clouds are gleaming far away, from the blossoming of flowers, from the waving of the grain, and from the eyes of a friend. The everlasting, which is infinitely purer and more chaste and holy than all fine words and thoughts about eternity and immortality, so pure and so tranquil that one stands still in order to feel this imperishable purity and sanctity of nature in the blue tint of the sea, and even in the blowing of the wind — quite still, not with deep and ponderous thoughts, but like a child who looks upon the splendor of this expanse with widened eyes and keeps an astonished silence.

We do not stray alone and solitary on our way through this unfamiliar, far-flung world of men. We cannot forget him, we can speak of him, and if a keen pain often pierces our souls, we shall always remember him as proud and loyal as he was in life. And we shall know, without being horrified at the thought, that, just as the hand of death tore him from us, so we must prepare to go through the gloomy gateway, from which no man has retraced his steps nor given tidings of himself; and which does not divide us from the dead so long as we are free from fear of death for ourselves and for others. Death is no friend — but I know him so intimately that he can come to me without hesitation. I had never known death until the War came — then my father died and now Remmer is gone. And now let him come to me if he will — for Death has often passed me by at a hair's breadth, and I have often dismissed him without a flicker of my eyelids. And when I go out every day into the thunder of the cannon and the whistling of the bullets I feel that the War has taken from me everything that can be taken. What remains, which is all that I still am fighting for, no one can take away.

[Max Bässler, student of music and history at Leipzig, born February, 1895, in Leipzig; killed September 12th, 1916, on the Somme.]

Near Ypres, May, 1915.

. . . The Lieutenant was there and gave me the responsibility of attending to a fitting burial of our dead. Other hands had in the meantime buried them, but we knew where they lay. On the path leading back to the Nuns' Wood I saw to the right of the communication trench a piece of stick bearing an identification card with the name, Gun Pointer Kurt Limke. Somewhat farther on I made out, fastened to a short stake, the names of Beer and Lichtenberger. I went on with my duties during the evening in the Polygon Wood and got leave from my regiment for the following day. Our task had to be done under cover of night. Just before three o'clock Guck's rough voice called into the dugout for me. Outside, in the brooding darkness, stood a cart in which were spades and pickaxes. Silently we went on our way. Outside the encampment we divided into small groups. I set out to find Beer. We had to dig deeper than we had planned. A disagreeable, sickening odor rose from the earth. We could not smoke because of the enemy. First we came to an infantryman who had been the third to be laid in this grave. Then we lifted out poor Beer. I took him along while four men remained there to dig out Lichtenberger. We laid our dead comrades on a canvas and fastened poles to its sides so that we could carry it. Slowly the day came with faint red light. I thought of Hauff's song. A dead man weighs something even when he is put on a bier in such a primitive fashion, but on the edge of the Nuns' Wood a wagon was waiting. Knoblauch and Hunger had already been placed in it. The former, with his fine, dark beard, looked like a suffering Christ. Next they brought Lichtenberger, the only one who still looked as he did when he was living, and Zietzschmann, his whole face covered with blood. Limke had not yet been found. His grave was empty.

In the Polygon Wood, in our encampment, we rested for a brief period. Then we made our way over the old ground and the old relief road to Becelaere. There the drivers were at work digging graves in a tiny military cemetery near the church. We fetched large glazed tiles from the roof of a garden house to line the graves and broke off blossoming lilac and golden and red branches to decorate them. Then we deepened the graves sufficiently. In the meantime all those who wanted to be present at this last act of devotion had arrived.

We let our comrades down into the earth. A motorcycle driver of the 248th Regiment, a Brother from the House of Correction in Hamburg, uttered some heartfelt words. The lilac was fragrant, the branches shone on the fresh clods, but the earth crumbled impatiently. . . . The last service that I could perform for Rudolf was to brush a blue beetle away from his cold cheek. When I first saw him dead in the morning I could have envied him his lack of consciousness; but now as I saw how earthworms and other small living things were shoveled in upon him, and the last bit of canvas disappeared, I was exultant that the May sunlight seemed so beautiful . . . and that the lilac bloomed in its fragrance.

Mucha, Warsaw

THE MODERN SERPENT: WAR

THE MODERN SERPENT tempting the world to taste the bitter fruit of bayonets, rockets, and hand grenades, which are symbols of modern warfare.

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Letters and the Arts

Wood Cuts from Poland — Four Hundred Years of Free Education — Communizing the Russian Academy — A Gargantuan Festival of Music and the Theatre — 'Colonel Švec' in Prague — Modernism Is Rebuked in France — A New Academy for Italy

Wood Cuts from Poland

Among the most powerful personalities in the graphic arts in present-day Poland is Vladyslav Skoczylas, several of whose wood cuts are reproduced in this department. Skoczylas did his first work in water color, and produced some pictures which were very well received at the *Salon d'Automne* in Paris. It is said that, because some kind of skin trouble from which he suffered made the use of paints dangerous, he changed his medium to the wood cut. His wood cuts are even better than his water colors.

Skoczylas gets his inspiration from the peasants of his country and the toil and pleasures of their primitive life. The figure who is seen most frequently in his work is a picturesque traditional hero of the Polish peasant, the *zbouinike*. The *zbouinike* is a brigand who, like Robin Hood, merrily robs the rich and gives most of his booty to the poor. He is always a romantic-looking ruffian with feathers in his hat and braided hair; he wears a wide belt decorated with brass studs.

Skoczylas is beginning to have a great number of followers, many of whom are accomplishing work that does their master honor. At the last International Exposition of Wood Cuts at Paris, the Polish exhibit was largely made up of the work of Skoczylas and his pupils, and was considered among the best.

Pologne Littéraire

Landscape
From a Wood Cut by Vladyslav Skoczylas

Four Hundred Years of Free Education

A YEAR from next month, that is to say in June, 1930, the *Collège de France* will celebrate its fourth centenary. At this celebration it will inaugurate a new building, work on which has just been started, for the departments of chemistry and physics.

The *Collège de France* was founded in 1530 by Francis I at the suggestion of Guillaume Budé, who was then royal librarian. Budé was a scholar who did much to advance the study of Greek in France, and who wrote works on philosophy and law; he was a friend of Erasmus and narrowly escaped getting into trouble many times because of his liberal ideas. He called the doctors of the Sorbonne 'prating sophists'; and it was perhaps his low opinion of them that led him to propose the establishment of the new institution. Certainly the doctors were not pleased. The first subjects taught in the *Collège de France* were Greek and Hebrew, and the learned men of the Sorbonne made a great fuss, saying that the morals of the young were being corrupted and their faith in the Bible destroyed. Serious as these accusations were, they did not impress Francis I, and the *Collège de France* flourished.

From its very birth this institution has held a unique position in French education. It enjoys complete liberty to teach whatever it chooses, however it chooses. Subjects are taught or not taught according to whether there happens to be someone on the faculty to teach them. Each professor has the same liberty to teach what pleases him, in the way it pleases him to teach it. And, most important of all, anyone can attend. There are no fees, no formalities involving credentials from other schools. On the other hand, no degrees are given.

For many parents this last fact is a drawback; they want their sons to have some proof of having learned something, so they send them to an institution that gives degrees. The result is that a large proportion of the students in the *Collège de France* are over thirty, and are probably more sincerely interested in learning for its own sake than the students in the regular universities. A great many are studying technical and scientific subjects.

Like any other free public institution, however, the *Collège de France* finds that its patrons are not always pursuing the object for which it was founded. There is a story of one old man who attended certain courses religiously every day all winter for years. Before the classes started he could be seen, ragged and pitiful, picking up cigarette ends in the street. One day he was the only auditor at a certain lecture. The regulations are strict; a lecturer is obliged to give his lecture if there is anyone at all to listen to him. In this case, when the lecturer had finished, he asked whether the old man had found it interesting. The old man replied, 'I have listened to Renan from this seat. And . . . it is nice and warm here.'

It need hardly be added that this incident does not give a proper picture of the work of the *Collège de France*. The men who form its Faculty and the work they do are such that Guillaume Budé would be entirely pleased with the present condition of the institution he founded.

Communizing the Russian Academy

RECENT news from Russia contains a report which indicates the regrettable thoroughness with which the Bolshevik authorities are making, or trying to make, Russia fit their ideals. A thoroughness which is, of course, regrettable only to those who do not agree with Communist theories. The Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences was founded in 1725 on plans drawn up by the philosopher, Leibnitz, at the request of Peter the Great. For two hundred years it has been the foremost scientific institution in Russia, and has survived

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many changes of régime without losing its character as a scientific body quite independent of politics. It has been entirely self-perpetuating, the new members being elected by the vote of the whole Academy on the basis of scientific achievement.

From the beginning of their rule the Red authorities have tried to acquire a controlling interest, as it were, in the Academy of Sciences — which, needless to say, is no longer Imperial. One wonders at first why the Bolsheviks should find it worth their while to try to get control of this body of scientists, who are for the most part gray-bearded old chaps who have spent their lives in laboratories and studies and who ask nothing more than the opportunity to keep on working. But the cunning of the revolutionaries makes them realize that the scientist, rather than the politician, is the ruler of the future. When to-day's politician is forgotten, the body of knowledge created by the scientist will have more influence than politicians can ever hope to have. It is perhaps a respect for this real power of the scientist that makes the Bolsheviks want to control him.

Of course the Bolshevik theorist would only have to carry his canniness a step further to realize that this power over the future which he envies the scientist depends entirely on one thing — the scientist's devotion to truth. The scientist turned propagandist is an anomaly, and can have at the most only an ephemeral influence, like any other propagandist.

But the Bolsheviks have apparently not carried their reasoning this far. While their desire to build for the future probably has much to do with their anxiety to take over the Academy of Sciences, they have a more immediate reason in their feeling that the Academy would be an ideal nucleus from which to build up a system of propaganda aimed at the intellectual classes within the country. They are quite aware that convinced and whole-hearted Communists form only a small part of the whole population of Russia. To maintain their régime they must keep a steady pressure of propaganda on those who regard Bolshevism as only a passing phase in Russia's evolution. The Academy of Sciences would be an enormous help in dealing with the more intellectual elements in the great mass of yet-to-be-convinced Russians.

The Bolsheviks first got a foothold in the Academy when they won over several members to their cause — among them the permanent general secretary. At the last Academy election, three Communists were proposed and recommended by the Government. These men were apparently more noteworthy for their solid Communistic sentiments than for their learning; for the Academy refused to elect any of the three. This refusal aroused the fury of the Government, and the members of the Academy were subjected to so disagreeable a persecution that the president agreed to reconsider the candidacy of the three Communists. Almost alone in daring to object to this proceeding was Professor Pavlov, the great biologist whose work on the nervous system has interested, not to say excited, scientific men all over the world. (His two books on conditioned reflexes were reviewed in THE LIVING AGE for October, 1928.) Professor Pavlov, for all his eighty years, is very active and quite capable of coming out publicly against what he considers an attempt to destroy the Academy of Sciences. Unfortunately, however, one man alone is almost helpless; and at the present moment it looks as if the Academy were doomed to become an organ of the Communists. The Government is formulating a law which will fix a limit to the length of time a man may remain a member. Hitherto there have been only life members. The three Communists will be reconsidered and will very likely be admitted. Before long the Russian Academy of Sciences, which in the darkest days of Tsarist oppression managed somehow to retain its intellectual independence, will be only a name and an empty shell.

Pologne Littéraire

ST. SEBASTIAN
FROM A WOOD CUT BY VLADYSLAV SKOCZYLAS

A GARGANTUAN FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE THEATRE

THOSE Americans who spend May or June in Berlin may find that upon their return home they will have to place themselves on a rigorous diet as a result of overindulgence in excessively rich musical fare. At any rate, this summer Berlin will offer the lover of music and the theatre a hitherto unparalleled opportunity to gorge himself. In addition to the regular three opera houses and two symphony orchestras, which will each give a series of festival performances, the entire ensemble of the famous *Teatro della Scala* of Milan, under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, will make several guest appearances, as will also the Vienna Philharmonic Society and a number of singers from the Vienna State Opera.

The music to be heard during the festival season, which will extend from May 19th to June 23rd, will run the gamut of composers of the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries. One of the most interesting attendant features will be performances of flute concertos and symphonies by the only royal composer on record, Frederick the Great. These will be played in *Schloss Charlottenburg*, that

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æsthetic Hohenzollern's own castle, by musicians dressed in the rococo costumes of the period. Boston and New York both recently heard and received favorably one of the symphonic efforts of the royal dilettante; music lovers should look forward with interest to hearing more of his works.

Among other offerings are a complete Wagner cycle, including *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg;* a Mozart cycle, comprising *Il Don Giovanni*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Così fan Tutte*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro;* and a Richard Strauss cycle including *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Die Aegyptishe Helena*, *Elektra*, *Salome*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*. Dr. Richard Strauss himself will conduct the performances of his own works, and will accompany at the piano the first public singing of five new songs composed by him. The other conductors at the festival, many of whom are well known to Americans, are Leo Blech, Erich Kleiber, Otto Klemperer, and Bruno Walter.

But the classics of standard operatic repertoire are not all that the Berlin festival will offer. There are to be premières of Hindemith's newest work, a comic opera, *Neues vom Tage* (*The News of the Day*); of Alban Berg's *Wozzek;* and of Franz Schreker's *Singing Devil*. These *opera* of the modernist 'bad boys' of music are to be supplemented by Igor Stravinsky's *Oedipus*, *Fairy's Kiss*, *Apollo*, and *Petrouchka*, the last three of which are ballets, and by Schillings' *Mona Lisa*, which has been performed once or twice at the Metropolitan in New York. Other rarely heard works which will be presented are Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Iphigenia*, Pfitzner's *Palestrina*, Johann Strauss's *Carnival in Rome*, *The Gypsy Baron*, and *Die Fledermaus*, and Tschaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin*.

The Italian composers will receive the Latin treatment that they require at the hands of the great Toscanini and the four hundred and seventy members of his company who will make the long journey from Milan to Berlin. Incidentally, this will be the first time that the personnel of the great Milanese opera house has ever left Italy. They will perform several works by Verdi, Puccini, and Donizetti, thus adding greatly not only to the amusement and edification of the tourists who will hear them in Berlin but also to the great pleasure of the native, who will be afforded a rare opportunity to hear Italian opera sung in the language of the composer. The symphony orchestras, too, will present everything from Bach to ultra-modern music, including a special concert of the works of Gustav Mahler.

The spoken stage, however, will not be outdone by the magnitude and plenty of the musical performances. Max Reinhardt will direct the first performance of two new plays by Germany's foremost poet, Gerhart Hauptmann, while the State Theatre will present a new production of Schiller's *Fiesco*, and of Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *As You Like It*. A play by Knut Hamsun, Nobel prize winner of several years ago, will have its première during the festival. There is to be a revival of *Danton's Death*, which was extremely successful when it was played by the Reinhardt company in New York. A nineteenth-century '*Berliner Posse mit Gesang*,' which is not unlike an American musical comedy, will also be produced. Added to this will be the regular performances in theatres which have gone a long way toward giving Berlin the reputation of being the dramatic centre of Europe. Berlin this summer undoubtedly offers an unprecedented opportunity to obtain in five weeks what might almost be termed a complete musical and dramatic education.

Pologne Littéraire

ST. CHRISTOPHER
FROM A WOOD CUT BY VLADYSLAV SKOCZYLAS

'COLONEL ŠVEC' IN PRAGUE

THE most successful play of the past theatrical season in Prague was *Colonel Švec*, by Rudolf Medek. In addition to being a competently written dramatic work, it had the advantage of dealing with a subject very close to the hearts of the Czech people — a subject which, in fact, must seem to the rest of the world one of the most romantic stories of the Great War. Many readers will remember the 'Seventy Thousand,' the Czech troops who, when the Russian Empire collapsed, formed an organization of their own and fought their way in armored trains across Siberia, then seething with fighting men of all nations and colors, to Vladivostok, and thence by various routes the rest of the way around the world to their home. The story of their adventures is one of the great epics of modern times.

Rudolf Medek was a school-teacher and poet before 1914. During the early years of the War he served as a lieutenant in a Czech unit in the Russian Army. When things went to pieces on the eastern front, he was among the officers who organized the Czech legions for their tremendous push across Siberia. He was one of the editors of a Czech newspaper called *Československý Deník*, a publication started when the Czech legions halted for a time at Kiev and carried on in spite of difficulties of all kinds. In Siberia, Medek rose to the rank of Colonel.

Among the officers who

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led these famous Czech legions was a certain Colonel Švec. Around him Medek has built his play, using incidents that actually occurred. The author brings home forcefully the ceaseless journeyings of the legions in Russia by setting his scenes in railroad stations and on a boat on the Volga. After months of skirmishing along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, losing men to the Bolsheviks by desertion when they did not lose them in fighting, with the objective, Vladivostok, still apparently a hopeless distance ahead, Švec's regiment, somewhat in advance of the others, begins to lose courage. Colonel Švec is himself so downcast that he can do nothing to restore their spirits. 'What can I say to you?' he asks helplessly. 'Don't you trust me?' Their answer, 'We can't trust even you,' leaves him speechless. He has only spirit enough left to hope that a shock of some kind will stir his men to further effort. Therefore, when at last the men refuse to obey an order, the Colonel retires to his compartment in the Czech train and shoots himself. On his table is found a note urging his men to follow their commanders. His death has the effect he hoped, and the legions carry on.

If Medek's play is as good as its reception in Prague seems to indicate, it will take a prominent place in the literature of the War. But, whether it is a great play or not, it has great interest as an author's effort to re-create events in which he himself took part — events which will always have a place among the most exciting and romantic of the War.

Modernism Is Rebuked in France

A DISTINGUISHED French painter who does not share the artistic ideas of the violent moderns was approached one day by a young artist who requested a criticism of his work. The older man graciously consented to express an opinion, and was shown several canvases inspired by the most advanced modernism. He shook his head and made certain objections to the extraordinary distortions and contortions represented in the pictures.

'But,' said the young man, 'surely I must paint the things I see?'

'There is no harm in that,' the *maître* replied. 'The real disaster will come when you begin to see the things you paint.'

Pologne Littéraire

Three Peasant Women

From a Wood Cut by Vladyslav Skoczylas

A New Academy for Italy

WHILE this number of The Living Age is on the press the new Italian Academy will officially come into existence.

The 'charter members' will be thirty learned men chosen by the Minister of Public Instruction with the approval of the Government. These thirty will, in the course of the next three years, choose thirty more. The first President is Tommaso Tittoni, who resigned the presidency of the Senate last year with the intention, as he said in his speech of resignation, of spending his declining years in the study of the ancients. Mussolini at that time replied that this would be impossible, because Tittoni would soon be called to another high public charge. It was the presidency of the Academy that the *Duce* had in mind. Tittoni is in his seventies, and is excellently fitted to have a hand in shaping this institution, which is expected to become a force for conservatism in Italian culture.

The Academy will be housed in the Farnesina Palace in the Trastevere in Rome, a magnificent building which contains frescoes by Raphael, and other important artistic treasures. The members will have incomes from the Academy's endowment, and will wear uniforms on State occasions.

The exact position that the Academy will occupy in Italian life remains to be worked out in practice; but it is clearly intended to be a focal point for all the forces of conservatism in the intellectual life of Italy. It will not limit its membership to any one field of activity.

In linguistics and literary learning Italy already has the *Accademia della Crusca;* and in science, the *Accademia dei Lincei.* The new Academy will be a more general institution, and membership in it will be a reward for any distinguished service to Italy. It has been understood in the past that membership in the Senate has been given to men who have distinguished themselves in arts or letters because that was the only way they could be honored as they seemed to deserve. The creation of the Italian Academy will provide a new means of so honoring them, and will thus return to the Senate its proper political character.

Among the men who have been mentioned as probable members of the Academy are Gabriele d'Annunzio, Luigi Pirandello, Ugo Ojetti, and Guglielmo Marconi. Among those whose election is considered improbable because of the irregularity of their views are Benedetto Croce and Guglielmo Ferrero.

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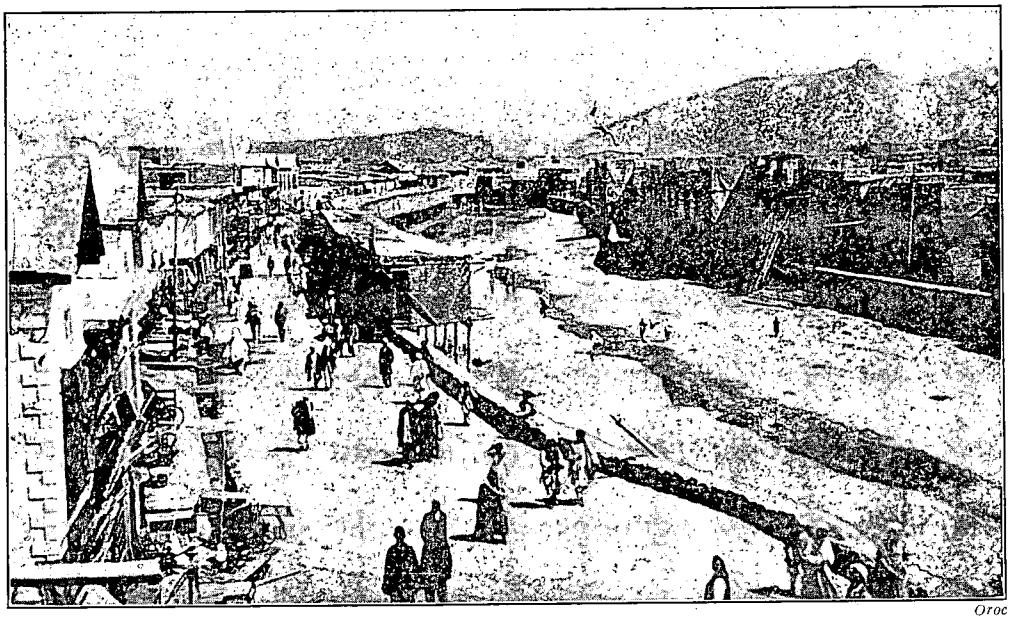

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THE MAIN STREET OF KABUL

THIS PHOTOGRAPH makes clear the low stage of development of mountainous Afghanistan. In the centre is the Kabul River, along which are built the booths of the Kabul Bazaar.

Civil War in Afghanistan

The Causes of the Present Disturbances Analyzed by a Soviet Diplomat

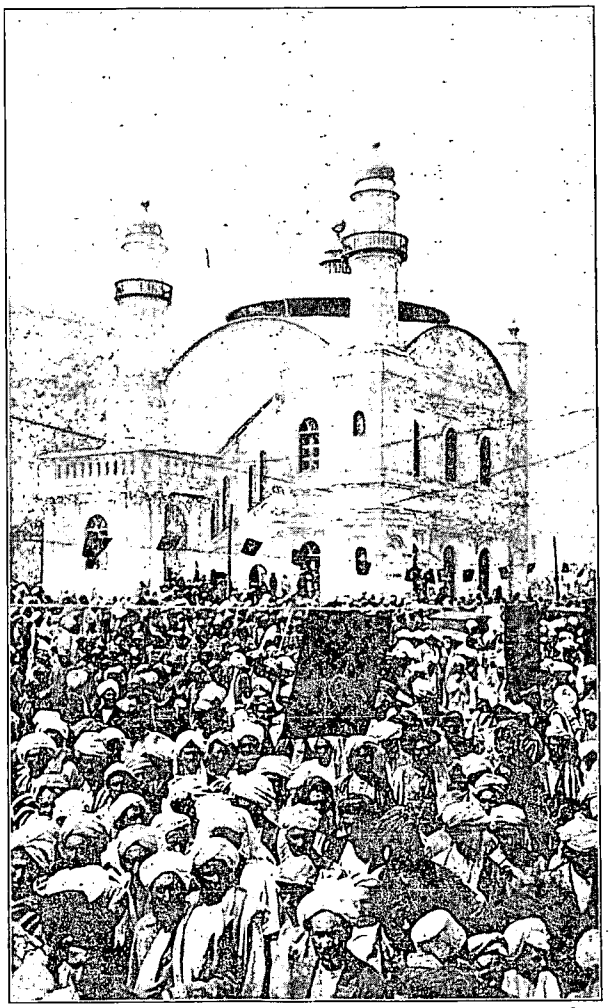
By F. Raskolnikov

Former Soviet Representative in Afghanistan

From the *Labour Monthly*, London Left Socialist Monthly

EVER since Ex-King Amanullah and his wife, Suraya, returned from a protracted visit to Europe last summer, there has been turbulence in Afghanistan. Amanullah was finally forced to abdicate in favor of his brother. What had at first seemed a mere disturbance among the scattered hillmen assumed the importance of civil war. The present situation is that Kabul, the capital of the country, is in the hands of its Ameer, or tribal chief, while Amanullah and his brother are allied in the neighborhood of Kandahar and Herat, preparing for an attempt to regain their power with Turkish assistance. Jalalabad, the third centre of Afghan population, is in the hands of a third power friendly to neither of the other two.

Nadir Khan, former commander in chief of the Afghan Army and a relative of the Ex-King, is a man of considerable prestige among his fellow countrymen. He has intervened as a peacemaker between the factions. But all signs point to a bloody civil war in this northwestern neighbor of British India as soon as the heavy winter snows are melted, and military operations become possible once more. The legations of all the powers except Russia, Turkey, and Persia have been withdrawn from Kabul by aëroplane, through the coöperation of the British Royal Air Force, which has also removed all citizens of European and American nations. In all, some five hundred persons have been carried by air to the safety of British India, without accident of any sort.



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The causes of this most recent Afghan disturbance seem to be highly complex and have not heretofore been convincingly stated in the European or American Press. It has been commonly alleged by the Continental newspapers that England fostered the revolt in order to dispose of Amanullah, who desires complete autonomy for his country, and who has fought a successful war against the British. There is no evidence for this accusation. The article printed herewith seems the clearest account of affairs in this troubled Asian kingdom yet published. In reading it,

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF KABUL

THE MOHAMMEDAN HOLY MAN of Afghanistan has great power over the people, and is, in general, reactionary. He has consistently opposed Amanullah's efforts toward the 'Westernization' of his people.

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Kladderadatsch, Berlin

'THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN AFGHANISTAN'

A GERMAN CARTOONIST places the same interpretation on the Afghan disturbances as the author of the accompanying article. As Amanullah attempts to tear the veil from Mohammedan womanhood, a tribesman shoots him, and John Bull looks on approvingly.

allowance must be made for the fact that it is written by a Soviet official, who must be expected to have anti-capitalist and anti-British prejudices.

AFGHANISTAN is a country with a considerable historical past. Its small connection with the economy of the world, its centuries of artificial isolation have preserved in Afghanistan quite a number of antiquated forms of feudal rule. The remnants of feudalism which may be found in abundance in China, India, Persia, and a number of other Eastern countries have been preserved in Afghanistan in their original undisturbed form. The entire economy of the country is based on agriculture, in which again feudal property is predominant. Enormous masses of the population have not yet settled down to a regular tilling of the soil, but carry on a nomadic pasturage. Every year at the beginning of spring, tens and hundreds of thousands of herdmen wander with their flocks and herds, their families, and their entire scanty possessions to the blooming mountain pastures (encountering on the way all sorts of obstacles and not infrequently warring against the settled peasant population), to return in the autumn to the lower-lying winter encampments. In the system of Afghan economy, the few and thinly populated towns play no important rôle. Despite the wealth of natural treasure concealed in the mountains of the Hindu Kush, mining is insufficiently developed. The industrial output, concentrated at Kabul, is yet in its infancy.

This backwardness in the development of productive forces determines the class structure of the country. The overwhelming majority of the population consists of peasants engaged in agriculture, pasturage, and cattle-breeding. The peasantry lives in the utmost poverty, is subjected to spoliation and coercion on the part of the landowners, suffers under the incompetency of the officials, and has to wrest from nature every hand's breadth of tillable soil.

The political power lies in the hands of the landowners, the so-called 'sirdars.' The ruling class is connected with the mass of peasant population only by means of the individual links in the long feudal-bureaucratic chain.

Under the conditions of this patriarchal manner of living, the heads of the clans and the elders represent the organized authorities.

IN CONTRADISTINCTION to China, India, and Persia, where there is a pronounced national bourgeoisie, there is practically no middle

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class at all in Afghanistan. Not only can there naturally be no question of an industrial bourgeoisie, seeing that the few existing factories are in the hands of the State, but even the commercial bourgeoisie is still at an embryo stage. The entire foreign trade, which is mainly carried on via India, is (with negligible exceptions) in the hands of Indian merchants. At the same time it is possible in Afghanistan to observe the interesting process of a dovetailing of landed property and commercial capital. Many landowners invest their land revenues in commercial enterprises and employ the profits gained thereby in extending their landed property. While in Persia the voice of the bazaar exercises a considerable influence upon the policy of the government, the small element of the Afghan commercial bourgeoisie possesses absolutely no political significance. The small number of industrial workers have not yet begun to feel themselves a special class and are thus altogether unorganized. They figure just as little in the political arena as do the artisans, who are dispersed all over the country. The Islamic clergy, on the other hand, have long since grown used to exercising an important political influence, amounting in the main to a pronounced support of reaction.

In the past, when the cruel and despotic Abdur Achman or the sensual Habibullah still sat upon the Afghan throne, all proceeded on the lines of a well-ordered feudal state. The great sirdars guided the destinies of the country, the peasants sowed and reaped beneath the sweat of their brows and paid the onerous taxes. From time to time the government sent punitive expeditions to conquer the independent tribes of Kafiristan or of the more distant Badakshan.

Under cover of a control of its foreign relations, British imperialism turned Afghanistan practically into a subject colony.

In 1919 there was a palace revolt in Afghanistan. One February morning Habibullah, who had been hunting in the surroundings of Jalalabad, was found to have been murdered.

WHAT were the reasons for the overthrow of Habibullah? He had failed to take into consideration the changes and developments which the World War and the October Revolution had brought about in the international position of Afghanistan. He continued to bow to the Viceroy of India. In the meantime, however, the War had weakened the authority of Great Britain, and the October Revolution changed fundamentally the proportion of power in the countries immediately adjoining Afghanistan. Up to the October Revolution Afghanistan was in the toils of the two imperialist allies, Great Britain and Russia, which could at any moment suppress any Afghan attempt at national emancipation. After the October Revolution the Soviet Union was practically at war with Great Britain. Habibullah did not understand how to exploit these international differences in favor of the national interests of his country, and for this incompetency he paid with his life. The rise of the revolutionary movement in India which set in in 1919 stimulated the activity of the Young Afghan Nationalists, who brought about a palace revolt. The Young Afghan party then placed upon

Mucha, Warsaw

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE AFGHAN QUESTION

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA snarl at each other while the Afghan hillmen engage in bloody civil war.

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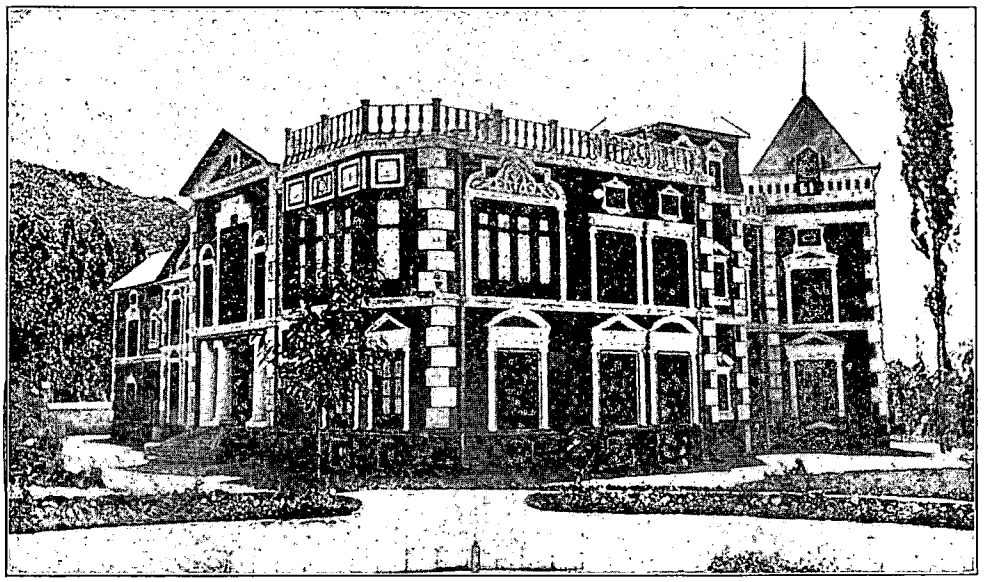

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AMANULLAH'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

A VILLA, in Western style, erected at Pagman as summer residence for the King.

the throne the third son of the late monarch, Amanullah Khan, who was proclaimed Ameer in defiance of the prior claims of his two elder brothers. At the same time, the brother of the murdered Habibullah, Nasrullah Khan, laid claim to the throne. A civil war ensued, but did not last very long, since the troops of Amanullah, supported by the peasant population, soon gained the upper hand; Nasrullah was taken prisoner and shortly afterward executed.

This civil war created a marked line of demarcation between the adherents of the old feudal conditions and the champions of a reconstruction of Afghanistan. The pious and reactionary Pan-Islamic leaders rallied round them all the conservative elements, from the feudal landowners to the Islamic priests. The progressively minded Amanullah relied on the peasant masses, on the army, and on the organized Young Afghans, who were largely descended from the more progressive of the small landowners.

The programme of the Young Afghans contained the claim to the independence of Afghanistan as regards foreign politics, besides radical reforms in the country itself.

THE first step of the new government was the declaration of the independence of Afghanistan. But Amanullah was quite aware of the fact that such a declaration alone would not suffice. The country's independence had to be fought for. He, therefore, turned all his arms against the usurper of Afghan independence, against British imperialism. A small but fanatical Afghan army invaded the frontiers of British India in the spring of 1919. Naturally the fight was unequal, since Great Britain was furnished with all up-to-date implements of war. The Afghan troops had to retire across the frontier and for a time even to leave the town of Khost in British hands. But the internal position of India was very critical, for seventy million Indian Moslems openly sympathized with the Afghans and were inspired with such revolutionary zeal that the British could not profit by their victory. They saw themselves forced speedily to make peace and with heavy hearts formally to recognize the independence of Afghanistan.

Simultaneously with his declaration of war on Great Britain, Amanullah sent Lenin a telegram with the suggestion of an initiation of diplomatic relations. Soviet Russia most readily acceded to this proposal and was thus the first power to recognize the newly gained independence of the young State.

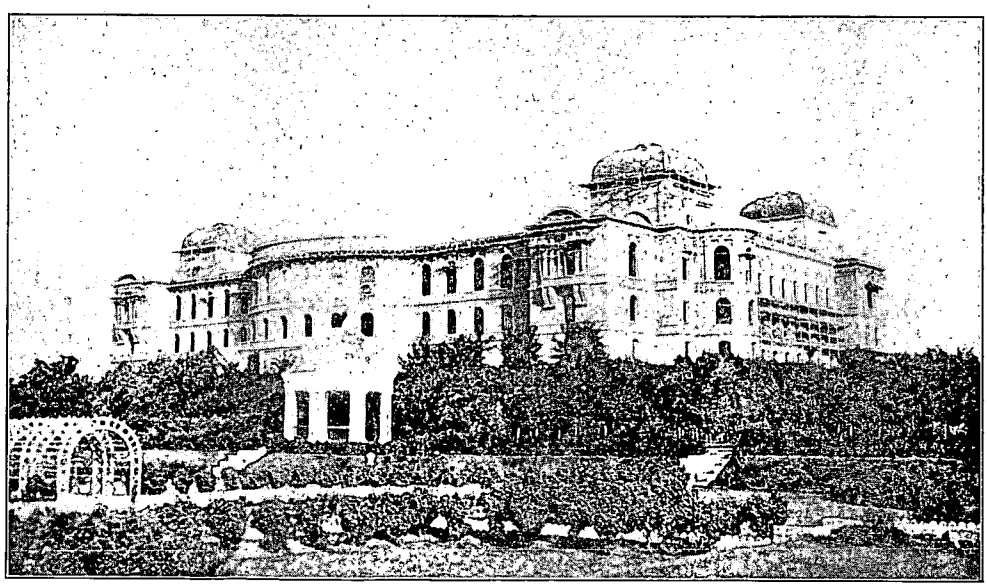
The entire activity of Amanullah in regard to foreign politics was neither more nor less than an epoch of 'enlightened absolutism under the specific conditions of a backward Oriental country.'

IN THE course of the past ten years, the Young Afghans under Amanullah's leadership effected some great reforms, which covered various fields of activity: (1) creation of a native state industry (arsenals for the supply of the army, cement works, etc.); (2) enhancement of the cultural level of the country (development of the school system, delegation of teachers to study abroad, institution of female schools, etc.); (3) reorganization of the army; and (4) emancipation of women (abolition of *yashmaks*, creation of women's organizations, etc.).

These reforms were of progressive significance for Afghanistan, guiding the country in the direction of bourgeois development. The tragedy of Amanullah's case lay in the fact that he undertook bourgeois reforms without the existence of any national bourgeoisie in the country.

By his crusade against the feudal system and his exclusion of the clergy from political power, Amanullah naturally incited these classes against his reforms. The difficulty lay in the fact that he needed a firm class basis for his fight against feudalism and the Islamic clergy.

The organic fault of all the reforms of Amanullah lay in the fact that they were devoid of an economic basis. These reforms, in themselves highly progressive, were extremely superficial and entailed



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AFGHANISTAN'S NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

BEGUN BY AMANULLAH at Dar ul Aman, near Kabul. A royal palace and other buildings were also in process of erection when the present troubles began.

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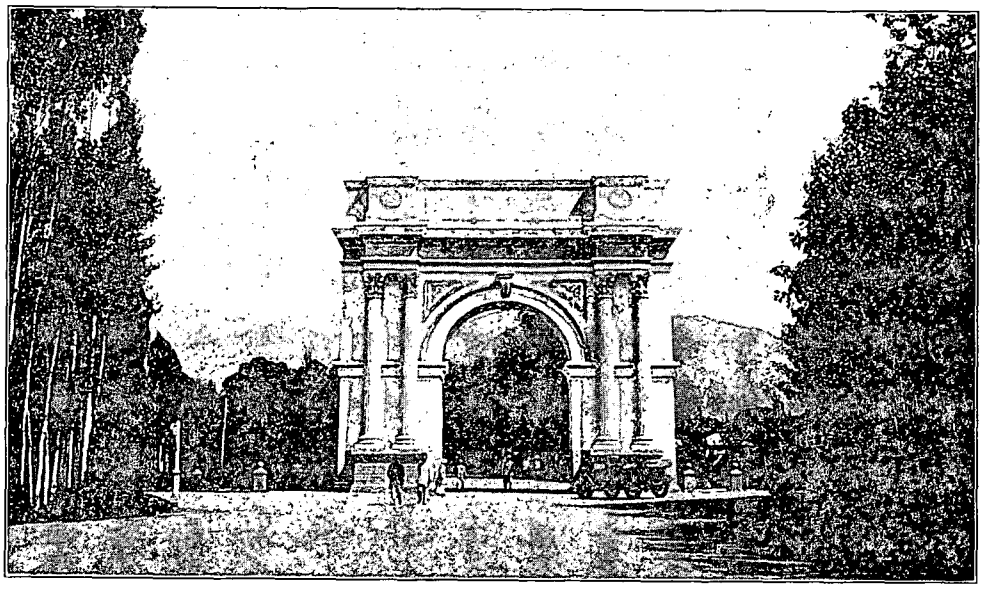
no real advantages to the Afghan peasants.

But at the same time the reforms occasioned a tremendous outlay. The peasants, who had already plenty of taxes to pay, had to part with their last rupees to pay for these expensive reforms. Taxation increased. Thus the tax due on asses rose by 400 per cent in the course of ten years. Amanullah's chief mistake lay in the circumstance that he opposed feudalism without effecting any comprehensive land reform.

Amanullah could easily have had the entire peasant population behind him if he had taken the land from the feudal lords and given it to the peasants or if he had decreased the tax pressure on the peasantry by increasing that on the landowners.

Under the given circumstances the increased tax pressure caused the greatest dissatisfaction among the peasants, a fact the reactionary elements immediately turned to account.

The oppositional tendencies developing by reason of this pauperization were exploited by the Afghan reactionaries for their own ends. Naturally it was not the entire peasantry that opposed Amanullah. The bulk of the peasant population observed an expectant neutrality; a section thereof rallied round the King. The fact remains, however, that the peasants of Kugistan and the Shinwari tribe rose in arms against Amanullah.



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THE ROYAL ARCH, LEADING TO THE KING'S GARDENS

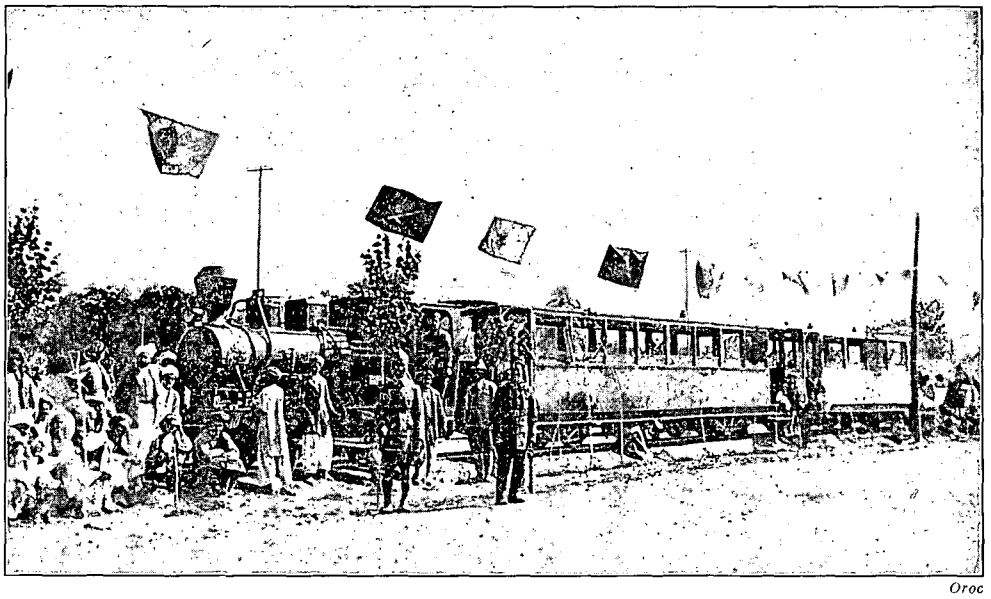
ANOTHER STRUCTURE in Western style. The expenses incident to the buildings shown on this and the opposite pages made necessary so great an increase in taxation that discontent spread through the population of Afghanistan.

THE complicated national conditions in Afghanistan added to the complexity of the class struggle. There are in the country numerous tribes which are constantly at variance, as the tribes of Shinwari and Mangal, which have had a feud between them for centuries. Such differences have often been exploited by the government.

The feeling of state citizenship is not very pronounced in Afghanistan. Each citizen is in the first place a member of a tribe and only in the second place an Afghan. Amanullah's policy of centralization aroused resistance on the part not only of the feudal landowners but also of entire tribes. His propaganda for national independence was highly comprehensible to the young Afghan officers and students of the Kabul Academy, but failed to awaken an echo in the minds of the nomad tribes.

FINALLY, the policy of the British imperialists played a great rôle. The British Government could never get over its failure to subdue Afghanistan, which remained the sore point in British world hegemony. All the intrigues of British diplomats, from Lord Curzon to Sir Francis Humphrys, the Minister at Kabul, were directed toward bringing about a rupture of diplomatic relations between Afghanistan and the Soviet Union. Threats and promises, secret notes and open ultimata, terrorist attempts and reactionary risings—in a word, the entire arsenal of an experienced bourgeois diplomacy was employed to this end.

The British need a dummy in Afghanistan after the pattern of King Fuad of Egypt or of King Feisal of Mesopotamia. Amanullah is naturally not to be used in such a way. By the time the British diplomats had recognized this fact, they had already decided to get rid of him.



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AFGHANISTAN'S ONLY RAILROAD

SIX MILES of track lead from Kabul to Dar ul Aman, Amanullah's new capital city. This is the only railway in all Afghanistan.

FROM the standpoint of war preparations against the Soviet Union, Afghanistan is a highly important base for the British. An independent Afghanistan represents a danger to the British possession of India, while an Afghanistan under British suzerainty would mean a real menace to the Central Asiatic regions of the Soviet Union.

Amanullah has not yet abandoned the fight. If he regains his authority he will be obliged to broaden his social basis, to rely on the peasants, to effect a land reform, to lessen the taxation of the peasants, and to carry on the fight against the feudal lords and the priests with greater determination than hitherto.

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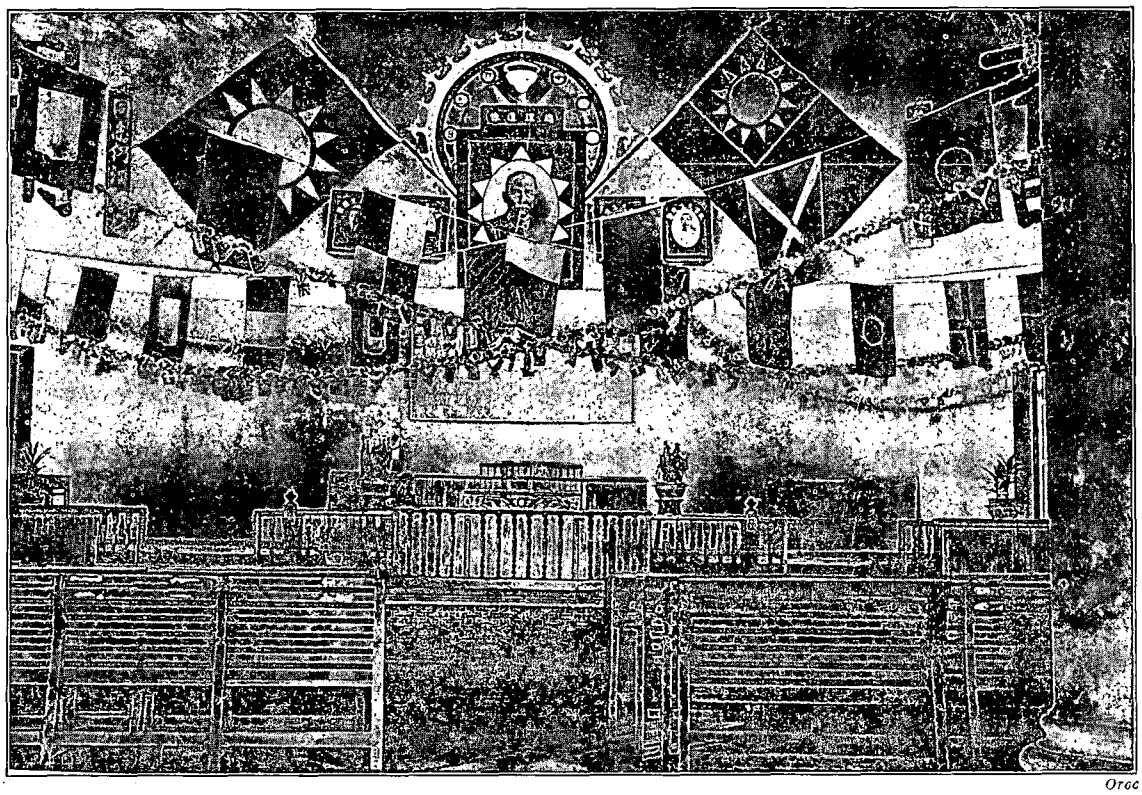

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A Cathedral of Revolution

The Canton Headquarters of the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party. The large picture in the central background is that of Sun Yat-Sen, founder of the Party. To the left of it is the official Party flag, a white sun on a blue field; to the right is the naval ensign of the Kuomintang — the same emblem superimposed on a red background.

Notes on a Revolution

A Wandering German Engineer Watches the Communist Terror Sweep over the Farm Lands of Kwangtung

By Karl Reinhardt

As Edited by Domenico Russo

Translated from the *Correspondant*, Paris Clerical Fortnightly

I am an engineer by profession, but in 1922 unfortunate circumstances forced me into trade in Harbin. Since then, moving through the territory served by the Russo-Chinese Manchurian Railroad, I have wandered as far as Hong Kong and Swatow. In the latter place I was fortunate enough to meet some people who had known me before my change of occupation. The experience that I had acquired during my years of wandering, however, was to prove more useful to me than my academic degrees. Whereas my engineer's diploma, which had brought me to Harbin in the beginning, was now useless, my knowledge of the Chinese dialects and of the exceedingly complicated commercial customs of the country was destined to open to me fields which at first seemed limitless. I spent two years in Hong Kong with a company which exported agricultural products. Then, in the summer of 1927, I yielded to the temptation of making a trip to the Chinese mainland in order to try to renew business contacts broken off by the civil war. Upon the result of this trip my fate depended, as did also the Far Eastern interests of the company which employed me; for business conditions had become so unfavorable that they were thinking of discharging not only myself but the greater part of their staff.

For two weeks I have been wandering through the rural regions of Kai-Fun on the southeast coast of Kwangtung, sometimes astride a mule followed by a little caravan of baggage carriers and preceded by the farmer who is acting as my guide, sometimes in a rickety little cart drawn by a Mongolian buffalo — the slowest, laziest, most stubborn of animals, but in these parts an invaluable means of locomotion. The roads are dreadful. I have just made a trip of some thirty miles along one such highway, which my guide says is very old, and which is apparently the work of some forgotten Chinese dynasty. It is a case of *sic transit gloria mundi;* for the unknown dynasty is to-day the object of maledictions from travelers and teamsters who are forced to make their way day after day along this miserable path.

They tell me that the roads have been left in this frightful state by troops fighting for the possession of the region. The transportation of ammunition, big guns, and food has completed the slow destruction of passing centuries. I prefer roads which are less crowded, less dusty, and more practicable. The farther we get from the main highway, the more quiet things are. We seem now to have reached

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a place where life continues just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Work goes on as usual in the rice fields and the tobacco plantations. In the villages, men gossip about business, about silk worms, about buying and selling sugar, about the next village fête, or about the prospects for good weather at the time of the fruit harvest.

If I had not seen what I did before I reached here, I should have been tempted to say that the Chinese, of all peoples, have the most delightful revolutions. But at the last crossroads there was striking evidence of what has occurred in this peaceful, happy country: dead men's heads nailed on posts as examples to the people of the blessings of order and obedience. But this was the only reminder that the country is in the throes of civil war. In the town there is not a soldier, not an official of the new régime to be seen, though the Canton Nationalist Government was recognized long ago.

My passport, a long parchment document bearing strange seals covered with hieroglyphics, had in the past been sufficient for my purposes. Here, however, it is difficult to get anything done unless one has the support of the local 'boss.' Every time I come to a town where I have business to transact, I have to appear with my passport before the municipal administrator — a sort of mayor who also exercises the functions of judge and, when necessary, those of lawmaker. I do not know whether he has a legal right to do all this, but in practice no one dares question him. The people obey his orders and submissively pay the fines to which he condemns those who break his laws. Those who cannot or will not pay their fines (which invariably go into the mayor's pocket) are turned over to the guards and flogged. Those who object to this system say that it is a general abuse which is the result of the violent, brutal dictatorship of the Kuomintang; but I am certain that the situation was not much different in the days of the Manchu Dynasty.

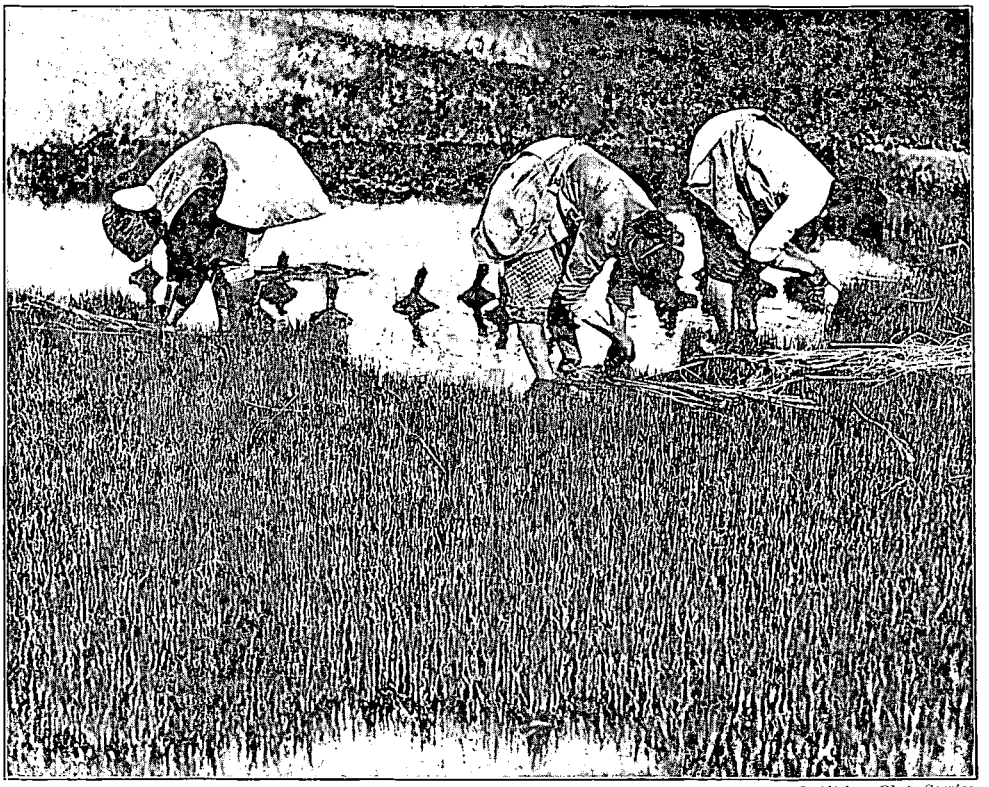
Thanks to the help of the local authorities, who were only mildly impressed by my parchment, but were attracted by the hope of receiving a percentage of the debts that I planned to collect, I was able to come to an agreement with the business men who owed money to my employers, and who were impressed by the idea of new profits from new contracts. It was a good beginning.

There are plenty of debtors, however, who oppose a passive resistance to my demands. In one village the mayor assured me that, although my debtors had lost their money in the recent insurrections, they would nevertheless be able to fulfill new contracts, since the last rice harvest had been unusually fine. This being the case, I invited the three leading farmers of the village to meet me in the mayor's house, where I explained that I wanted to make big purchases of rice. One after another, they told me of the enormous stocks they had in storage. They were rather surprised, however, when I told them that I would buy rice only on condition that a part of the profits should go to pay off their old debts to my employers. But the mayor, who was assured of his own profit in the transaction, talked to them and showed them my passport, arguing that they should accept my proposition unless they wished to incur the wrath of the Canton Government. This was enough to overcome their resistance, and the arrangement went through.

AS I pass through little hamlets, I hear exotic, discordant singing that hurts my ears, but thrills me nevertheless. Not sad songs nor melancholy, but the kind of song that one hears from the girls as they go out to the fields, or from the housewives as they work in their market gardens or busy themselves about the farmyard. The farmhouses, it is true, are poor and uncomfortable; but those who live in them do not feel this discomfort. They have been used to living in this way for thousands of years, and they want nothing better.

I am told that I have not yet seen the places most strongly affected by the civil war, and that there are some country villages where the Communists are really in power, although order has been officially reëstablished by the armies of Canton. This may be true, but at present I have the impression that all is peaceful. The people live tranquilly. They go about their own business, and the relations between the big landowners and the small farmers seem to have remained patriarchal, unshaken by Communist propaganda. There is about these villages an almost gay atmosphere which is to be found to-day only in regions which are still in the primitive stages of rural civilization. Poverty seems to bring with it a temperate life, and it does not cause the horrible scenes of misery usually encountered on the outskirts of the big cities of the East.

AFTER an interruption of three weeks, I am beginning to write my notes again. When I read what I have written before, I am angry with myself. How could I, who have lived in China so long, have been so cruelly mistaken? I have sought an explanation and I think I have found it. Basically, the rustic idyl that I found so attractive is not a dream; but



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WOMEN AT WORK IN CHINESE RICE FIELDS

'THINK OF THE MILLIONS of unfortunates who are now forced to work with their feet in the water and their lungs full of unhealthy air laden with yellow fever!' said a Chinese scientist-farmer to the author of this article. He was searching for a rice plant that would grow on dry land.

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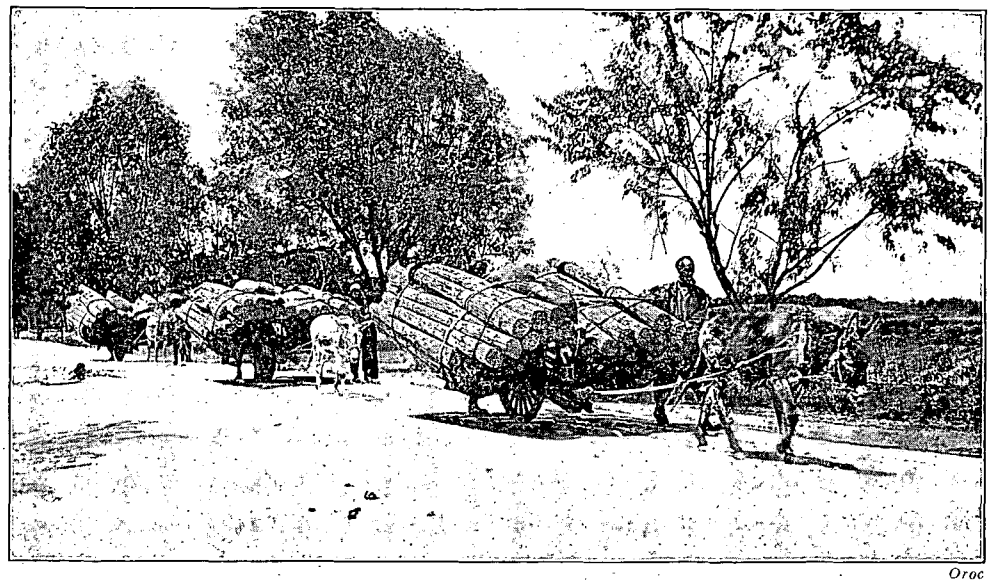

Orac

TOO HEAVY FOR EVEN A CHINESE LABORER TO PUSH

THE WHEELBARROW IN CHINA is usually piled so high with goods that the strongest man cannot hope to push it alone. A donkey is therefore hitched to the front to help.

side by side with it stands something very different.

I have taken the road to Liu-Fun. I have visited rice fields and tea plantations and nameless groups of huts which cannot even be called villages. I have visited the great landowners in their homes, and I have been able to examine more closely the patriarchal relations between them and the small farmers. I have felt the troubles of these latter unfortunates, and have come to know the misfortunes that are rendered bearable only by the vast patience of the Chinese people.

For the last ten years, in the district of Kai-Fun and in the neighboring regions, almost all the farmers have been forced to sell their land and become tenants of large landholders.

This and the breakdown of rural handicrafts are the main causes of the present crisis. At Tehiao-Techioun, conditions are very bad. I am told that the farmers have actually sold their children in order to pay the big landholders. It is, therefore, not surprising that Kai-Fun is the hotbed of the peasant revolution.

I WENT to the house of one of the big landowners who held former freemen in semi-slavery. According to the rules of Chinese courtesy, as soon as I saw him I made the ritual compliment: 'It is a great honor to be received in the house of so glorious a family.' The gentleman seemed astonished to hear me speak in his own language, but etiquette requires that a Chinese shall never show his astonishment. He replied, 'Welcome to the hut of my poor parents.' Having thus satisfied the demands of traditional courtesy, we became good friends within an hour.

We continued our conversation in English. My host preferred that language, for he said he very seldom had an opportunity to speak it. I accepted his preference readily enough, for I could express myself more easily in English than in Chinese.

He had a passion for applied botany. After having finished a course in an American university, he had visited Luther Burbank's nurseries in California, where the great American naturalist was developing new varieties of fruits and flowers which had extraordinary nutritive value, beauty, or capacity to live under certain climatic and soil conditions.

When he returned to China, my host turned several rooms in his house into a laboratory equipped with every kind of apparatus that he could buy in America. He showed it to me. As he pointed out microscopes, retorts, and stands containing hundreds of test tubes in which tiny plants were germinating, he explained the purpose of each with an emotion which betrayed him as the victim of monomania. It did not take long, however, for me to see that his was not a fruitless passion. He had made discoveries whose importance was clear even to the eyes of a layman.

'If I can find what I want,' he said in a trembling voice, 'I shall have accomplished the main purpose of my life. Think of the millions of unfortunates who are now forced to work in the rice fields, with their feet in the water and their lungs full of unhealthy air laden with yellow fever! The rice plant that I am looking for will make it possible to drain the marshes and to save the lives of millions of people.'

TO-DAY at sunset I called again upon my scientific farmer in the courtyard of his house. He was surrounded by magnificent peacocks, and was talking to them as if they were intelligent beings. Suddenly, the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of two young Chinese, a boy and a girl, both workers in the fields. They were accompanied by an overseer, who talked rapidly for a moment with the master. My host's expression underwent a sudden transformation. Across his face passed a shadow of sorrow, as if he felt obliged to do something which was offensive to him. The overseer moved off, the two young people following him, their heads down. I heard the girl speaking to him in a pleading voice, choked with sobs. Then they stood still a moment, as if they were waiting for something.

The bitter expression had not left my host's face, but in response to my query he explained, 'They have not done good work on the plantation — and not for the first time either. I ordered that they be flogged.'

I looked at him in astonishment. This benefactor of the human race, who only that morning had been telling me in a voice filled with emotion of the blessings which his discovery would bring to the poor workmen in the rice fields, seemed now like an utterly different man. He continued: —

'The girl begged me to pardon her. She said that she had never been whipped before. She said that she was ashamed to be whipped and I don't know what else. But what can I do? What can I do?'

He repeated the question again and again. He seemed to be waiting for me to help him, but I was perplexed and could not find words with which to answer. Finally, he motioned to the overseer, who seized the girl by the arm and dragged her out of the courtyard, moaning in desperation.

I said to my host, 'I think that it is by such methods that you prepare the ground for the Bolshevists. Why don't you at least leave the girl alone — you who have studied in the West?'

'You do not understand how things are done here,' he answered coldly. 'Do you think that I enjoy having these poor wretches punished? I suffer more than they do; but it is nevertheless my duty to punish them. I have no choice, for I must make them work. In Europe or in America, if a workman is not efficient, his employer can dock his pay, fine him. But what fine can these farmers

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pay, particularly the young ones, since they earn hardly enough to feed themselves? I can't raise their wages; competition is too great. We have more workmen than we can use, and America has shut her doors against our emigrants. When wages are low, work is bad; therefore, some stimulant is necessary. If I were to punish these wretches by a fine, they would have to go hungry and tomorrow they would do even worse work than before. There is only one remedy left — corporal punishment. That is our way in China.'

He fell silent a moment, then began to talk again in an almost pleading voice. 'You forget,' he said, 'that when they do not work well, they are wronging me and corrupting themselves. It is my duty to watch over their morals. In China, the big landowner is bound by patriarchal obligations, and a father should know how to punish. You know our writing. It is the symbol of a wisdom centuries old. How do we write "*fu*," which means "the father"? We combine the hieroglyph which means "the hand" with that which means "the stick." The hand grasping the stick — that is to be read "*fu*," "father."'

Just at this moment, rending cries reached us. The flogging had begun. . . .

NOW I am caught. They tell me that the coastal district has fallen once more into the hands of the Communists. Armed bands of peasants are already forming here. They have begun to pillage the houses of the big landowners and are killing those who resist. My situation is critical. The mayor, who offered me his hospitality, has disappeared without a word to me. What is going to happen when the insurgents find me in his house? There is no one who can help me, and my passport, which bears the seals of the Canton Government, is worse than a death warrant.

I AM SAVED for the moment, and the strange events in which I have taken part lead me to believe that all will be well. The Communists entered the village without firing a shot. The mayor's house, as I had foreseen, was their first objective. When the screaming crowd arrived beneath my windows, I grasped my revolver; I was determined to resist to the end. But it was not necessary. A venerable old man, the image of a Chinese saint, came up the stairs from which the servants and the guards had long since fled. When he entered the room and saw me ready to defend myself, he raised his hand and smiled.

It was not easy for us to understand each other. Chinese dialects are innumerable, and it is impossible to learn them all. He explained to me first that the rebels were looking only for the mayor, who was a representative of the Canton Government, which had wrongfully allowed the merchants and the big landowners to continue to abuse the people. He assured me that they would not touch a hair of my head.

'We want to bring you to Tsi-Si,' the old man said.

Tsi-Si was the name of a famous Manchu empress. Was I to be brought before a woman? Following my guide, I went out into the street. The uncertainty was terrible. I was given an armed escort. Was this to protect me or to take me to prison? We went down muddy alleys. Everywhere were groups of peasants armed with lances and sometimes with old guns. The inhabitants of the village had shut themselves up in their houses. The shops were all closed. I got the impression that everything was quiet.

In a room in one of the better houses of the village, its windows covered with iron grilles, a youthful figure was seated, leaning forward over a table. When I entered, the head was raised to look me over curiously. It was a girl! Beneath her masculine clothes she retained the gracefulness of her sex; she did not look at all like a revolutionary chief. She began to talk to me in English. English, of course, is the international language of the Far East.

'Who are you?'

'I am traveling for a German business house.'

'German? Can you prove it?'

It was evident that she was not very expert in the art of questioning prisoners. I thought that it would do no harm, therefore, to show her my passport. I was right. Before she had even finished looking at it, I started talking again. 'I should tell you that my mission has not thus far been very successful. I have been cheated by merchants, and I have discovered that they split their profits with the authorities.'

My questioner smiled. She seemed satisfied with my complaints.

'You are right,' she said. 'They are leeches, all of them. We will drive them out.'

What had begun as an inquisition thereupon turned into what was an almost cordial conversation. Tsi-Si had studied in a foreign college in Shanghai. She was in close contact with the Communist headquarters in Liu-Fun, but she was not a Bolshevist. As a matter of fact, she had only the vaguest idea of what the Bolshevist system is; and her idea of the purposes of the movement which she had joined was almost as vague. She knew simply what everyone who was taking part in it knew. What did the farmers want? The land, the land, the land! They wanted to get rid of the big landholders, the petty officials, and all the rest of it, and they did not want to pay any more taxes. Such a programme, simple in the extreme, was assured of wide support. Tsi-Si was not the only woman to take part in the insurrection. Since the civil wars began, many girls have joined bands of Reds, and not a few of them have paid for their wildness with their lives.

Tsi-Si wrote out a note which she gave to one of her men.

'Follow my messenger,' she said. 'He will take you to the house of Friend-Of-All-The-World. There you will be protected from all danger.'

Then, apparently in answer to a call from outside, she disappeared.

Friend-Of-All-The-World was a wise old ancient who lived on the main square. He welcomed me kindly, saying that he was happy to give hospitality to a foreigner. He assured me that so long as I was willing to live under his roof, no one would do me harm. He had some English books which he lent me: an old edition of Berkeley, another of Hume, and also some pamphlets on theosophy, edited by Annie Besant — rather dull reading. Friend-Of-All-The-World scarcely ever spoke, being usually engaged in deciphering Korean manuscripts. At fixed hours he walked in his garden, lost in meditations which I dared not interrupt.

SUDDENLY, outside in the street, the armed crowd began to bring up prisoners — men, women, and young boys and girls. An improvised tribunal was giving summary judgment upon the poor wretches. Standing by my side at the window, impassive, Friend-Of-All-The-World watched the spectacle with me.

A shopkeeper guilty of having failed to shout 'Long live Communism!' was condemned to receive two hundred strokes of the whip. As the blood ran from his back, the poor man begged his tormentors for mercy. Then, changing tactics, after each fresh stroke he cried out — this time on his own initiative — 'Long live Communism!' After the crowd had been put in a good humor by this spectacle, it was possible to get his sentence reduced.

Immediately the shopkeeper's place was taken by the whole family of a big landowner. The Communists' indictment of them read: 'They refused to give up their privileges and join us.' The

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document ended by describing the punishment: 'Their faces shall be branded with a red-hot iron.' But this savage judgment could not be executed immediately. First, the whole town had to be searched for the branding iron.

The head of the family was the first to undergo the torture. He did so without flinching, in complete silence. His son followed his example. With the mother and the girls, however, it was not the same. Weeping and screaming, they did their best to twist out of the tormentor's grip. When he finally succeeded in holding them still, and the white-hot metal was applied firmly to their cheeks, they screamed their pain in an infernal chorus. The crowd watched this procedure and drowned the cries of the tortured with their own shouts of applause.

'This will turn into a massacre,' I said disturbedly to Friend-Of-All-The-World. 'Why don't you, who have the respect of these people, put a stop to this torture?'

Instead of answering me, my host took an English book from a shelf — a history of philosophy. Having opened it to the chapter on Spinoza, he pointed with an extremely long finger nail to a sentence which he had underlined: 'Neither weep nor laugh, but seek to understand.' Then he took up his place at the window again. I was horrified.

THE mayor has reëntered the village at the head of a band of mercenary troops. The government regulars are far away. Our liberators, however, have begun in their turn to pillage the shops. Executions are promised for to-morrow. The people seem content. To-night, on the square on which the horrible spectacle of the people's tribunal took place, and which to-morrow will run with blood once more, a troupe of traveling entertainers has come to amuse the crowd. It is as if life were going on as usual, and nothing extraordinary had happened. Particularly striking is the puerile enthusiasm of the spectators, especially for the magician member of the troupe, the *lunka*.

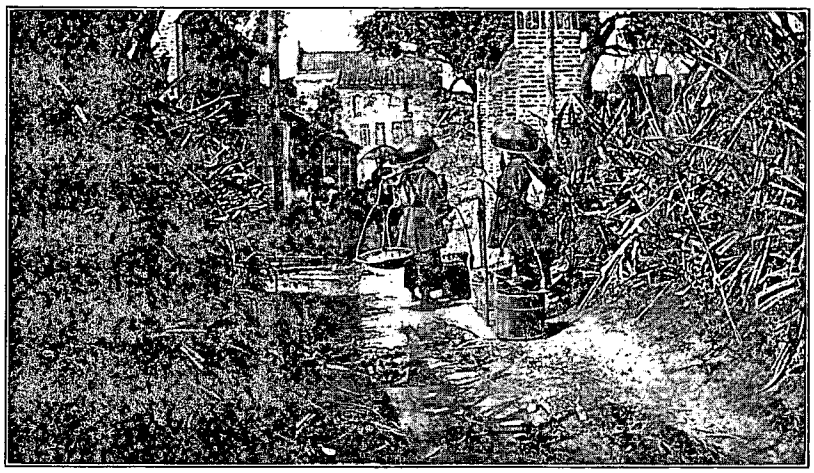
'*Kao! Kao!* — Good! Good!' cries the crowd. To-morrow it will be different.

THIS morning twenty-three heads fell beneath my windows. They were those of farmers who had been arrested with arms on them, or who had merely been suspected of having taken part in the insurrection. A student from Liu-Fun and six other people, four of them women, have been hanged by the horrible method of 'slow torture,' which the latest Chinese code mentions, but does not describe in full. That lack, however, is made up by every executioner's familiarity with the methods by which this 'slow torture' has been carried on for centuries. It ordinarily takes about an hour and a quarter before death occurs, but one of the four women was definitely dead after three-quarters of an hour. As she hung there, a cry rose from the crowd: '*Kao! Kao!* — Good! Good!' It was the same thing they had cried when the entertainers performed! On his platform the hangman stood smiling, happy to see his art appreciated; for in China the hangman's task is considered not in the least disgraceful or ignominious.

WITH his usual calm, Friend-Of-All-The-World said to me: 'Tsi-Si has been arrested. She will be beheaded this afternoon.'

When he had said this, he turned back to his work. I leaped up from where I sat, struggling hard to keep my wits about me. Then I said to him: 'That girl saved my life when the revolutionary tribunal wanted to condemn me to death. Whatever her sins may be, we must try to save her.'

Friend-Of-All-The-World looked up suddenly. Then he explained to me that it was absolutely impossible to intervene in favor of the condemned girl. Besides, he said, events were only taking the course that they rightfully should take. He began to quote proverbs to me. I could not, would not, listen.



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IN A KWANGTUNG VILLAGE

THE WOMEN OF KWANGTUNG, in South China, where the strange incidents described by the author of this article occurred, wear hats that look like oversize doughboys' helmets.

'In the name of your obligations as my host,' I pleaded, 'I beg of you to help me save Tsi-Si!'

To this argument he yielded. A learned Chinese dares not ignore the sacred bonds which bind him to his guest, and it was Tsi-Si herself who had sent me to Friend-Of-All-The-World.

A half hour later, the two of us, Chinese and European, stood together before the mayor, who had power of life and death over the inhabitants of the town. This official seemed highly flattered by a visit from the old man, who did not ordinarily leave his own house, but it was not an easy task to persuade him to reverse the decision he had made. Finally he yielded, however, and said, 'I will stay the execution. But I am obliged to punish her as an example, I cannot let her go completely free. Certainly you do not ask me that!'

'I never doubted the justice of your decision,' I said. 'I am not talking about right or wrong; I am demanding mercy.'

Friend-Of-All-The-World nodded in approbation, but the official had a surprise in store for us.

'Good,' he murmured. 'I will comply with your demand. Tsi-Si will be flogged this very day in the square.'

I made a gesture of indignation; then I saw in Friend-Of-All-The-World's eyes a sudden glint. Had he not advised me not to ask too much?

Nevertheless, I tried once more to convince them. 'Tsi-Si was brought up in European fashion. She will never be able to live through so ignominious a punishment.' I forget what else I said, but I remember that it was all fruitless. Finally, I had to leave, thanking the barbarous official for his indulgence.

Tsi-Si appeared in the midst of the crowd, dignified, superb. But when she saw the wooden steps leading up to the table upon which she would be laid to receive her degrading punishment, she began to fight and protest. For a last moment, I saw her face, red with shame, distorted by fear. Then I turned quickly away from the window. Perhaps she would have preferred to die. When I thought of this, I felt almost guilty.

I heard the hissing of the whips as they swept through the air. Then there came a different hissing that grew into a deafening shout, smothering the screams of the girl: '*Kao! Kao! Kao!*' It was the crowd showing their approbation.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

An Epic of the Subway

THE subways of New York inspire the visiting foreigner with emotions which vary all the way from horror through amazement and curiosity to delight. It is not often, however, that we are favored with an expression of these feelings in verse. A French poet who signs himself Raphael d'Amour has recently returned from the United States and has written for the *Revue Mondiale* what he calls *A Modern Odyssey*, apparently based upon a thrilling journey from the Bronx to Brooklyn on the B. M. T. Georges Bigot kindly supplies the introduction which follows, for the benefit of those Frenchmen who have never ventured as far as New York.

No one who has not actually traveled in one of these New York *metros* (in English, subways) can imagine what it is like. Dante himself might have found inspiration in it for his *Inferno*. There are ten cars to a train, and each car contains a hundred passengers, jammed in like sardines with their noses buried in the inevitable American newspaper. During the so-called 'rush hour,' these sardines are pressed into a sort of pudding. Still, the subway takes you long distances with amazing speed. For a mere five cents, for example, you can travel nearly forty miles.

First comes the poet's invocation to the Muse: —

I sing, O Muse, a most amazing thing —
That even wreathed Homer could not sing —
An Epic of the Underground. I ask
Thy aid to make me worthy of my task.
Place me astride the godly, winged horse;
From Bronx to Brooklyn let me take my course.

Then he enters the subway station and goes through the turnstile: —

Now am I on Inferno's very lip.
No light from all the world above can slip
Into these depths. As in great Dante's lay,
Behind me Hope forever flies away.
The Tunnel Cerberus, a strange Machine,
Swallows my nickel; quick withdraws a lean,
Long, lanky arm to let me join the pack —
And then, to thank me, hits me in the back.

Then during the ride itself: —

One neighbor, arms about my shoulders curled,
Crams down my throat a copy of the *World*.
Three other neighbors angrily compete
To see which one shall walk upon my feet.
All, all munch gum. Too many have (O Death!)
Horresco referens — a garlic breath!

Finally, he emerges above ground, determined to take the first ship back to France: —

My Odyssey is done. I breathe at last.
The horrors of the Underground are past.
Out in the air, I flee the hungry crowds
And praise my re-won freedom to the clouds.

A Mississippi Idyl

IT is certainly unusual to find in a British newspaper a faithful and understanding account of the people who dwell in some insignificant rural district of the United States. And when such an account includes an exiled Lancashire housewife, it must strengthen at least the sentimental bonds of friendship between the 'English'-speaking nations. The *Manchester Guardian* recently published such a sketch, of houseboat life on the Mississippi.

We had picnicked on the Mississippi sands and were waiting for the sun to set over the water, and for the fireflies to come out among the willows. A few yards away the usual group of squatter children were playing that a log was a truck load of river sand, and hauling at it with soft throaty cries of, 'Git up dah, git up dah, you ole mule.' All was drowsy harmony, until suddenly an alien voice shrilled out, 'Eh, yo lads, you have for t' let me be yon mule,' and a tow-headed little girl shot among them.

We sat up amusedly; that accent could only have come from Lancashire, and her fair skin and pink cheeks were anachronisms among those warm browns and golds. So was her starched print pinafore as she dashed into the squirming pile of torn jackets and sagging trousers. We bribed her with cookies to come and talk to us, and she sat cross-legged on the sand and chattered with great self-possession. Her name was Lisbeth Ann, and she had 'allus' lived here; there was where she lived in yon green house among the trees, with a hen coop by the front step, and yon were her dad's shrimping nets drying by the swing — he was out in the boat though. 'Scoot, you nigger,' she ordered, as one of the pickaninnies came over to our fire; then conceded, 'You can give her a cookie first if you want. Yon's my gang,' she explained complacently as the child trotted back to the log. 'My ma says as I'm too bossy wi' 'em — yon's my ma hollering now.'

Above the pleasant drone of a Louisiana evening a strident voice was calling. 'Lisbeth A-a-an,' with that prolonged, uprising last syllable that belongs to Lancashire backyards and lends itself to carrying over hen pens and lines of washing. Out from the willows a fair-skinned woman in a print bodice and skirt bore down on Lisbeth Ann —

'Try and keep thy pinny clean till thy dad cums hoam, for goodness sake — and doan't let me see thee a-playing thee till thee's fetched some wood in.'

Then as Lisbeth Ann sauntered off she turned to us. 'Childer talks so. I hopes as her's not bin saying aught.'

She stared down at us with a worried look on her lined face, her hands held together angularly. We assured her that Lisbeth Ann had been discretion itself, and pressed coffee on her. She retreated a step. 'I cannot abide it — a faddling sort of drink I've allus thought. I'se be makking mysen a cup o' tea in a bit.' Again she eyed us doubtfully, and returned to her subject. 'Not as we've aught to hide or be shamed of. Yon's a good house we live in, even if it's not in a row, but some folks might think it was scarce Christian to be living in a boat.'

We assured her fervently that it had always been our ideal to live in a boat on the Mississippi sands, and that the green house looked far nicer than any house in a row. She stared at us again, but sighed with a certain relief. 'Seems like sometimes you don't know where you are like,' she confided, lowering her voice and sitting stiffly on a log by us. 'All them heathen blacks around. Not but what I'm their match, and they're simple souls enough, most on 'em — but th' insides of their houses makes me sick.' Again she eyed us challengingly, 'You'll be thinking, I dare say, as th' inside of mine is t' same?'

Emphatically we denied the charge, and she became more expansive. 'Not as I found it so easy for t' manage. There was a time as I could have give up. Will yo believe it, they doan't keep rubbing-stones i' these parts, nor doorsteps neither for that matter. Says I to my husband, how can I keep my house tidy looking if I cannot have a flag and a rubbing-stone for it? I could have cried. However, he found me a big stone and I whitewashes it — he's a good husband, Pino they calls him, short for Philippino, him coming from there. That's not to say he's a black, though there's some thinks so, him being that dark in the skin,' and she eyed us earnestly again.

We disclaimed any thought that a Philippino was a black, and asked where they had met. 'It was in the Great War — he went over with the Yanks to fight,' she explained, 'and I was in service at the time in London wi' a captain's wife, and that was how we cum to wed. Not as I knew what I was cumming to here — but I've no cause to be shamed to show anyone my house — you can step in now and have a see if you like.'

She rose stiffly and led the way through the willows to a green hut that looked like all the rest in the distance, but turned out to have a few alien touches. There was the usual chicken coop near the door, and the usual cloud of flies buzzing round some muskrat skins nailed to the shingles to dry, but the hut itself was freshly painted, and at the foot of the wooden stair leading to the door there was the stone, startlingly white.

'Now you'll see as I've nought to complain on — everything of the best,' she urged, and pulled aside the muslin curtain that screened the doorway. We ducked our heads to enter, peering around in the dim light that the willows made, and a wave of soap and metal polish swept toward us. Soap breathed from the scrubbed table and dresser, even from the print bedcover. Metal polish reeked from the brass candlesticks and kettle.

'It's not easy to keep my brights the way they should be — seems as this fog as cums up from t' river gets into their insides like.' She shivered. 'Not as I shall let it get in there, nor into my bones neither. But it cums over me sometimes — mebbe it's this hot weather and them mosquitoes makes folks careless like — but how can I get Lisbeth Ann brought up reet?'

Through the window we saw Lisbeth Ann's pinafore waver aloft for a flag as she led the mob of squatter children in pursuit of Mammy Gin's goat that had escaped from its tether on the levee.

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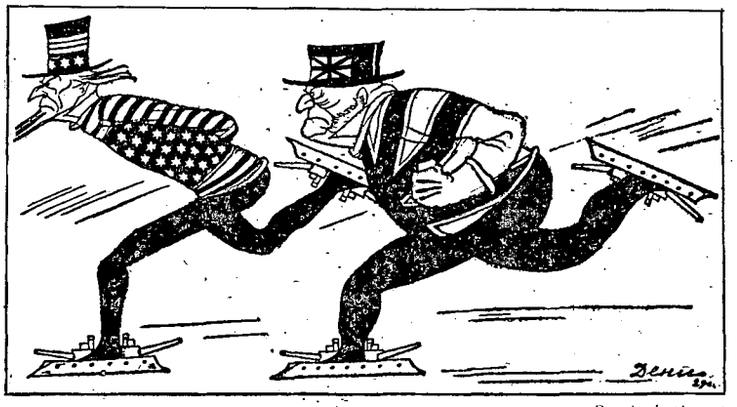
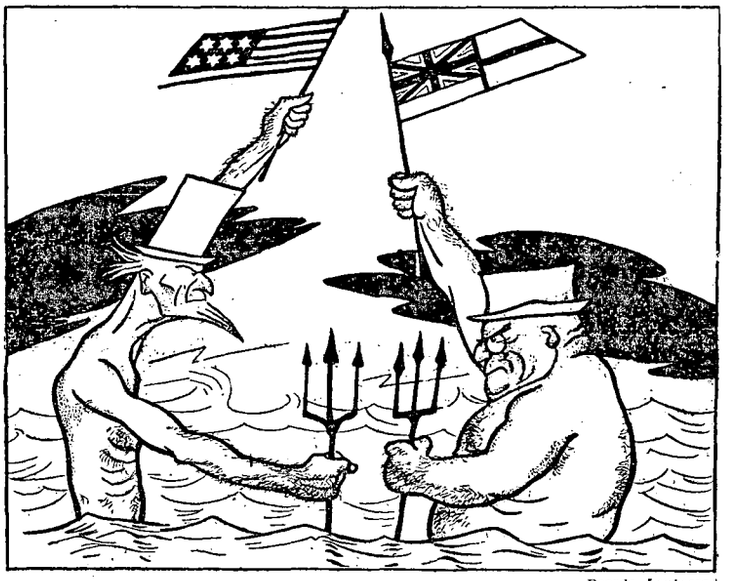
Russia Watches Anglo-American Friction



Pravda, Leningrad

INTERNATIONAL SKATING RACES

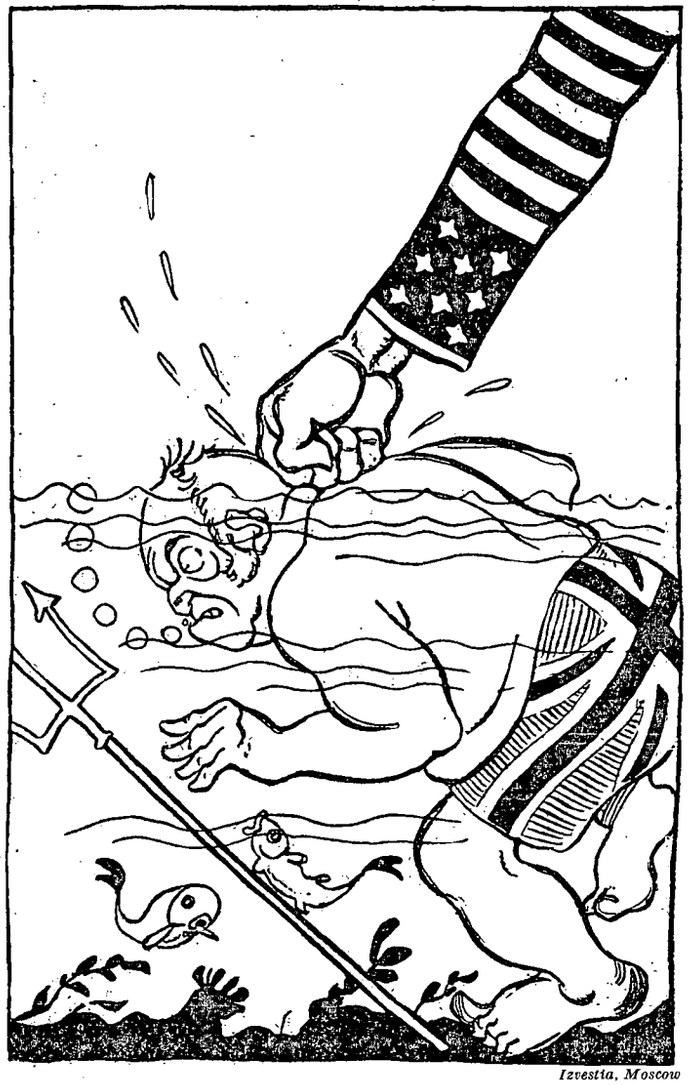
THE UNITED STATES and Great Britain race for the championship with cruisers as skates.



Pravda, Leningrad

RIVALRY FOR THE WATER

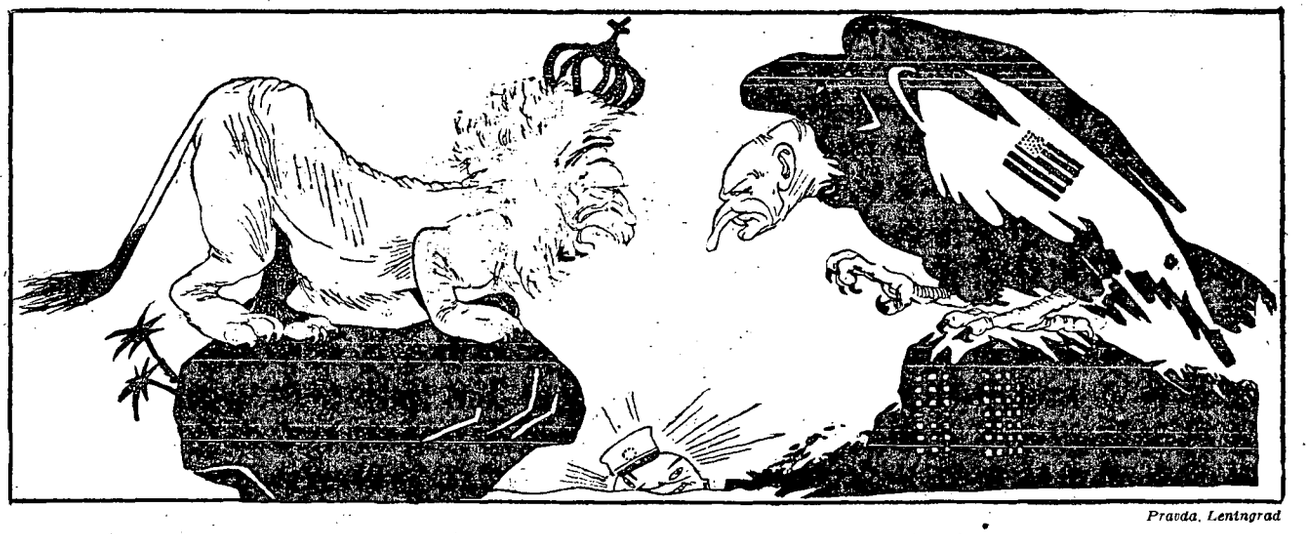
UNCLE SAM and John Bull glower at each other and wave their flags.



Izvestia, Moscow

SENATOR BORAH SPEAKS

ON THE FREEDOM of the seas. 'True, Britannia rules the waves!'



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FRIENDSHIP AMONG THE ANIMALS

THE AMERICAN EAGLE threatens the British Lion while a complacent Japan looks on.

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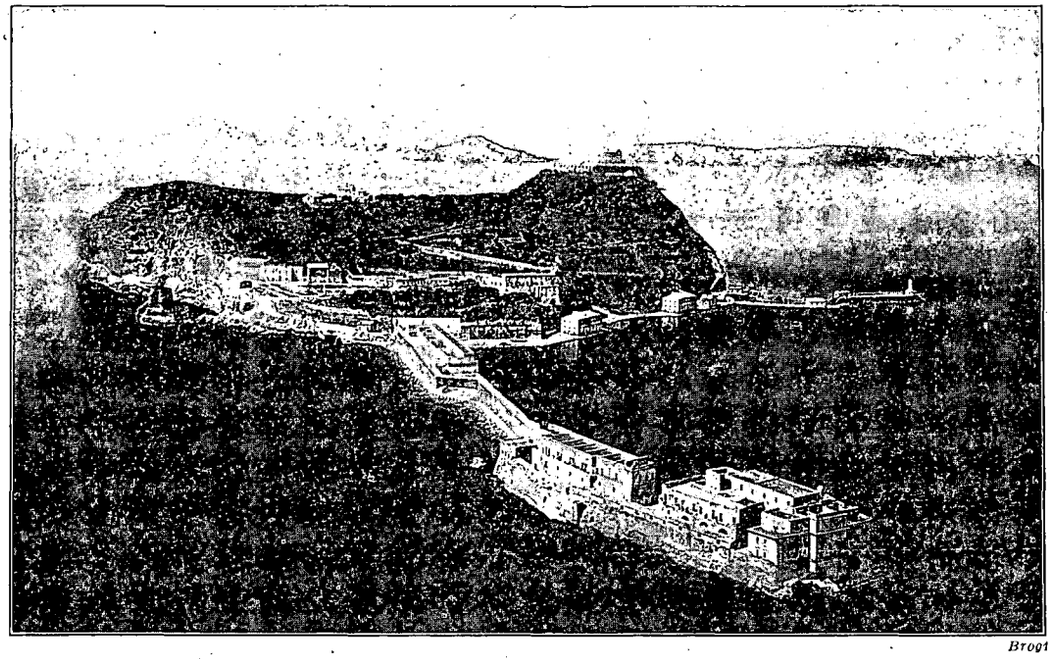


Brogi

A NEAPOLITAN PANORAMA

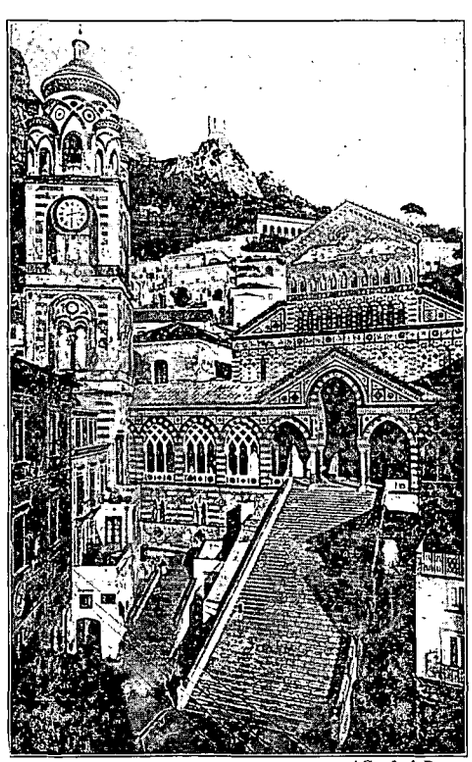
A GLORIOUS VIEW of the blue sea off Naples, looking out upon Cape Miseno, Nisida, and Procida.

World Travel Notes

Spring in Italy

WHETHER you find yourself at the Lido, watching the Davis Cup Matches at the Excelsior Palace Hotel, or whether Milan, with its international races, beckons you, the springtime is the right time to be in Italy. Even if specific events, such as the Feast of the Palombella at Orvieto, where the wine, incidentally, is as exquisite as the flowers that bloom in the spring, or the Prince of Piedmont's 50,000-lira prize race at Turin, do not interest you, Italy itself is certain to. The combination of matchless scenery, beauty, and history in the concrete, with a people as open-hearted, smiling, and cordial as happy children, is irresistible. If you have read G. B. Stern's *Thunderstorm*, and liked it, you will take Italy and the Italians to your heart. For they have all the lyric beauty, the absurd vehemence, and the warmheartedness that make *Thunderstorm* such a delightful book. And in the spring, when a current of exuberance courses through the blood, Italy is one of the best places in the world to be.

Perhaps the best approach to Naples is by water. The Bay of Naples is beauty on a large scale — calm beauty of infinite, sparkling blue water; terrible beauty of Vesuvius with its significant curl of smoke. Naples, the city, is on the same lavish, lovely pattern. Mussolini's recent clean-up is happily apparent to the naked eye, and fixed hotel and taxi prices do much to make Naples comfortable as well as inspiring. Naples is perhaps more an outdoor city than any other in Italy. Her famous aquarium in the leafy Villa Nazionale, has a sort of undersea fascination, with electric fish and living coral. But her teeming streets are even more fascinating. The Titian 'Danae,' the Cellini casket, and the chess table from Pompeii repay you for an afternoon spent in the Museo Nazionale, but if your time is brief, a walk along the waterfront will reveal more vital aspects of the ancient city. Take a carriage to the Castel Nuovo, residence of the kings of the houses of Anjou and Aragon, and, if you have a leaning toward fine old churches, see the Incoronata nearby, as well as Santa Chiara, San Domenico Maggiore, and the Cathedral. Then begin to steep yourself in the Neapolitan street scene. From the flowerpots on the lamp-posts to the hand-painted shafts of the donkey carts, everything in Naples bears the stamp of the joy of living. Near the Via Roma you will find native shops that fairly hum with life and gleam with local color. You must learn to be a good bargainer, for straight commerce has no appeal for the average Italian shopkeeper. He would rather come down a few lira and have the pleasure of conversing with you on the merits of his wares than have you pay him what he asks. To see the real native life, in all its haranguing, smiling bustle, take a stroll through the unspoiled old section near the Via Carmine. The



'Grafia,' Roma

AMALFI

THE CATHEDRAL and campanile, with the ruined donjon of a mediæval castle silhouetted on a crag in the background.

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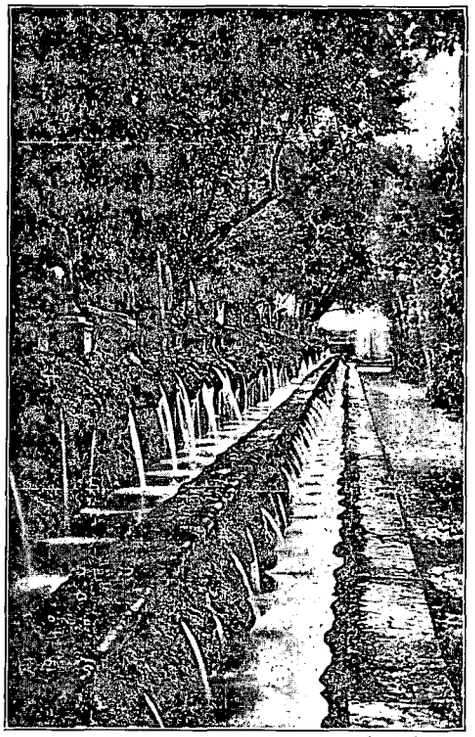
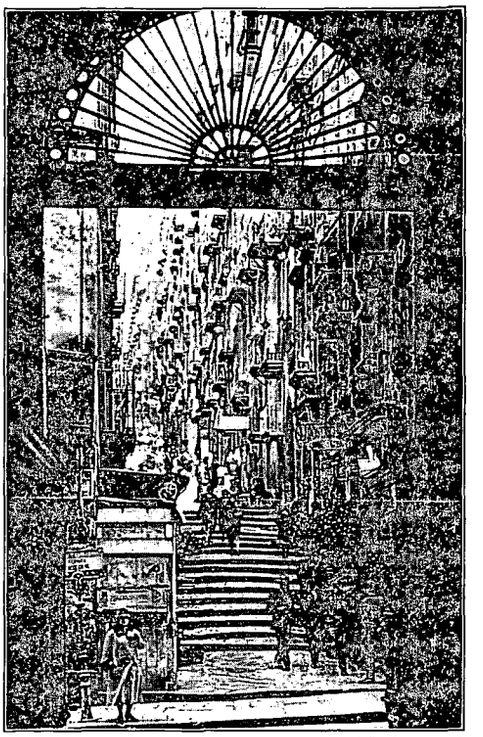


'Grafia,' Roma

BY THE SHORES OF LAKE COMO

COOL FOUNTAINS in the gardens of the Villa d'Este near Tivoli, close by one of the most charming of the beautiful lakes which attract tourists to northern Italy.



'Grafia,' Roma

AN UP-AND-DOWN STREET IN NAPLES

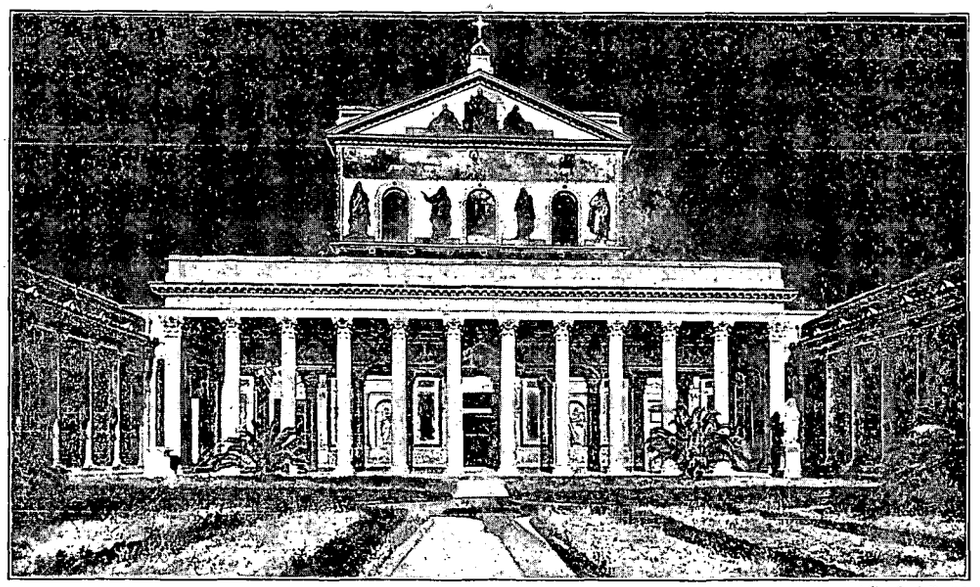
ALMOST LIKE ORIENTAL bazaars are some of the shopping streets in colorful Naples, whose merchants were trading with the East long before America was discovered.

open-air fish market there is infinitely more rewarding in humor, humanity, and color than any museum or aquarium on earth. Toward evening, take the funicular to the Bertolini Palace Hotel and have your tea with a view. Later you may want to watch the sunset from the heights of Castel Sant' Elmo, built in the fourteenth century by Robert the Wise. In the evening, a concert in the Villa Nazionale, or a local opera, provides good entertainment.

One of the chief charms of Naples is the variety of interesting places in the near neighborhood. There are Pompeii, Pozzuoli, and Paestum, pages preserved from the rich tome of the past. There is Vesuvius, into whose very maw you may gaze, as you ponder on the past villainies of the still active volcano. There are Amalfi, Sorrento, and Capri, for beauty of aspect, perfect relaxation, and simple amusements, such as swimming, driving, and becoming enchanted with provincial Italian life. One thing about southern Italy: you don't have to talk Italian to make yourself understood. Those natives who do not talk English accomplish wonders by means of smiles and pantomime. Esperanto would be *de trop* among these children of nature.

Within an easily explored radius, Rome offers you three thousand years of history. It is wise to apportion your day's sight-seeing according to your energy, for Rome is likely to produce museum fatigue and a loathing for ruins in the breast of an unwise tourist. If you have the time, take the three inclusive tours offered by Cook's or the American Express, cull what you really want to see, and spend a morning or an afternoon, but not both the same day, revisiting your favorite places on foot, or in one of the victorias which are among the minor blessings of Italy. Spend the other half of the day watching the lovely, large-eyed, brief-frocked children in the Pincian Gardens, or teaing in the Casino della Rose in the Borghese, or driving out along the Appian Way. Ostia, Rome's Coney Island, and Fregenae, more exclusive and hardly known to tourists, are beaches which offer refreshment after too much sight-seeing.

Florence, except for her charming environs, is chiefly an indoor city. The Pitti and the Uffizi are perhaps the two most thrilling art galleries in Europe. Both galleries are full, as Maurice Hewlett wrote in despair, of 'leagues of imprisoned pictures,' masterpieces in bewildering, almost fantastic number. In the Riccardi Palace, once the sumptuous home of the Medici, you will find that dominant, colorful, inescapable family immortalized in a magnificent fresco, 'The Journey of the Magi.' The Palazzo Vecchio, the Bargello, the Davanzati, furnished in fourteenth-century manner, the Accademia di Belle Arti, with the original of the Michelangelo 'David,' whose beautiful young strength is found, in replica, elsewhere in Florence — all of these treasure-houses justly claim time and attention. The Medici Chapel, last chapter in the roistering, vainglorious, mighty lives of those lovers of art and intrigue, is an impressive place. Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novella, the Duomo and its Baptistry, with Ghiberti's wonderful bronze doors, the Cathedral Museum, with Donatello's and della Robbia's singing galleries, also claim your time and homage. Della Robbia's



'Grafia,' Roma

IN ROME, THE MOTHER OF CHURCHES

THE BEAUTIFULLY proportioned Basilica di S. Paolo in the Italian capital.

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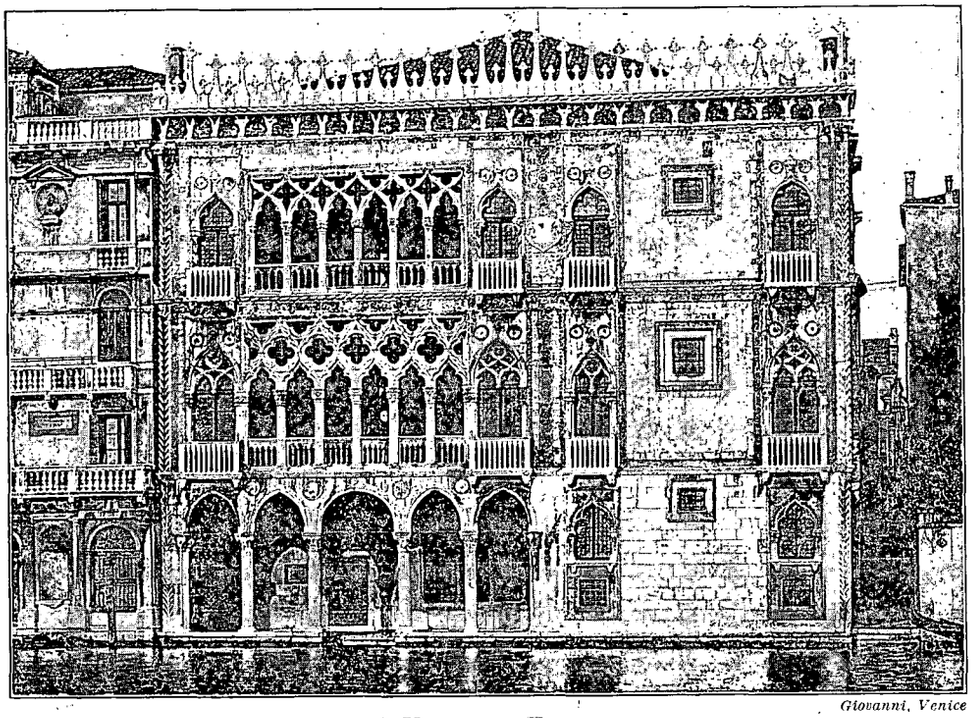


Giovanni, Venice

A VENETIAN FAÇADE

'TO DRIFT ALONG in a gondola, feasting your eyes on the lacy fretwork of palaces, is an adventure in contentment without parallel.'

bambini, adorning the Hospital of the Innocents, will enchant you.

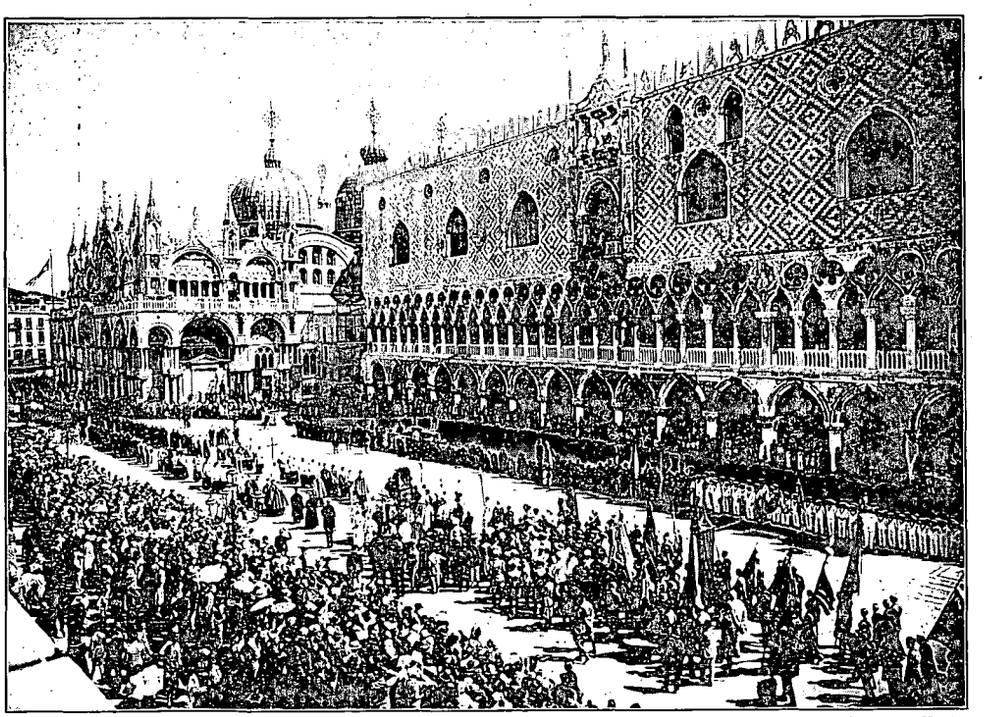
For diversion, shop on the Ponte Vecchio for cameos and filigree silver, or on the Borgo San Jacopo for copper, brass, and pottery, or on the Via Guicciardini for majolica and leather. Or, at about four o'clock, take a carriage to San Miniato, by way of the Viale dei Colli, and, after you have visited the lovely old church, look at the sunset from the Piazzale Michelangelo, where stands another 'David.' Or take the tram to Certosa, where white-robed monks wander in the ancient, fragrant cloister and distil an exquisite liqueur, using the honey made by their own bees. Or, for an afternoon and evening, take the tram from the Piazza del Duomo to Fiesole, where a Franciscan convent, Roman ruins, and a remarkable panorama of Florence will reward you. If you can also take the time to visit San Gimignano, you should see this ancient walled town with its thirteen slender towers.

The pleasantest way to accomplish the journey from Rome to Florence is by motor, visiting Orvieto, famous for its aforementioned wine and its beautiful cathedral; Assisi, sacred to the memory of Saint Francis; Perugia, which has two fine old churches and a good picture gallery; and Siena, with its typical mediæval Piazzo del Campo, where the famous races are run.

Between Florence and Venice, Padua, with its celebrated University, may be visited; Bologna and Ravenna, where the nightingales sing, are two good excuses, also, for breaking the trip to the city on the lagoon.

Venice is the best place in Italy to do nothing, see no sights, and be thoroughly happy. To drift along in a gondola, feasting your eyes on the lacy fretwork of palaces that Marco Polo knew, is an adventure in contentment without parallel. There are things to see in Venice, if you tire of loafing. The Church of St. Mark has a rich golden altar, and the Doge's Palace has innumerable pictures. Most likely, though, you will be charmed merely to drift about the Piazza, gazing at the exterior of these two buildings which Ruskin called respectively the most beautiful and the most perfect in the world. You can climb into the arrow point of the Campanile, and gaze out at the lagoon. You can see the Titian at the Church of the Frari. You can take a boat out to Murano and watch them blow glass, or to Burano and watch them make lace. Or you can shop in the Merceria, or in the expensive but luxurious shops of the Square. For bargains, the Rialto is the shopper's Mecca. By properly adroit and polite bargaining, you can acquire a hand-embroidered silk shawl for about 200 lira, or $10. Beware of the glass factories that send out touts whose business it is to lure you in to see how glass is made. You see very little, and the glass your conscience makes you buy is high-priced and usually ugly.

There is something almost unreal about the Italian lake country and the surrounding Lombard plain. Como, Maggiore, d'Orta, di Garda, with their wooded shores, their aquamarine blue brightness, are pure beauty. Life in the picturesque villages is gay and has behind it the comfort of expert hotel-keeping, an advantage that not all picturesque resorts possess. Lake Como, bounded by mountains rising over eight thousand feet in height, its blue surface extending almost thirty miles, is the beauty of Italy incarnate.



Giovanni, Venice

A TAPESTRY OF LIFE AND COLOR

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of Corpus Christi in Saint Mark's Square, Venice.

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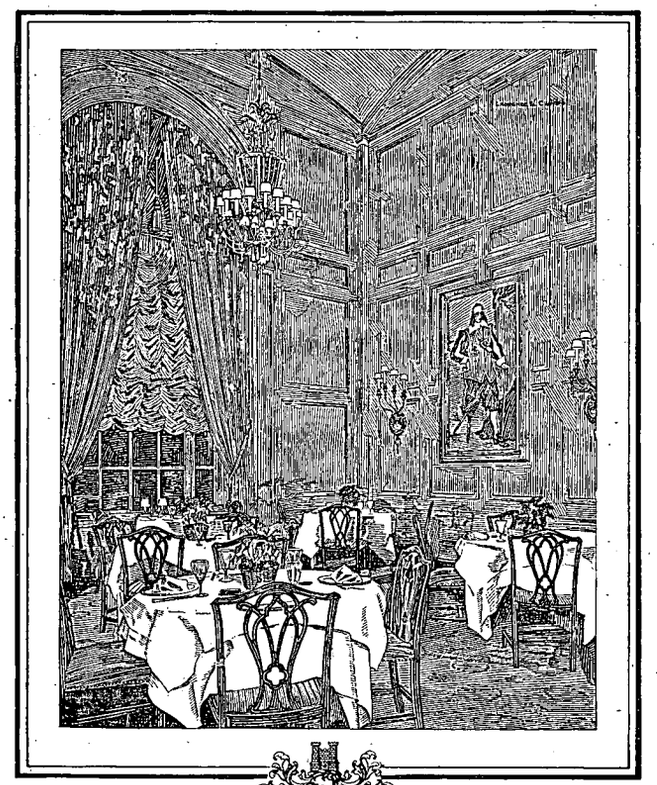

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UNITED HOTELS

World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 162)

ALDERSHOT. *June* 18–22, Searchlight Tattoo.
ASCOT. *June* 18–21, Ascot Race Meeting.
BIRMINGHAM. *June* 15, England v. South Africa First Test Cricket Match.
BRIGHTON. *June* 12–13, Sussex County Agricultural Show.
BUNGAY. *June* 6–7, Suffolk Agricultural Show.
DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN). *June* 10, 12, 14, Tourist Trophy Motorcycle Races.
DUNSTABLE. *June* 20, Bedfordshire Agricultural Show.
EPSOM. *June* 5, Derby Stakes Races; 6, Coronation Cup Races; 7, Oaks Stakes Races.
GLOUCESTER. *June* 4–6, Three Counties Agricultural Show.
HARROWGATE. *July* 9–13, Royal Agricultural Show.
HATFIELD. *June* 27, Herts Agricultural Show.
HENDON. *June* 29, Annual Aërial Pageant.
HENLEY. *July* 3–6, Henley Regatta.
HURLINGHAM. *June* 14, Polo Pony Show; 24–29, Championship Cup Polo Matches.
LEAMINGTON. *June* 15, 19–22, Music Festival.
LEICESTER. *June* 14–15, Leicestershire Agricultural Show.
LONDON. *June* 6, Royal Horticultural Society Show opens; 8, Test Trial Cricket Match at Lords; 20–29, International Horse Show at Olympia; 29, England v. South Africa, Second Test Cricket Match at Lords; *July* 4–7, American Orthopedic Association Convention; 10–19, opening of British and American Students' Conference on International Affairs; 19–*August* 15, Holiday Courses for Foreigners, University of London.
LYNN. *June* 19, Royal Norfolk Agricultural Show.
OXFORD. *June* 7–8, Oxford v. Cambridge Tennis Matches; *July* 10–19, opening of British and American Students' Conference on International Affairs; 30, opening of Summer School at Oxford University.
PENZANCE. *June* 12–13, Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show.
RICHMOND. *June* 13–15, Richmond Royal Horse Show.
ROEHAMPTON. *June* 3–8, Roehampton Cup Polo Matches; 10–15, Junior Championship Polo Matches.
SANDOWN PARK. *July* 19, Eclipse Stakes Races.
STAFFORD. *June* 12–13, Staffordshire Agricultural Show.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *July* 1–*September* 7, Shakespeare Summer Festival.
SYDENHAM. *July* 6, Salvation Army Festival at the Crystal Palace.
WIMBLEDON. *June* 24–*July* 6, All-England Tennis Championships.
WITHAM. *June* 12–13, Essex Agricultural Show.
YORK. *June* 13, Agricultural Show.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *July* 14, Bastille Day.
BAGNÈRES-DE-BIGORRE. *July* 16–*September* 15, Vacation Courses for Foreign Students, University of Toulouse.
CAEN. *July* 4–*August* 4, Holiday Courses open at the International Institute of Pedagogy.
CAMARET. *June* 16, Pardon (Fête of the Sea).
CARCASSONNE. *July* 14, Fête and *Illumination de la Cité.*
CROZON. *June* 30, Pardon (St. Pierre).
DEAUVILLE. *July* 14, opening of Horse Races.
DIEPPE. *July* 29, opening of Summer Courses for Foreign Students.
GRENOBLE. *July* 1, Vacation Courses for Foreign Students at the University of Grenoble.
ÎLE DE GROIX. *June* 24, Blessing of the Sea.
LE FAOUËT. *June* 30, Pardon.
LILLE. *July* 18–*August* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners.
LOCMINÉ. *June* 30–*July* 2, Great Pardon.
MARSAL. *June* 11, St. Amable's Day.
MARSEILLE. *June* 16, Festival of the Sacred Heart.
MONTFORT-L'AMAURY. *June* 30, Pardon.
NANCY. *July* 7–*September* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners at the University of Nancy.

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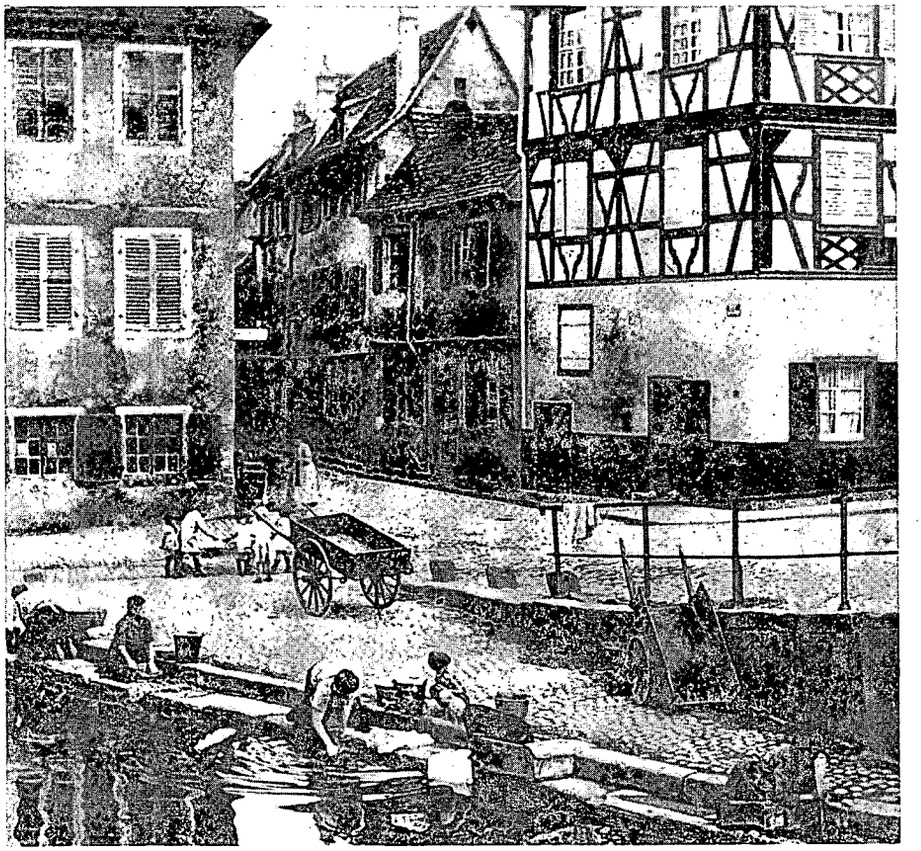
PARIS. *June* 2, *Prix de Diane* Horse Races at Chantilly; 9, *Prix du Jockey Club* Horse Races at Chantilly; 19–22, International Congress of Scientific Organization of Work (scientific management of industry), meetings, speeches, moving pictures, visits to factories following final date; 28, 'Drags' Races at Auteuil; 30, *Grand Prix* Horse Races at Longchamp; *July* 15–*August* 3, Summer Course of Institut de Phonétique, University of Paris.
PENMARCH. *July* 7, Pardon.
PLOUGASTEL-DAOULAS. *June* 29, Pardon of the 'White Fountain.'
PLOUJEAN. *July* 7, Pardons.
ST.-ELOI (FINISTÈRE). *June* 24, Pardon of Horses.
ST.-JEAN-DU-DOIGT (FINISTÈRE). *June* 23–24, Midsummer's Day continuation of Sun-Worship tradition; huge bonfires set alight by rope fuses hung from church spires.
SPEZET. *July* 7, Pardons.
TRÉBOUL. *June* 23, Pardon of St. Jean.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 23, St. John's Eve (Midsummer Fêtes).
AUGSBURG. *July* 7, 14, 21, 28, Mystery Plays in front of Ulrich Cathedral.
BAD NAUHEIM. *June* 13, *July* 11, Symphony Concerts.
BADEN-BADEN. *June* 19–24, Automobile Tournament.
BAVARIA. *July* 15, St. Henry's Day.
BERLIN. *June* 2, Hindenburg Races (Hoppegarten); 3, 'Golden Gallery' of Charlottenburg Castle opens; 9, Sailing Regatta, 'Round the Mueggel Mts.'; 9, Union Races (Hoppegarten); 16, Sailing Regatta, Zern Lake; 20, Symphony Concert, United Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras; 22–23, Sailing Regatta, 'Round Potsdam'; *July* 11–*August* 21, Summer Courses for American Students at University of Berlin; *July* 14, 19, 21, Greenwald Races; 17, Hoppegarten Races.
BRANDENBURG. *June* 29–30, Aquatic Sports.
BRUCHSAL. *June* 15–17, Palace Concerts.
COLOGNE. *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
DRESDEN. *June* 8–9, Saxon Rowing Society Regatta.
DÜSSELDORF. *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
FLENSBURG. *June* 16, Nordmark Races.
HAMBURG. *June* 9, Regatta on Lower Elbe; 30, German Derby.
HANOVER, *June* 1–30, Dog Show.
HARZBURG. *July* 7–14, Gallop Racing Week.
HEIDELBERG. *July* 14, Rowing Regatta.
HERINGSDORF. *July* 18, Dog Races.
KARLSRUHE. *June* 16, Rowing Competitions.
KIEL. *June* 20, International Regattas.
KOLBERG. *June* 23, Seashore Motorcycle Races.
KÖNIGSBERG. *June* 9, 16, 23, Riding and Driving Tournament; 21–*August* 15, Exhibition (wood).
LEIPZIG. *June* 8–10, Bach Festival and Congress of New Bach Society.
LANDSHUT. *July* 6, 10, 14, *Landshuter Hochzeit 1475* Mediæval Folk Plays.
LÜBECK-TRAVEMÜNDE. *July* 2, Travemünder Week.
MAGDEBURG. *July* 24, General Meeting of German Good Templar Societies.
MAINZ. *June* 25, Rhine Week opens.
MARIENBURG. *June* 22–24, Historical Festival Plays.
MEISSEN. *June* 2–9, Millenial Celebration of Meissen.
MUNICH. *June* 4–9, Agricultural Exposition; *July* 5–12, Bavarian Week (Wörth See); 10–*August* 6, Summer Course for Foreign Students opens at Ludwig-Maximilians University; *July* 13–20, Bavarian Week (Ammer See); 23, 28, 30, Wagner Festival, Prince Regent Theatre; 24, Mozart Festival, Residence Theatre; 24–*August* 20, Courses at American Institute for Foreign Students.
NÜRNBERG. *June* 29–*July* 1, Nürnberg Singers' Festival.
REGENSBURG. *June* 29–30, Riding and Driving Tournament.
SCHLESIEN. *July* 14–21, Schlei Week.
SCHREIBERHAU. *June* 23–29, Johannes and Costume Festival; *July* 23, Festival and Costume Carnival.
STETTIN. *June* 1–*July* 15, Exhibit, 'Technique and the Home'; *July* 5–12, Pomeranian Week.



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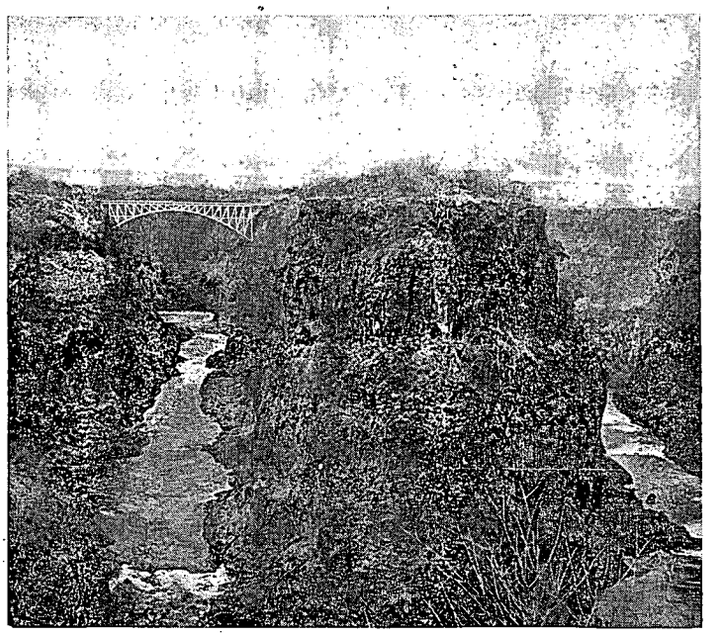

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SWINEMÜNDE. *July* 5–12, Pomeranian Week.
WARNEMÜNDE. *July* 8, Water Sports open.
WERNIGERODE. *June* 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Festival Plays (Market Square in front of Mediæval Town Hall).
WÜNSIEDEL. *June* 30–*September* 2, Open-Air Plays of Bavarian State Theatre, Luisenburg Castle.
WÜRZBURG. *June* 22–28, Mozart Festival.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. *July* 8, International Chamber of Commerce Meeting.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. *June* 15–16, Hungarian Automobile Club Race; 29–*August* 2, Preliminary Congress of the 21st International Esperanto Congress.

ICELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 5, Constitution Day.

IRELAND

BELLEWSTOWN. *July* 3, Bellewstown Races.
COUNTY KILKENNY. *June* 13, Gowran Park Races.
COUNTY LIMERICK. *June* 28, Limerick Junction Races.
COUNTY WESTMEATH. *June* 3, Mullingar Races.
CURRAGH. *June* 26, Irish Derby.
DUBLIN. *June* 17, Irish Close Amateur Golf Championship at Dollymount.
GALWAY. *July* 31, Galway Races.
KINGSTOWN. *June* 12–13, Regatta.

ITALY

BENEVENTO. *June* 30, Feast of Our Lady of the Graces.
FLORENCE. *June* 9, International Motor Race; 23, St. John's Eve; Fireworks and Bareback Horse Races; 24, St. John's Day; Chariot Races and Illuminations.
GENOA. *June* 24, Relics of St. John carried in procession.
MESSINA (SICILY). *June* 3, Festival of the Madonna della Lettera.
MILAN. *June* 1, Gallop Races, Mirafiori Hippodrome; 11, St. Barnabas Festival; 16, Grand Prize International Race; *July* 4, Gallop Race at the San Siro Hippodrome.
PALERMO. *July* 11, Feast of St. Rosalie begins.
ROME. *June* 2, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome; 13, St. Anthony of Padua Festival; 29, Exhibition of St. Peter's Relics at the Lateran.
TURIN. *June* 2, Horse Races, Prince of Piedmont Prize and Gold Cup; 9, Horse Races; 23, Critorium Prize Races; 30, International Prize Races; *July* 7, 14, Gallop Races at the Mirafiori Hippodrome; 21, International Auto Race, Monte Nero Circuit.
SCANNO. *July* 5, Feast of Our Lady of Grace.
SIENA. *July* 2, First Palio Races in Piazza del Campo.
SOUTHERN ITALY. *July* 16, Festival of Madonna del Carmine.
VENICE. *July* 1, opening of the Open-Air Dance Floor, 'The Lido Follies.'

LATVIA

RIGA. *June* 1, International Yachting Races; 29, School Fêtes and Folk Dances; *July* 15, Open-Air Fête.

MONACO

MONTE CARLO. *June* 30, Automobile Races (*Grand Prix* of French Automobile Club).

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 23, St. John's Eve (Midsummer Fêtes).
BERGEN. *July* 5, 12, 19, 26, thirteen-day pleasure cruises from Bergen to Land of the Midnight Sun.
OSLO. *June* 29–*July* 3, International Regattas.

POLAND

POZNAN. *June* 2, International Hockey and Football Matches.
WARSAW. *June* 2, Swimming Championships.

SCOTLAND

GLASGOW. *June* 28–*July* 9, 'Clyde Fortnight' Regatta.
THORNTON. *July* 19, Highland Games.

SPAIN

ALGECIRAS. *June* 2–9, Fair and Bullfights.
BARCELONA. *June* 24, St. John's Day Festival.
MADRID. *July* 11, opening of Summer Courses for Foreign Students.
SANTANDER. *July* 17–30, Summer School in Spanish.
SARAGOSSA. *July* 1, Summer Courses for Foreign Students open at the University of Saragossa.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 6, Flag Day.
GRAN. *July* 7, Grand Provincial Celebration.
HULTSFRED. *July* 7–14, Homestead Feast.

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LANDSKRONA. *June* 14, Jubilee Exhibition of Association of Crafts and Industry.
MALMÖ. *June* 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Horse Races.
NAAS. *June* 24, Maypole and Costume Dances.
SKANNINGE. *June* 20–*July* 25, Art, Crafts, and Industrial Exhibition.
STOCKHOLM. *June* 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Horse Races; 6, Flag Day Festival; 8–9, International Regatta; *July* 26, Karl Bellman Day, Choral Celebrations in the Djurgarden; 28–*August* 5, Sandham Regatta.
VESTERÅS. *June* 20–31, Craft and Industry Exhibition.

SWITZERLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *July* 25, St. James' Festival and Bonfires.
BELLINZONA. *July* 12, National Shooting Fête begins.
DISENTIS. *July* 12, St. Placid Fête Procession.
FRIBOURG. *June* 1–*September* 30, Daily Organ Recitals at Cathedral.
INTERLAKEN. *July* 4, American Ball at the Kursaal.
JUNGFRAUJOCH. *July* 13–14, Twelfth International Summer Ski Race.
LINNÆA. *July* 10, Summer Botany School opens.
LUCERNE. *June* 16, Mountain Automobile race; 22, International Rowing Regattas; 29, Venetian Night Illuminations; *July* 6, International Horse Show.
MONTREUX. *June* 1–2, Narcissus Festival.
MORGES. *June* 2, Horse Races.
NEUCHÂTEL. *July* 15–*August* 10, Vacation Courses, University of Neuchâtel.
TRIENT. *June* 26, Festival of St. Vigilius.
YVERDON. *June* 30, Horse Races.
ZÜRICH. *July* 20, Catholic Gymnastic Fête.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *June* 28, Vidovdan.

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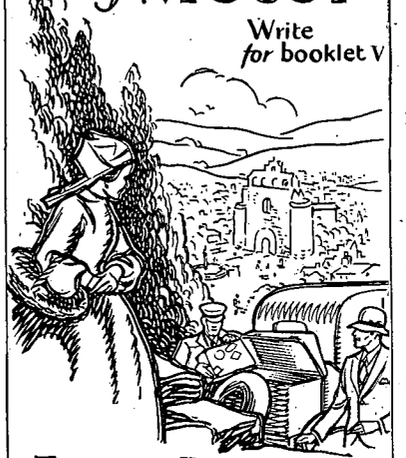
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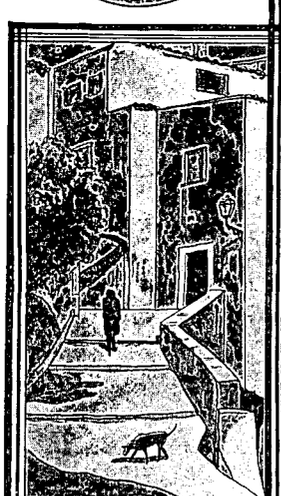
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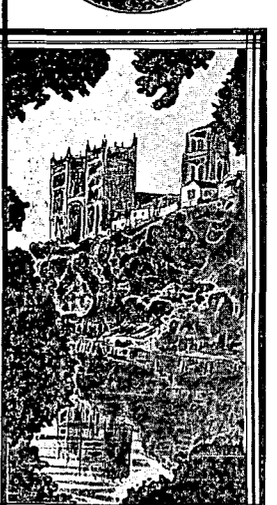
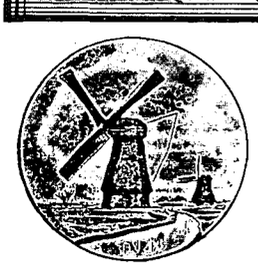
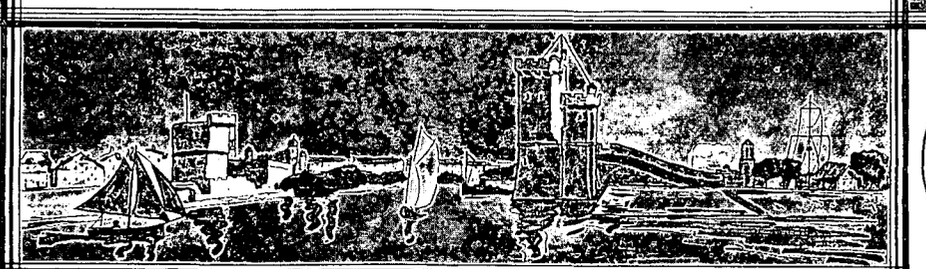
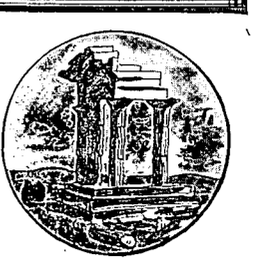

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World Business

The Battle of the Corporations

By Charles Hodges

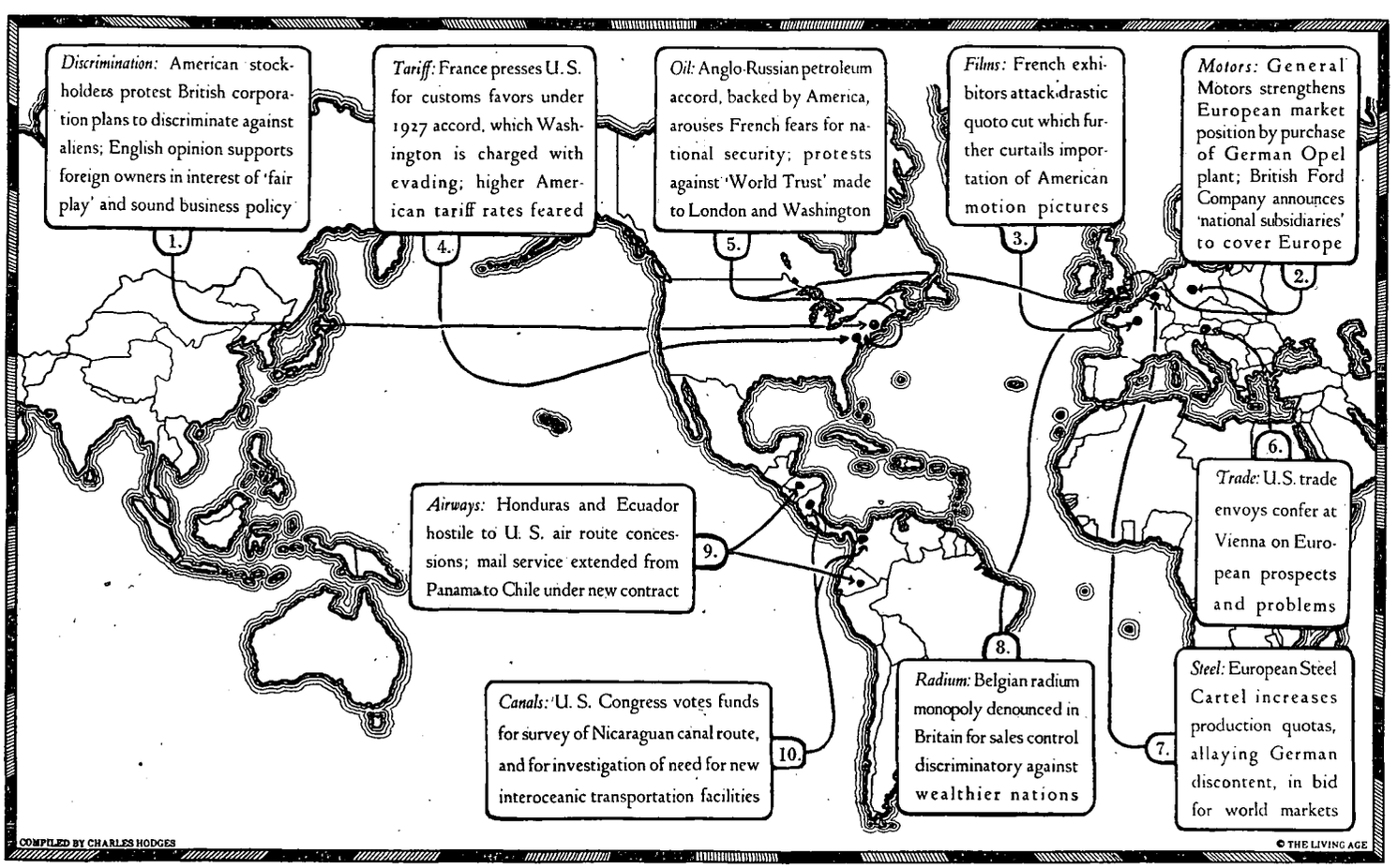
Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

THE conflict between the 'open' and the 'closed' door to alien business has ceased to be a problem limited to backward peoples and to the outlying parts of the earth. Economic penetration goes on apace within even the mightiest of industrial nations. Witness the current outcry against what an alarmed Europe denounces as American 'encroachment' upon the domestic business of Old World nations. Britain is aroused over American financial domination of such corporations as the English General Electric. France is engaged in perennial battle with the celluloid tentacles of the Hollywood film octopus. Germany is apprehensive over the conflict looming in Europe of American automobile Titans, whose operations threaten to engulf European manufacturers.

1. Britain Discriminates

The struggle between the British management and the American shareholders of the English General Electric has become front-page cable news. This collision of interests in a great British manufacturing concern has taken on the aspect of a test case. The situation has arisen because the British are increasingly fearful over the penetrating power of American money, which is regarded as threatening to dominate major English enterprises through American investment in them. In this particular case, the management proposed to add 1,600,000 shares of stock to the 6,000,000 outstanding; but non-British stockholders were denied the right to purchase the new issue. This has affected important American interests, reported in Wall Street now to own about one-sixth of the total number of shares; and these interests have formed a protective committee to seek relief. Quite apart from the fact that powerful American interests and individuals are involved, there is the well-founded suspicion that this conservation of business control at the expense of alien share owners is only the first of many similar efforts to 'freeze out' foreign interests planned for the near future. And 'foreign,' in most such cases, is synonymous with 'American.'

American protests have been determined, though dignified. It is significant that criticism has been equally sharp in Great Britain itself, where the action of the British corporation has been condemned as questionable business ethics, as unsound from a strictly financial point of view, and as contrary to national ideas of fair play. The reason for this condemnation is clear. England has given too many hostages to financial fortune, from Argentine railways to American industrial corporations, to risk entering upon a policy of discrimination which can become a two-edged weapon. The prospect of being granted financial participation only, without customary managerial rights, will not encourage Wall Street to make the investments in foreign corporations which seem so important to Old World stabilization. Even less will the taking away of existing privileges acquired in good faith contribute to international friendship.


Discrimination: American stockholders protest British corporation plans to discriminate against aliens; English opinion supports foreign owners in interest of 'fair play' and sound business policy
1.
Tariff: France presses U. S. for customs favors under 1927 accord, which Washington is charged with evading; higher American tariff rates feared
4.
Oil: Anglo-Russian petroleum accord, backed by America, arouses French fears for national security; protests against 'World Trust' made to London and Washington
5.
Films: French exhibitors attack drastic quoto cut which further curtails importation of American motion pictures
3.
Motors: General Motors strengthens European market position by purchase of German Opel plant; British Ford Company announces 'national subsidiaries' to cover Europe
2.
6.
Trade: U.S. trade envoys confer at Vienna on European prospects and problems
Airways: Honduras and Ecuador hostile to U. S. air route concessions; mail service extended from Panama to Chile under new contract
9.
8.
Radium: Belgian radium monopoly denounced in Britain for sales control discriminatory against wealthier nations
Steel: European Steel Cartel increases production quotas, allaying German discontent, in bid for world markets
7.
Canals: U. S. Congress votes funds for survey of Nicaraguan canal route, and for investigation of need for new interoceanic transportation facilities
10.
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2. Motors Manœuvring

The steady extension of Ford interests in the Old World, now notable in Belgium and France, appears to foreshadow a motors 'war' between rival American interests. The General Motors Corporation has bought sufficiently heavily into the great Opel automobile works in Germany to acquire a majority interest. This affiliation of outstanding German and American enterprises — no merger which would alter the character of the European plant as an independent unit is contemplated — affects markets from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea, markets in which General Motors did $100,000,000 worth of business in 1928. The American company now has the advantage not only of mass production of automobiles specially adapted to European demand, but also of a strategic market location. The automobile world awaits the next move in the game.

Side by side with the General Motors success in securing what is possibly the most powerful support available to American automotive enterprise in Continental Europe, is the Ford scheme of what might be termed national subsidiaries. The English chairman of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of Great Britain, Sir Percival Perry, pictures the steps which are shortly to be taken on the Continent: 'In France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, within the next few weeks, an offer will be made to the public to interest themselves in shares of our associated companies. The Scandinavian countries, Italy, and Spain will follow later. The allotment of shares will be confined, so far as possible, to nationals in each respective country.'

3. Film Rivalry

The European 'film bloc' still battles against invasion from Hollywood, France remaining the centre of the struggle to repel American motion pictures. The outstanding development of the past few weeks has been the counter-attack which has developed in that country. It appears that the dictatorship of the box office in matters of entertainment is truly world-wide; the French exhibitors have now turned upon the French producers and are supporting American pictures! The efforts of the French motion-picture industry further to reduce the number of American films which can be imported into France in return for the showing of a given number of French films in American theatres have resulted in a protest to the French Government from 2,500 French exhibitors. The new regulations admit only three American pictures for every French picture shown in the United States, instead of the seven-to-one ratio provided by the present temporary arrangement. Cinema houses in the French provinces have called for a referendum on this drastic change, which, however, appears to be favored by the Parisian theatres, which are closely linked with native producers.

In the background looms the problem of the 'talkies.' Sound films have become another pawn in the world-wide struggle for cinema sales. Patent rights here are figuring large in developments destined to change the status of the whole film dispute.

4. Tariff Favors?

Possibly French opposition to motion pictures from Hollywood is accounted for in part by the broader Franco-American controversy over tariff favors. Business relations between France and the United States have been regulated since November, 1927, by a temporary agreement. Paris is disturbed not only because the United States has failed to reciprocate in the matter of tariff favors, but also because the United States Congress is apparently about to accept a still higher tariff schedule which actually threatens French trade with further burdens. The dispute over the application of the Fordney-McCumber Act, which provides for the securing of foreign price data by American agents abroad, continues to complicate the question. French firms bitterly resent the presence of American investigators, who expect to have access to accounts in order to calculate the customs levies which are to be applied to French goods. But now that Washington is withdrawing these Treasury officials, French business fears that an American tariff fixed without their aid will prove even more disadvantageous.

5. Oil Domination?

The Anglo-Russian petroleum settlement, in which American oil interests now appear to have played a larger part than was at first suspected, has left behind it an oleaginous trail of distrust. Countries such as France, whose oil resources are wholly inadequate for national security in these days of oil-burning liners and gasoline-eating aircraft, feel themselves close to petroleum starvation. Early in February, the Quai d'Orsay complained frankly to Downing Street that the British and the American oil interests, in view of the Russian settlement, virtually constituted a world oil monopoly, and that this consolidation jeopardized the interests of consumers and affected the vital needs of non-producing countries. Washington, less than thirty days later, received advices of a similar tenor. Paris, it is stated in official French circles, believes that the establishment of the Anglo-American oil entente has some connection with the hostility that alien oil producers have evidenced toward the new French policy of regulating the refining and distribution of petroleum.

The French are also in trouble with the Spanish Oil Monopoly, though in this case they are on the side of British and American distributors, who have been likewise fighting the confiscatory policies of the Madrid Government. The French authorities have begun reprisals against Spanish oil men in France which will be extended if arbitration is refused.

6. Hooverized Trade

The Hooverized Department of Commerce continues to forge ahead under the ægis of the new President. The European commercial representatives of the United States, some forty strong, assembled recently in Vienna to confer on Old World business conditions, trade prospects, and plans for commercial defense made necessary by the growth of the great European steel and chemical cartels, film blocs, and similar combinations. Dr. Julius Klein, heading the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, came back from his tour of North Africa and the Near East to preside over this conference on commercial strategy. Needless to say, European comment has been widespread.

7. Steel Quotas

For some time, German steel makers have been protesting at the low tonnage allotted them by the European Steel Cartel. The Krupps, for instance, are arguing that the international syndicate has brought Teutonic industry no advantage; and German withdrawal has been threatened. The recent Brussels Steel Conference, however, appears to have obviated this danger of secession. The Cartel has raised the steel quotas of each member nation 2,000,000 tons. This brings the grand total close to the 30,000,000 limit of production which was agreed upon two years ago when the Cartel was formed. The Steel Cartel admittedly stands out as one of the main economic pillars in the post-War structure of European peace; but this increase in production will mean greater competition for world markets and is likely to bring the Cartel into sharper conflict with the American steel industry. Great Britain, incidentally, stands aloof for the moment from this rivalry.

(*Continued on page 234*)

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Books Abroad

French Documents on the Origins of the War*

(Jean Lefranc in the *Temps*, Paris Conservative daily)

The archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs constitute one of the most important sources for the study of history in existence. Five centuries have here left tangible and authentic evidence concerning their public works, diplomatic projects, hopes, quarrels, failures and successes in war — all the mistakes and glories of the European nations. The physical extent of these vestiges of the past has recently been measured. The shelves of the French diplomatic library contain some eight kilometres of books [about five miles].

But when one visits these silent witnesses of history, one cannot possibly conceive in imagination the extent of the memories entombed in them, and indeed it was not to indulge in historic reverie that I was given permission to visit the French archives. My purpose was rather to investigate those particular shelves where are lodged all the sources for the study of our contemporary history, especially from 1871 to 1914. It is this part of the enormous library which the Commission for the Publication of Documents Relative to the Origins of the War of 1914–18 has been studying for a year. The work has already produced three volumes, which will be published within the course of the next few months.

The Commission is made up of about fifty members, without regard to their political opinions, ranging from Mgr. Baudrillart to M. Ferdinand Buisson, and is roughly composed of two classes, first, of professors and historians, secondly, of diplomats and members of the *Institut*. The rector of the Academy of Paris, M. Charléty, has been elected president. His presence, as an historian, at the head of this group of distinguished and impartial historians is in a sense a symbol and guarantee for the excellence of the work. In intellectual circles in all countries the scholarly attainments of this erudite scholar are acknowledged. France wished to present to the world a strictly objective, rigorously historical work and therefore intrusted it to a scholar who is not only a gentleman, but is also endowed with scrupulous honesty and a capacity for considered judgment.

Luckily I had occasion at the end of last

* The French budget for 1928 carried a credit for 200,000 francs for the publication of French documents relating to the origins of the World War. It is to be made by a commission consisting of about fifty persons representing three groups of persons: (1) historians and specialists — MM. Auerbach, Bloch, Bourgeois, Buisson, Caron, Dufour, Eisenmann, Général Girard, Georges Girard, Guyot, Halévy, Honnorat, Langlois, Mantoux, Moysset, Muret, Pinon, Renouvin, Ch. Schmidt, Seignobos, Vendryès, Vermeil; (2) diplomats — MM. Ph. Berthelot, Jules Cambon, Cain, Fromageot, de Lacroix, Massigli, Pingaud, Barrère, Bompard, Bonin, Dumaine, Jusserand, Paléologue, Piccione, St. Pichon, Seydoux, and the Director of Political and Commercial Affairs of the French Foreign Office; (3) members of the *Institut* — MM. Bardoux, Barthélemy, Baudrillart, Bédier, Gauvain, Henotaux, Camille-Jullian, Lévy-Bruhl. The Secretariat of the Commission will be composed of MM. Jules Cain, Renouvin, and Rigault, assisted by archivists. (From the *Revue d'Histoire de la Guerre Mondiale.*)

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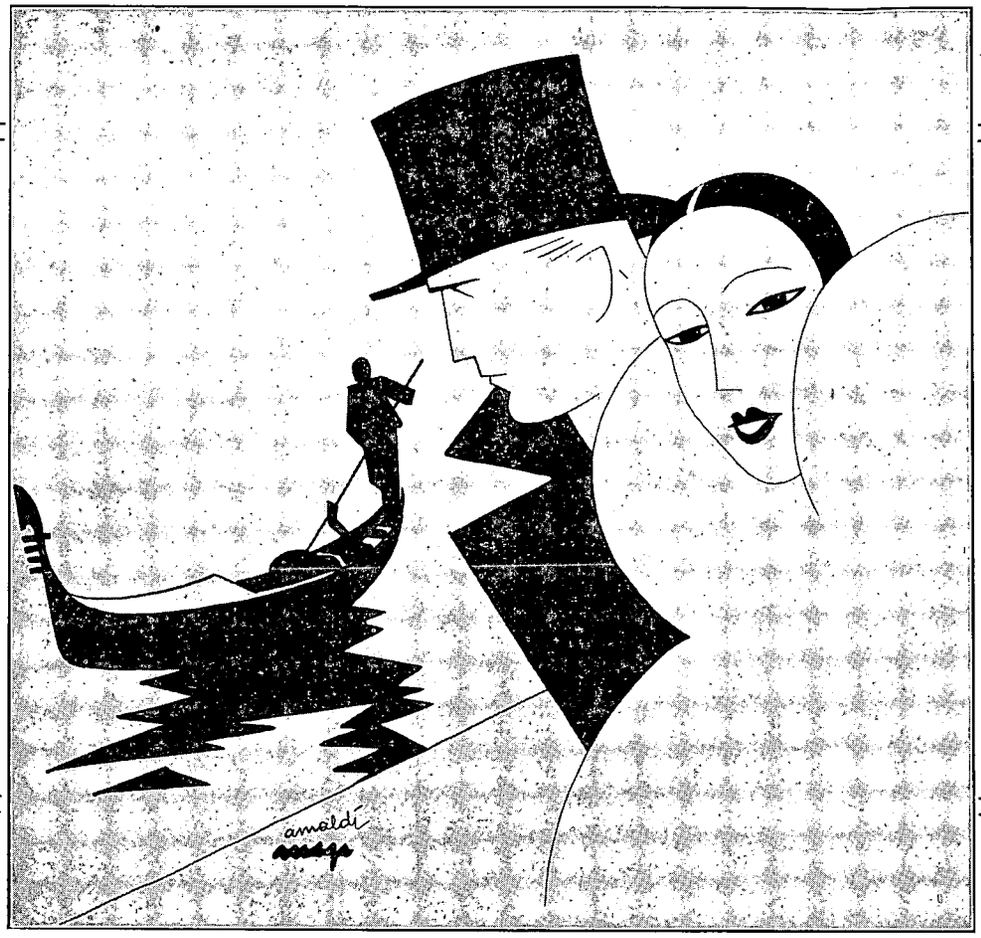

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month to meet M. Charléty in the hall of archives of the Quai d'Orsay where he was actively at work, in spite of the caution imposed upon him as a result of an automobile accident which he suffered a few months ago. There is no better way for me to report the condition of the Commission's work than to reproduce here the words of its presiding officer.

'Our first meeting,' M. Charléty said to me, 'was held on the 15th of March, 1928. We then took stock of the materials with which we had to deal, which had been carefully prepared for our consideration by M. Pingaud, chief archivist of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and M. Rigault, his first assistant. M. Rigault has since become secretary of our commission. We found ourselves faced with a whole world of material, all the diplomatic documents concerned with forty-four years of political history. We had to extract from this huge mass everything which could have had the slightest influence on the events of 1914. In our choice we could not omit any important or significant document which might help to explain the causes of the Great War. Naturally we were resolved to avoid all bias which might be caused by our personal political opinions. The competence and honesty of the historians in whose hands the research was to be placed guaranteed that our final product would be impartial.

'In arranging the documents for publication, we had to choose between a chronological and a logical arrangement. We preferred the chronological, believing that this method would better answer the exigencies of historical research. Thus events are not disassociated and one can better discern the action and reaction which events had upon each other. In addition to this, each volume will include an introduction and an index in which the events will be rearranged according to their logical order.'

'How many volumes does the commission intend to publish?' I asked.

'At least, forty; at most, fifty. I believe that the final volume will be published within ten years. Three volumes are already completed.'

I then asked M. Charléty, 'How are your collaborators attacking their problems?'

'The basic work — the choice of which documents are relevant — is an individual matter, for the reason that I have explained to you, and can not be otherwise. No risk of omission is possible here, since the historians who are doing the selection are not only well known for their impartiality but also for their scholarly competence. But the whole work is under the rigid supervision of those in charge. Each week the commission has a meeting to which all the members are invited. The commission takes under consideration the documents gathered together by the researchers and it proceeds to eliminate such documents as it may consider useless. It may sometimes add documents, but it usually omits. Obviously, if we allowed ourselves to publish more than what is essential, we should not be able to restrict ourselves to fifty volumes but would be obliged to bring out one hundred or even a thousand.

'I think it well to point out in this connection that we have received from the government complete freedom for our investigation. M. Briand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, has had every door and little closet opened up to us. In addition to this we have the right to inspect the archives of the Ministries of War, the Navy, and the Colonies. We have all the means to produce a work of pure, unbiased history. The method we have adopted offers every guarantee of sincerity and impartiality. Is it necessary to add that France would not wish to sin against that scientific honesty which forms so large a part of our own tradition and which she has considered a fundamental law? We shall present completely, faithfully, the true history, as it is revealed to us by the diplomatic documents of the forty-four years which preceded the Great War.'

I left M. Charléty working with a little group of his collaborators. I was confident that, thanks to the efforts of French scholarship, in at least ten years all the causes of the War, direct or indirect, will be known.

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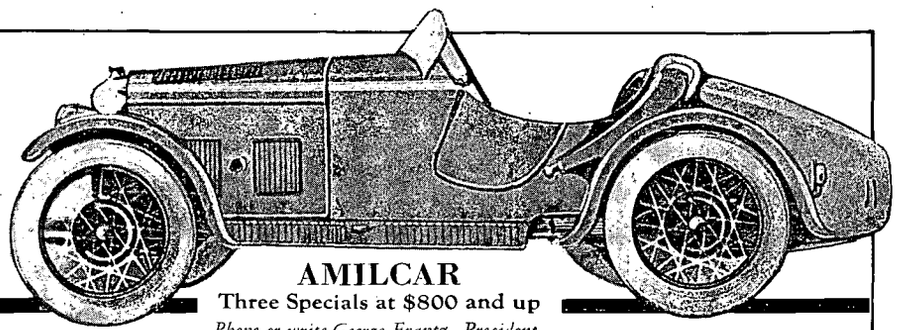

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$10,000 Prize Novel Competition

is being received with cordial welcome, and requests for the pamphlet* giving conditions are pouring in from all parts of the country. The prize of $10,000, in addition to Book Royalties, is offered for the *most interesting novel* received before January 15, 1930. The competition is conducted by the *Atlantic Monthly* and Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, with George Harrap and Company of London. Authors of all nationalities may compete, but the final manuscript must be submitted in English.

* *a copy will be sent on request to the Atlantic Monthly Press at 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

the *first* Atlantic Prize Novel Competition, in 1927, was won by MAZO DE LA ROCHE with her novel JALNA, which was received with enthusiasm by critics and public, became the novel of the autumn, and enjoyed a sale exceeding 125,000 copies. JALNA is a novel of permanent value and has been translated into several foreign languages.

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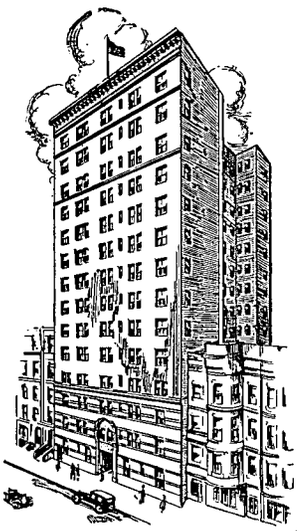

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Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

THE COAST OF PLEASURE. *By Grant Richards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $4.00.*

You simply cannot go wrong on the Riviera after reading this book. In fact you can't even go astray getting there. And so powerful is the charm of this section that you may go for two weeks and stay for several years. In any case, if you follow this book you go adequately prepared. Mr. Richards tell you the best places to stay, including what to eat and drink while staying there — especially what to drink. In passing, he treats lightly and interestingly of prices, giving hints as to how and when to tip. If you have not properly outfitted yourself in London or Paris as he suggests, he tells you how to proceed about it after arrival. In spite of the expected warm weather and sunshine, he quite emphasizes the necessity of an overcoat after sundown or 'you may qualify for burial in some happy spot that overlooks the Mediterranean.'

According to Mr. Richards, the Mediterranean is no place for children but is a paradise for all adults, and particularly bank clerks. You can indulge your taste for other sports besides the well known indoor one that keeps Monte Carlo famous. There are bathing, tennis, golf, polo, yachting, and horse racing close at hand. And, if you care to journey from Nice, say, to Peira Cava, you can skate, ski, and coast to your heart's content.

Besides giving you so many useful facts and helpful hints that it is to inexperienced travelers what the 'Freshman Bible' is to first-year college men, the book has plenty of material for the sophisticated and experienced. It is full of amusing anecdotes. The style has a pleasing facility. People contemplating a jaunt to the Riviera should own *The Coast of Pleasure* and read it before, during, and after taking.

KATHERINE MARCH

THE CRUISE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT. *By Mrs. John Borden. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $4.50.*

Mrs. Borden's book is unusual for two reasons: it is the first record by a woman of explorations in the Alaskan and Siberian Arctic; and, given the loose-jointed form of a travel journal, it chronicles most of the practical facts that followers in the expedition's footsteps will find it imperative to know. The diary begins with an entry of April 21st, 1927, when the yacht, *Northern Light*, set sail from San Francisco to proceed as far as Wrangel Island, with many interesting stops on the Alaskan coast *en route;* and ends with the return of the expedition on September 10th of the same year. The party was fitted out by Mrs. Borden's husband, Captain John Borden, for the Field Museum of Chicago and had for its purpose, as Mrs. Borden so competently records, the taking of 'great Alaskan brown bears on the Alaskan Peninsula, and in the Arctic Ocean such sea mammals as polar bears, walrus, and seals . . . land and water birds and also . . . flora and fauna from the barren tundras.'

Five appendices make the volume of further direct practical aid; especially to be noted is the complete list of provisions which 'would have just served twenty-four people on a six months' voyage,' and a fairly full bibliography of books on Alaska and the Arctic, essential to such an expedition.

BERMUDA DAYS. *By Bertha March. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1929. $1.75.*

It is sometimes difficult to realize that the Bermuda Islands are located a mere six hundred and sixty miles from New York. This little book, 'which sets forth so imperfectly the author's appreciation of Bermuda's charming beauty' (to quote from the dedication), gives one the impression that Bermuda is quite of another world. Judging it as 'an appreciation' of the Islands, and not as a guide book, one forgives its saccharine style because it is so slender a volume and so cheerfully written.

IRISH BOGS. *By J. W. Seigne. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1929. $6.00.*

Irish Bogs is a book almost entirely for the sportsman. As a manual, and a very complete and accurate one it would seem, it will prove a boon to the intending visitor to Ireland's hunting fields and bogs, or the prospective fisherman on the lakes and rivers of the Irish Free State. A feature of the volume is three appendices showing where, when, and at what cost sport can be obtained in various sections of the country.

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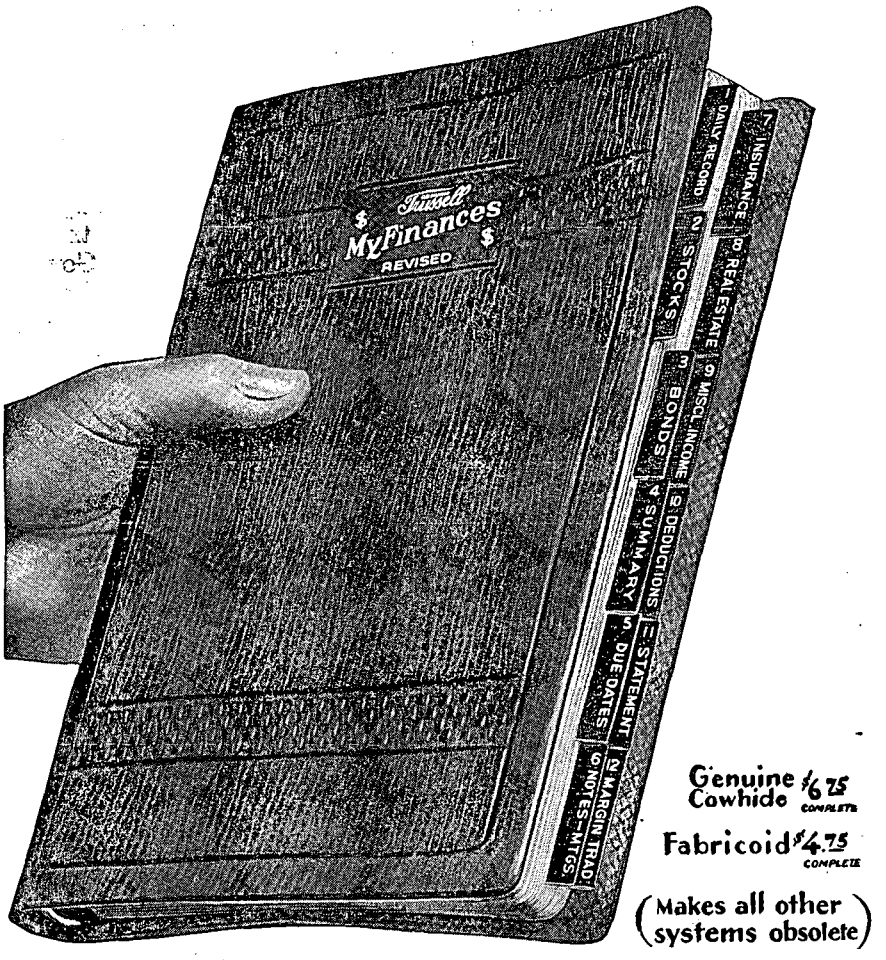

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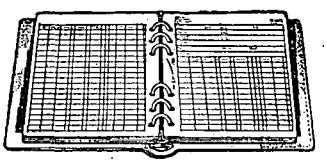

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32

World Business

(Continued from page 227)

8. Radium Monopoly?

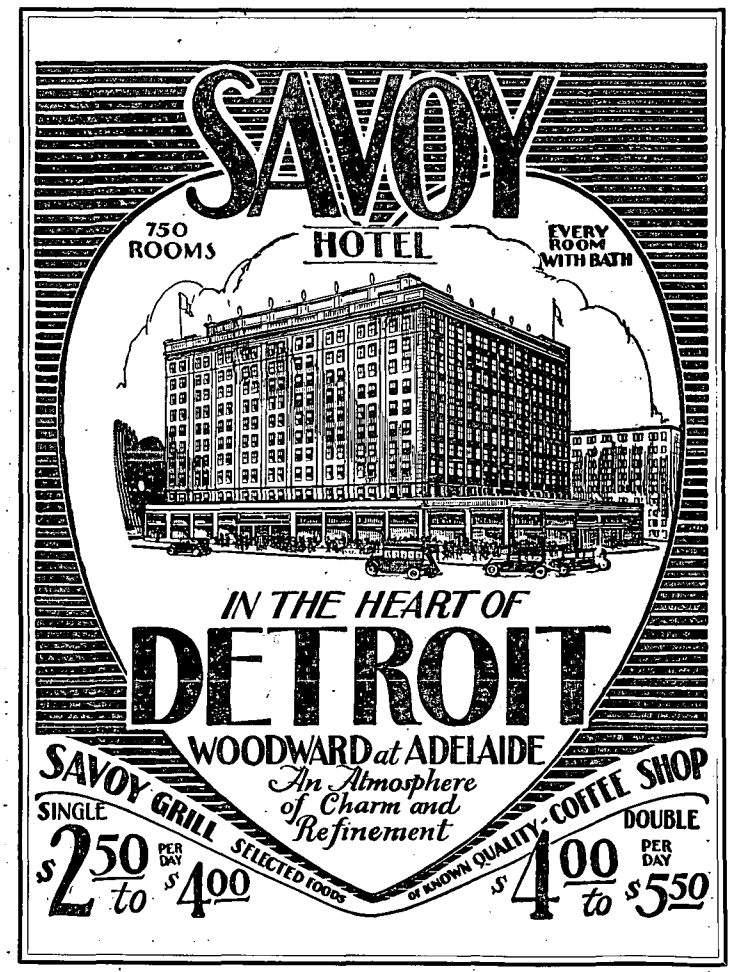
The charge in the House of Commons that the British Empire is dependent for its radium upon the Belgium radium syndicate brings to the fore another international combine which vitally affects the health of nations.

The London agents of the radium combine advertise in medical journals that they control Empire sales as 'the producers of practically the whole of the world's output of radium.' The Belgian syndicate is accused of scaling prices according to the capacity of nations to pay. Needless to say, the price charged the United States is one-sixth again as large as that charged Great Britain, one-third again as large as that charged Sweden or Greece. The European notion that Americans are wealthy enough to justify charging them more than their neighbors appears to extend even to a product whose principal use is in the alleviation of human suffering.

9. Blocking Airways

The battle for airways in the Western Hemisphere, whose outcome will vitally affect the future of the United States, continues on several fronts. An exchange of notes between the United States and Colombia has provided for reciprocal rights for commercial aircraft in areas controlled by the two countries, subject to the regulations of the respective Governments. But the attitude of both Honduras and Ecuador presents an obstacle to American plans for airways down the west coast of South America.

The Honduran Congress has unanimously rejected a bill



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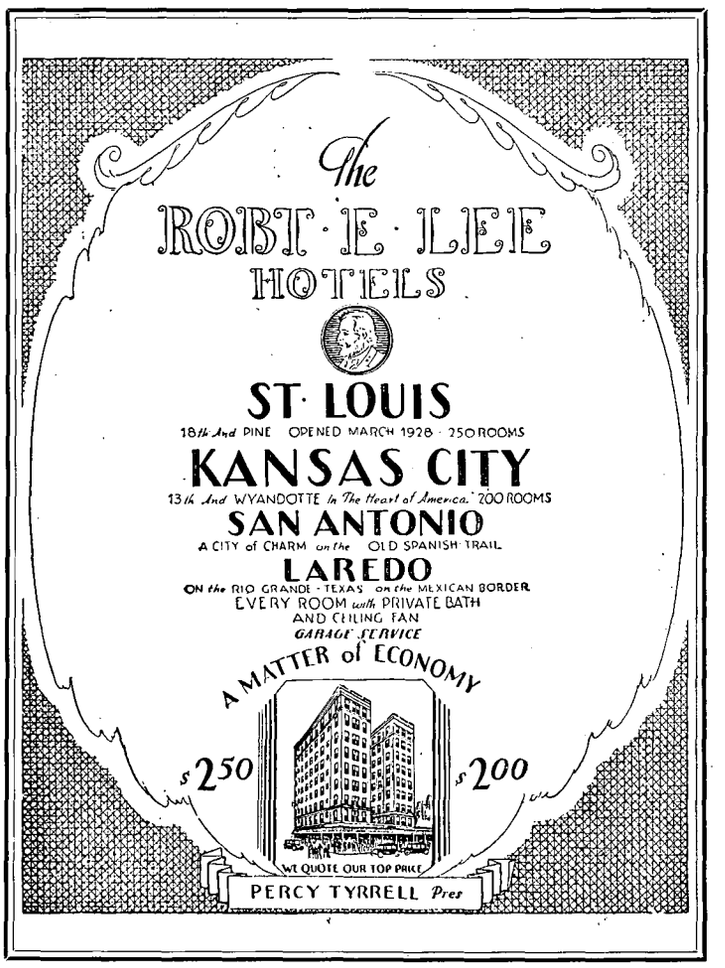
giving the Pan American Airways a concession to establish air routes over Honduran territory. This action may be explained by the fact that the German-Colombian Scadta Company's plans for northward expansion have heretofore been blocked by the action of the United States in closing the Canal Zone to the passage of alien aircraft not owned solely by one of the neighboring American republics.

Ecuador's attitude directly affects the new air-mail route linking the Canal Zone with Chile, for which the United States Postmaster General has contracted. The War Department of the South American republic, according to reports to the American State Department, has under consideration a five-year monopolistic concession for airways crossing its territory which will be operated by an Ecuadorian company.

10. Canal Routes

Serious consideration has been given by the United States to the problem of further developing interoceanic communication in Central America. Congress has appropriated $150,000, not only to make a survey of the Nicaraguan Canal route, but to consider also the possible enlargement of the Panama Canal itself, or 'any other practicable route between the Atlantic and the Pacific.' The Middle West has remained bitterly opposed to this move, characterizing the Panama Canal itself as harmful to the economic welfare of that part of the United States. Sentiment in Panama is generally critical. It is understood in Governmental circles that the republic is apprehensive over the possibility, however remote, of competition from another Central American canal. This attitude may affect the already delicate situation created by Panama's rejection of the treaty of alliance with the United States. Canal Zone officials, too, oppose the plan; the objection is that the military liability of the United States would be doubled.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The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 162*)

Here was an opportunity to give admirers of the great novelist of Wessex a pleasure similar to that we had given to admirers of Conrad. We have taken advantage of it in this number.

Ever since the end of the Great War it has been increasingly evident that startling changes are coming over the East. Much is published which is wholly unreliable. THE LIVING AGE is constantly on the lookout for thoroughly dependable articles which will really enable its readers to know what is going on in the Orient. In previous issues less has been published than was desired, because of the dearth of entirely suitable material. But the old adage about raining and pouring continues to hold good. We are able to present in this number two unusually excellent studies of Asian subjects, one political and one personal. M. Raskolnikov (who bears no relation to Dostoievski's criminal character of the same name!) has written what seems to us the most illuminating account yet published of political affairs in Afghanistan. *Civil War in Afghanistan* is, of course, written from a Soviet point of view. *Notes on a Revolution* paints a vivid picture of life in the Chinese countryside, where the new leaven of democratic ideas works in much the same way as the old leaven of Manchu autocracy.

Finally we would call attention to the article entitled *Germany's Students in Arms*. We will not attempt to describe or summarize; one must read it. It is made up of letters from German students while they were at the front during the War. All of the writers were later killed. It is such material which, more than all the reasoned moral or political philosophy in the world, makes modern mankind desirous of avoiding, at any cost, another world conflict.

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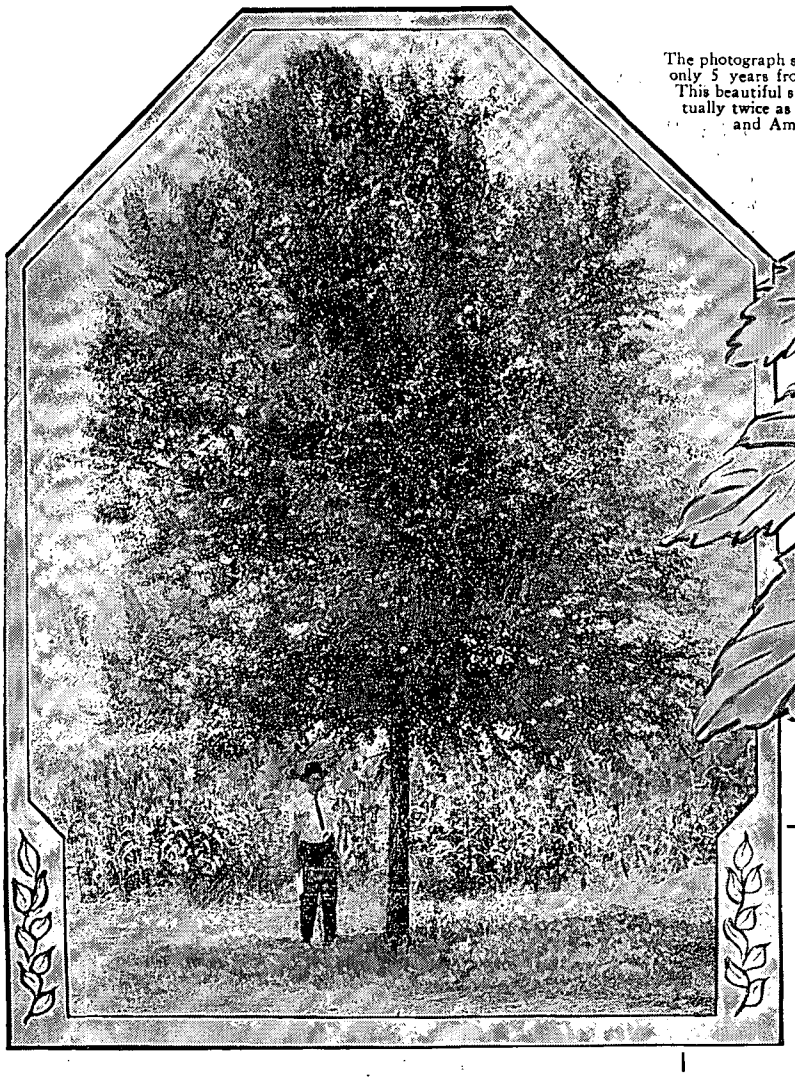

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World

¶ Every German should have the will to defend and should mould his physical and intellectual education to that end. A nation should not be taken unawares. The present military situation of Germany is unworthy of a great people, and for this reason the country should be encouraged to make its national defense secure with its own forces. — *General von Seeckt, former head of the German Reichswehr.*

¶ Is the Nation prepared to go to war with European powers on account of Prohibition? Are the fifteen new cruisers being built to fight England in the event that war should develop from the promiscuous sinking of the vessels of other nations because they are alleged to be rum runners? Sea search and the sinking of vessels led to the War of 1812 with England. It can do so again. — *United States Representative F. H. La Guardia.*

¶ A fight between America and England is as likely as a combat between an elephant and a whale. — *The Earl of Iddesleigh.*

¶ I doubt if ever before the nations were quite so conscious of their good will. But, unhappily, good will is not the only factor needed in bringing peace to the world. The nations may all of them be filled with good will and nevertheless still bristle more or less with armaments. Therefore it follows, I think, that if the growth of armaments is to be reversed, and swords be turned into ploughshares there must be acceptance of the good will of others. — *Alanson B. Houghton, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain.*

¶ I very strongly suspect that if there were but one nation in the world supplied with an army and navy and, to make the supposition as strong as possible, if that nation were our own, it would not be long before the other nations had been overrun. It seems to me that it is almost a moral certainty that we should find some excuse for taking that action. But when we know that other countries have a considerable ability to defend themselves it is human nature for us to regard them with a more wholesome respect and be more careful about violating their rights. — *Ex-President Calvin Coolidge, in an article in the 'Ladies Home Journal.'*

¶ Do you really imagine that the Government of the United States would provide a criminal nation with the means of perpetrating its crime and reaping advantages from it? Of course not! There would be such a revolt of the national conscience in the United States that such an action would be a moral impossibility. — *Aristide Briand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, before the Chamber of Deputies.*

¶ Arbitration without penalties is a sentence that cannot be enforced, a magistrate without a gendarme. Complete disarmament can only come when there is an international army at the service of the League of Nations. That is the only way to prevent militarism. It is the thesis of France and the sole one that can lead to real disarmament. — *M. Paul-Boncour, former French delegate to the League of Nations, before the French Chamber of Deputies.*

¶ I would not have you lull yourselves to sleep with the idea that the constitution of the League of Nations has made war impossible. That is a result which may never be obtained; one which, at any rate, must take long years of honest endeavor to achieve. — *Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*

¶ The nations never have acquired any confidence that peace can be kept between them, and so, while they have been willing to agree to arbitration in disputes of a superficial kind, they have always reserved for the sword and the soldier the real causes of war — matters which they class as things affecting national honor, national safety, and such like. — *J. Ramsay MacDonald, former British Prime Minister.*

¶ Italy is going through a period of such intense activity that it has no time to think of war. But, if needful, the country would not shrink from it. Italian youth is now joining the army enthusiastically after its preliminary training. — *Mussolini.*

¶ 'Americanism' will be indistinguishable from the most peaceful of political philosophies if Mr. Hoover takes the line — as he will unless he is diverted from it by folly elsewhere — that American pride requires that the United States should lead the world in putting an end to the insanity of using war as an instrument of policy. — *Editorial in the 'Spectator'* (*London Conservative weekly*).

¶ There has never been so great an Empire with so small an army. — *Mr. Duff Cooper, Member of the British Parliament.*

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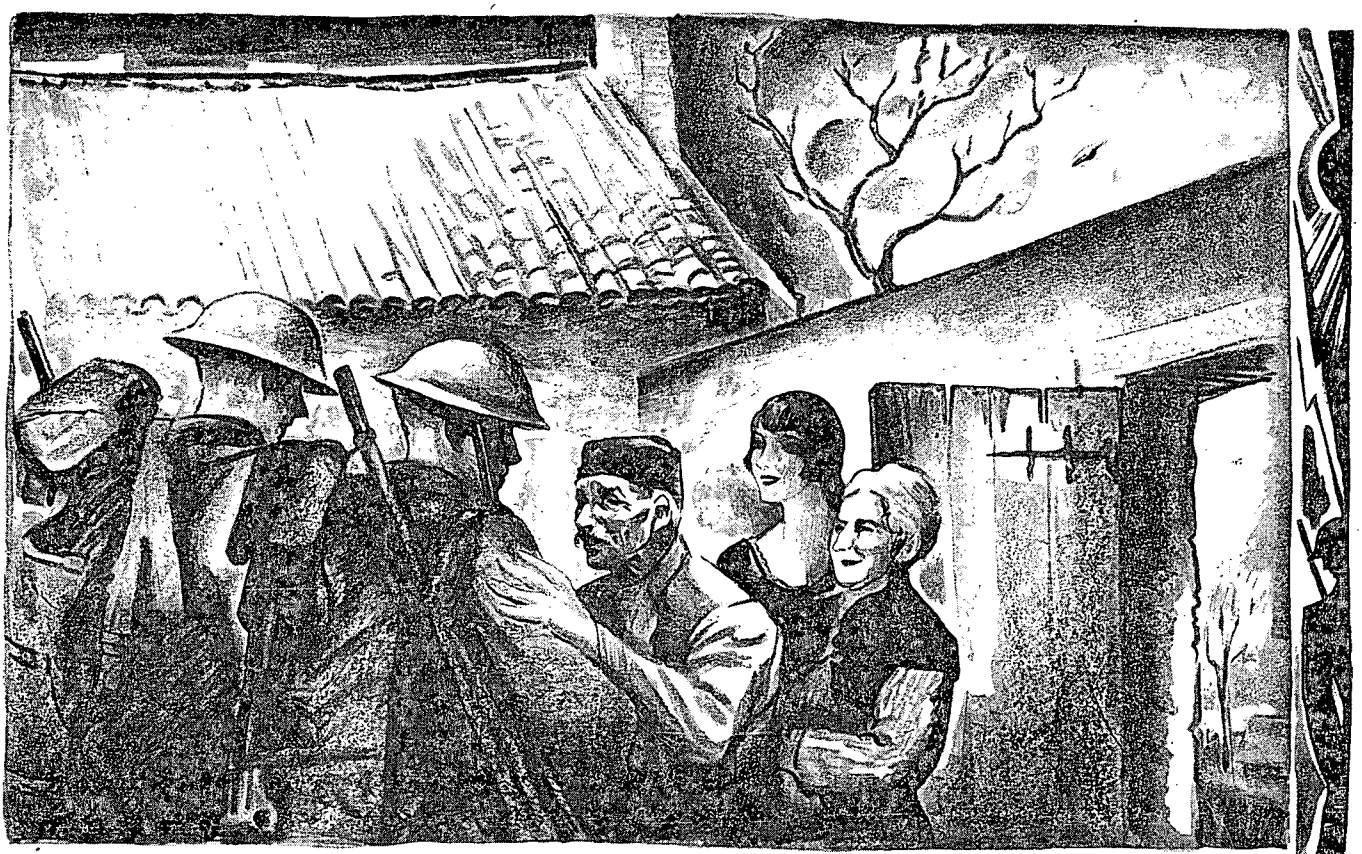

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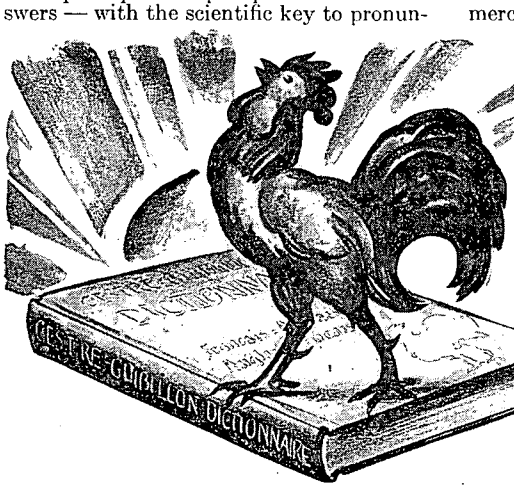
A knowledge of French in addition to your native English is a valuable possession. Its usefulness increases daily. You hear French phrases everywhere; you find them in your reading. Probably you have some natives of France in your own circle of friends. Some day you will be going abroad. French is spoken all over Europe as well as South America and Asia. Commerce with France floods America with business correspondence in that tongue. The man or woman who can translate French is more valuable to his or her employer.

These suggestions are but an indication of the thousands of uses to which you may put a knowledge of this most elegant of languages. You can think of many more.



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World Records

(*Continued from page 162*)

new plan is carried out, when acquaintances greet each other, each will exclaim, soulfully, 'Better future!' and the other will respond, with emotion, 'God give!'

¶ COLLATERAL SECURITY. History yields no similar item of greater originality than the resourceful device of the official executioner of France, one Clement Henri, of the famous family of Sansons, who, finding himself in financial difficulties, a century or more ago, lodged the public guillotine with his creditors, as security for the claim against him. The debtor, who was a poor financier and an indifferent executioner, lost his job; the creditors lost the debt and the security.

¶ SPORTING NOTE. The month's record for a remarkable sporting note is allowed a correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (London) who reports that Lakeland foxes, made desperate by hunger due to the long continued frosts, have several times raided the kennels of the Ullswater pack of foxhounds, to get the meat kept on hand for food for the foxhounds. Whether the foxes got the food of, or made food for, the foxhounds, the item does not explain.

¶ GYPSIES. The oldest living gypsy known to available records is Valentine Smith, whose home is in a hut at Foxyards, Tipton, Staffordshire, England. He is 104 years old, and his daughter, aged 80, lives with him. For seventy years he tramped the Black Country selling clothes pegs, in the output of which he was regarded as, and for aught that is known may have been, world's champion.

¶ NEWSPAPERS. To the *New York Times* is allowed the record, among all the newspapers of the world, for news volume; that is, it prints annually more than 110,000 columns of news, or an average of more than 300 columns a day. This total is greater by about 19,000 columns than that of the newspaper printing the second largest news volume, or an average daily excess in favor of the *New York Times* of more than 50 columns.

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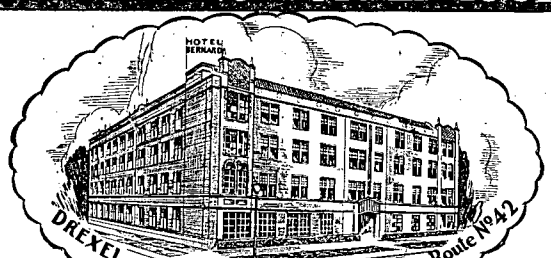

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